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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

MACBETH AND THE WITCHES

Photogravure from painting by von Heiden.

HARRY THURSTON PECK, A.M., Ph.D., L.H.D., EDITOR IN CHIEF

FRANK R. STOCKTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

INTRODUCTION BY
HON. HERBERT PUTNAM
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ONE FIFE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

Volume XVIII

NEW YORK: AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY: PUBLISHERS

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INTRODUCTION BY
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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XVIII

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Contents.

VOLUME XVIII.

	LIVED	PAGE
JOHN RUSKIN	1819–	9607
The Lamp of Memory. The Throne.		
WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL	1844–	9633
The Rescue.		
HANS SACHS	1494–1576	9654
Under the Pressure of Care or Poverty.		
From "The Nightingale of Wittenberg."		
SADI	1184–	9657
Humility.		
Moral Education and Self-control.		
Keep your own Secret.		
The Grass and the Rose.		
A Witty Philosopher rewarded.		
The Penalty of Stupidity.		
CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE	1804–1869	9662
A Critic's Account of his own Critical Method.		
Alfred de Musset.		
JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE SAINTINE	1798–1865	9670
The Prison Flower. The Reprieve.		
JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE	1737–1814	9680
The Springtime of Youth.		
LOUIS DE ROUVROI SAINT-SIMON	1675–1755	9687
A Paragon of Politeness. A Modern Harpy.		
SALLUST	86–34 B.C.	9696
Catiline and his Plot.		
Catiline's Address to his Soldiers before the Battle of Pistoria.		
A Numidian Defeat.		
GEORGE SAND	1804–1876	9705
The Convent of the English Augustines.	A Revelation.	
	Porpora.	
Lélia.	A Triumph.	

	LIVED	PAGE
SAPPHO		9734
To Aphrodite. To the Beloved.		
EPES SARGENT	1813–1880	9736
A Life on the Ocean Wave. Webster.		
MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE	1841–	9738
A Defence of Unitarianism. Mystery. The Age of Gold.		
PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE	1868–	9745
Silkweed. Fagots. October.		
JOHN GODFREY SAXE	1816–1887	9747
Rhyme of the Rail. The Puzzled Census-taker. I 'm growing old.		
JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL	1826–1886	9750
Rejection and Flight. Song: Farewell. Songs of Hiddigeigei, the Tom-cat.		
EDMOND HENRI ADOLPHE SCHÉRER	1815–1889	9768
The Eighteenth Century.		
JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER	1759–1805	9776
To Laura. The Power of Song.		
The Knight Toggenburg. Hymn to Joy.		
The Maiden's Lament. The Gods of Greece.		
The Maiden from afar. Song of the Bell.		
Worth of Women. Haste not — Rest not.		
Riddles: I. The Rainbow. The Division of the Earth.		
II. The Moon and Stars. The Longing.		
KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL	1772–1829	9796
Bacon and his Philosophy. Spenser and Shakespeare.		
MAX SCHNECKENBURGER	1819–1849	9803
The Watch on the Rhine.		
ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER	1788–1860	9804
The Vanity of Life. On Books and Reading. On Criticism.		
OLIVE SCHREINER	1863–	9817
Shadows from Child Life.		
CLINTON SCOLLARD	1860–	9826
A Venetian Sunset. The Bowers of Paradise.		
A Bell. My May.		
MICHAEL SCOTT	1789–1835	9828
The Chase of the Smuggler.		

	LIVED	PAGE
SIR WALTER SCOTT	1771–1832	9847
The Archery Contest.	The Last Minstrel.	
The Duel.	Fair Ellen.	
Roswal the Hound.	Boat Song.	
The Meeting of Jeanie and Effie Deans.	The Combat.	
	Lochinvar.	
The Tournament.	Marmion and Douglas.	
The Storming of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle.	Song: Jock o' Hazeldean.	
AUGUSTIN EUGÈNE SCRIBE	1791–1861	9912
Last Moments.		
EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS	1810–1876	9917
Christmas Song.	The Angels' Song.	
LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA	3 B. C.–65 A. D.	9919
Accommodation to Circumstances.		
Independence in Action.		
Praises of the Rival School in Philosophy.		
"Be slow unto Wrath."		
MARIE DE RABUTIN CHANTAL DE SÉVIGNÉ	1626–1696	9923
Letters of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter Madame de Grignan.		
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE	1564–1616	9930
The Balcony Scene.	The Ghost and Hamlet.	
Mark Antony's Speech.	Soliloquy of Richard.	
The Quarrel of Bolingbroke and Norfolk.	Marullus's Reproof to the Romans.	
	From "Measure for Measure."	
The Banquet at Forres Castle.	The Duke to Claudio.	
The Repulse of Lear by Regan and Goneril.	Hamlet's Soliloquy.	
	Portia's Speech.	
The Wrestlers.	Queen Mab.	
Orlando and Adam.	Sonnets.	
Ferdinand and Miranda.	Crabbed Age and Youth.	
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY	1792–1822	9978
From "Adonais."	Arethusa.	
The Indian Serenade.	To Night.	
Ode to the West Wind.	Chorus of Furies.	
The Cloud.	Voice in the Air.	
To a Skylark.	Asia.	
WILLIAM SHENSTONE	1714–1763	9993
Pastoral Ballad.	Disappointment.	
Song.	The Dame and her School.	
ELIZABETH SARA SHEPPARD	1830–1862	9998
The Symphony.		

	LIVED	PAGE
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN	1751–1816	10013
Mrs. Malaprop's Views. The Duel. Matrimonial Felicity. Sir Peter and Lady Teazle agree to disagree.		
JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE	1834–	10029
John Inglesant makes a Journey, and meets his Brother's Murderer.		
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY	1554–1586	10036
Description of Arcadia.	To Sleep.	
An Arcadian Love-letter.	Invocation to Night.	
In Praise of Poesie.	Love's Silence.	
True Beauty Virtue is.	My True-love hath my Heart.	
Eternal Love.	Sonnet.	
Sonnet.		
HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ	1845–	10042
The Death of Pan Longin.	The Burning of Rome.	
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS	1806–1870	10063
A Midnight Attack.		
SIMONIDES	556–469 B. C.	10072
Time is fleeting.	Epigrams, Epitaphs, and Elegies.	
Epitaphs.	Danaë.	
ADAM SMITH	1723–1790	10075
Of the Wages of Labor.	Home Industries.	
FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH	1838–	10084
An Allusion to a Yellow Dog.		
GOLDWIN SMITH	1823–	10090
John Pym.		
HORACE SMITH	1779–1849	10096
A Tale of Drury Lane. By W. S.		
To the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition.		
The Theatre. By G. C.		
JOHN SMITH	1579–1631	10104
Adventures of Captain John Smith in Virginia.		
SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH	1808–1895	10112
My Country, 't is of thee.	The Morning Light.	
SYDNEY SMITH	1771–1845	10114
Wisdom of our Ancestors.	Criticism.	
John Bull's Charity Subscriptions.	Harrogate.	
	Marriage.	
Hand-shaking.	Gout.	
Small Men.	Feasts and Fasts.	
Macaulay.	Happiness.	
Specie and Species.	To Jeffrey.	
Daniel Webster.	A Salutation.	
Benevolence.	Hams and Shems.	
The Grotesque.		

	LIVED	PAGE
Tobias George Smollett	1721–1771	10120
Roderick visits a Gaming-house.		
Old-fashioned Love-making: an Old-fashioned Wedding.		
Humphrey Clinker is presented to the Reader.		
Socrates	470–399 B. C.	10134
Socrates and Euthydemus.		
Duty of Politicians to qualify themselves.		
Before the Trial.		
Solon	638–559 B. C.	10140
Solon speaks his Mind to the Athenians.		
Two Fragments.		
Remembrance after Death.		
Sophocles	496–405 B. C.	10142
The Doom of King Œdipus. The Confession.		
Robert Southey	1774–1843	10154
The Battle of Trafalgar. The Battle of Blenheim.		
The Inchcape Rock. The Cataract of Lodore.		
Émile Souvestre	1806–1854	10170
What we may learn by looking out of Window.		
Susan Marr Spalding		10178
A Mirror. Fate. The Second Place.		
James Spedding	1808–1881	10180
Lord Bacon.		
Herbert Spencer	1820–	10184
Moral Education. Manners and Fashion.		
Edmund Spenser	1553–1599	10194
The Bower of Bliss. The Cave of Sleep.		
Una and the Red Crosse Knight. Heavenly and Earthly Beauty.		
Una and the Lion. Wedlock a Free Bondage.		
Prince Arthur. Beauty.		
Belphœbe. The Bride.		
The Ministry of Angels. At the Altar.		

List of Illustrations

VOLUME EIGHTEEN

Macbeth and the Witches (Photogravure)	*Frontispiece*	
John Ruskin	*Facing page*	9608
Hans Sachs Entertaining Albrecht Dürer	„ „	9654
Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve	„ „	9662
Paul and Virginia	„ „	9686
Convent of the English Augustines	„ „	9706
Sappho	„ „	9734
The Trumpeter	„ „	9764
Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller	„ „	9776
Arthur Schopenhauer	„ „	9804
Olive Schreiner	„ „	9818
Sir Walter Scott	„ „	9846
Abbotsford	„ „	9866
Ellen's Isle	„ „	9902
Angels' Song	„ „	9918
Romeo and Juliet	„ „	9932
Rosalind and Orlando	„ „	9958
Miss Ellen Terry as Portia	„ „	9974
Night	„ „	9990
Bob Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger	„ „	10018
Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle	„ „	10026
Adam Smith	„ „	10074
John Pym	„ „	10090
Sydney Smith	„ „	10114
Death of Socrates	„ „	10138
Death of Nelson	„ „	10162
Herbert Spencer	„ „	10184

JOHN RUSKIN.

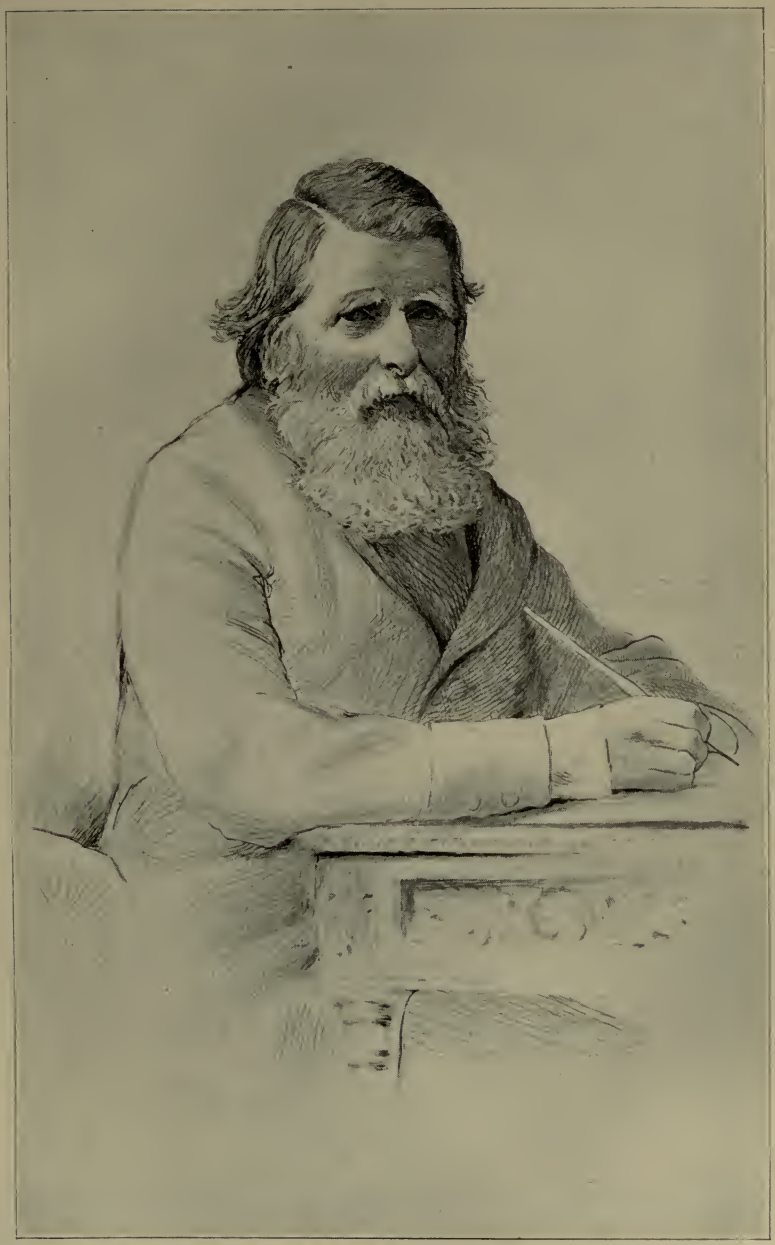
Ruskin, John, an eminent English art-critic and lecturer; born at London, February 8, 1819. He entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1842, having, in 1839, gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry. During his undergraduateship he wrote much verse. After graduating he studied art, and acquired much technical skill as a draughtsman, which has served him in illustrating some of his subsequent works. His books on art comprise "Modern Painters" (1843–60); "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" (1849); "The Stones of Venice" (1851–53); "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851); "Giotto and his Works in Padua" (1854–60); "Elements of Drawing" (1857); "Political Economy of Art" (1858); "The Two Paths" (1859); "Elements of Perspective" (1859); "Lectures on Art" (1870); "Aratra Pentelici" (1872); "Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret" (1872); "The Laws of Fésole" (1877–79); "The Art of England" (1883); "Verona, and Other Lectures" (1893); "The Poetry of Architecture" (1893); and numerous notes and reports. His many miscellaneous works on ethics, social science, political economy, mythology, botany, etc., published under fanciful titles, include, among others, "Sesame and Lilies" (1865), one of his most popular books; "The Ethics of the Dust" (1866); "The Crown of Wild Olive" (1866); "The Queen of the Air" (1869); "Munera Pulveris" (1872–73); "The Eagle's Nest" (1872); "Love's Meinie" (1873); "Proserpina" (1875–86); "Deucalion" (1875–83); and "St. Mark's Rest" (1877–84). He also wrote a popular fairy tale, "The King of the Golden River" (1851); "Arrows of the Chace" (1880), letters to newspapers; "Præterita," autobiographical (1885–89); "Fors Clavigera" (1871–84), miscellaneous counsels, moral, religious, economic, literary, etc.

The Lamp of Memory.

(From "The Seven Lamps of Architecture.")

Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude, as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching, is one passed,

now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura. It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness, of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forest; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers send their rude and changeful ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer to each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulæ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges — ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-colored moss. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine: the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by gray cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk



JOHN RUSKIN

sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with the fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew. It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavored, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux, and the four-square keep of Granson.

It is as the centralization and protectress of this sacred influence, that Architecture is to be regarded by us with the most serious thought. We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears! — how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world: there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality: it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles: and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled

fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians. "And if indeed there be any profit in our knowledge of the past, or any joy in the thought of being remembered hereafter, which can give strength to present exertion, or patience to present endurance, there are two duties respecting national architecture whose importance it is impossible to overrate: the first, to render the architecture of the day, historical: and, the second, to preserve, as the most precious of inheritances, that of past ages."

It is in the first of these two directions that Memory may truly be said to be the Sixth Lamp of Architecture; for it is in becoming memorial or monumental that a true perfection is attained by civil and domestic buildings; and this partly as they are, with such a view, built in a more stable manner, and partly as their decorations are consequently animated by a metaphorical or historical meaning.

As regards domestic buildings, there must always be a certain limitation to views of this kind in the power, as well as in the hearts, of men; still I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins: and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that having spent their lives happily and honorably, they would be grieved, at the close of them, to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathize in, all their honor, their gladness, or their suffering,—that this, with all the record it bare of them, and of all material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away, as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them; that all that they ever treasured was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. "I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of nat-

ural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our fathers' honor, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up, in mildewed forwardness, out of the kneaded fields about our capital — upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone — upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar — not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonored dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gypsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change."

This is no slight, no consequenceless evil; it is ominous, infectious, and fecund of other fault and misfortune. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonored both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of that Christian worship which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety, of the pagan. Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes. It is not a question of mere ocular delight, it is no question of intellectual pride, or of cultivated and critical fancy, how, and with what aspect of durability and of completeness, the domestic buildings of a nation shall be raised. It is one of those moral

duties, not with more impunity to be neglected because the perception of them depends on a finely toned and balanced conscientiousness, to build our dwellings with care, and patience, and fondness, and diligent completion, and with a view to their duration at least for such a period as, in the ordinary course of national revolutions, might be supposed likely to extend to the entire alteration of the direction of local interests. This at the least; but it would be better if, in every possible instance, men built their own houses on a scale commensurate rather with their condition at the commencement, than their attainments at the termination, of their worldly career; and built them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they had been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen. And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstance.

I look to this spirit of honorable, proud, peaceful self-possession, this abiding wisdom of contented life, as probably one of the chief sources of great intellectual power in all ages, and beyond dispute as the very primal source of the great architecture of old Italy and France. To this day, the interest of their fairest cities depends, not on the isolated richness of palaces, but on the cherished and exquisite decoration of even the smallest tenements of their proud periods. The most elaborate piece of architecture in Venice is a small house at the head of the Grand Canal, consisting of a ground floor with two stories above, three windows in the first, and two in the second. Many of the most exquisite buildings are on the narrower canals, and of no larger dimensions. One of the most interesting pieces of fifteenth century architecture in North Italy is a small house in a back street, behind the market-place of Vicenza; it bears date 1481, and the motto, *Il . n'est . rose . sans . épine . ;* it has also only a ground floor and two stories, with three windows in each, separated by rich flower-work, and with balconies, supported, the central one by an eagle with open wings, the lateral ones by winged griffins standing on cornucopiæ. The idea that a house must be large in order to be well built, is altogether of modern growth, and is parallel with the idea, that no picture can be historical, except of a size admitting figures larger than life.

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without; with what degree of likeness to each other in style and manner, I will say presently, under another head; but, at all events, with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history. This right over the house, I conceive, belongs to its first builder, and is to be respected by his children; and it would be well that blank stones should be left in places, to be inscribed with a summary of his life and of its experience, raising thus the habitation into a kind of monument, and developing, into more systematic instructiveness, that good custom which was of old universal, and which still remains among some of the Swiss and Germans, of acknowledging the grace of God's permission to build and possess a quiet resting-place, in such sweet words as may well close our speaking of these things. I have taken them from the front of a cottage lately built among the green pastures which descend from the village of Grindelwald to the lower glacier: —

"Mit herzlichem Vertrauen
Hat Johannes Mooter und Maria Rubi
Dieses Haus bauen lassen.
Der liebe Gott woll uns bewahren
Vor allem Unglück und Gefahren,
Und es in Segen lassen stehn
Auf der Reise durch diese Jammerzeit
Nach dem himmlischen Paradiese,
Wo alle Frommen wohnen,
Da wird Gott sie belohnen
Mit der Friedenskrone
Zu alle Ewigkeit."

In public buildings the historical purpose should be still more definite. It is one of the advantages of Gothic architecture, — I use the word Gothic in the most extended sense as broadly opposed to classical, — that it admits of a richness of record altogether unlimited. Its minute and multitudinous sculptural decorations afford means of expressing, either symbolically or literally, all that need be known of national feeling or achievement. More decoration will, indeed, be usually required than can take so elevated a character; and much, even in the most thoughtful periods, has been left to the free-

dom of fancy, or suffered to consist of mere repetitions of some national bearing or symbol. It is, however, generally unwise, even in mere surface ornament, to surrender the power and privilege of variety which the spirit of Gothic architecture admits; much more in important features — capitals of columns or bosses, and string-courses, as of course in all confessed bas-reliefs. Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact, than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings, without some intellectual intention. Actual representation of history has in modern times been checked by a difficulty, mean indeed, but steadfast; that of unmanageable costume; nevertheless, by a sufficiently bold imaginative treatment, and frank use of symbols, all such obstacles may be vanquished; not perhaps in the degree necessary to produce sculpture in itself satisfactory, but at all events so as to enable it to become a grand and expressive element of architectural composition. Take, for example, the management of the capitals of the ducal palace at Venice. History, as such, was indeed intrusted to the painters of its interior, but every capital of its arcades was filled with meaning. The large one, the corner stone of the whole, next the entrance, was devoted to the symbolization of Abstract Justice; above it is a sculpture of the Judgment of Solomon, remarkable for a beautiful subjection in its treatment to its decorative purpose. The figures, if the subject had been entirely composed of them, would have awkwardly interrupted the line of the angle, and diminished its apparent strength; and therefore in the midst of them, entirely without relation to them, and indeed actually between the executioner and interceding mother, there rises the ribbed trunk of a massy tree, which supports and continues the shaft of the angle, and whose leaves above overshadow and enrich the whole. The capital below bears among its leafage a throned figure of Justice, Trajan doing justice to the widow, Aristotle "che die legge," and one or two other subjects now unintelligible from decay. The capitals next in order represent the virtues and vices in succession, as preservative or destructive of national peace and power, concluding with Faith, with the inscription "Fides optima in Deo est." A figure is seen on the opposite side of the capital, worshipping the sun. After these, one or two capitals are fancifully decorated with birds, and then come a series represent-

ing, first the various fruits, then the national costumes, and then the animals of the various countries subject to Venetian rule.

Now, not to speak of any more important public building, let us imagine our own India House adorned in this way, by historical or symbolical sculpture: massively built in the first place; then chased with bas-reliefs of our Indian battles, and fretted with carvings of Oriental foliage, or inlaid with Oriental stones; and the more important members of its decoration composed of groups of Indian life and landscape, and prominently expressing the phantasms of Hindoo worship in their subjection to the Cross. Would not one such work be better than a thousand histories? If, however, we have not the invention necessary for such efforts, or if, which is probably one of the most noble excuses we can offer for our deficiency in such matters, we have less pleasure in talking about ourselves, even in marble, than the Continental nations, at least we have no excuse for any want of care in the points which insure the building's endurance. And as this question is one of great interest in its relations to the choice of various modes of decoration, it will be necessary to enter into it at some length.

The benevolent regards and purposes of men in masses seldom can be supposed to extend beyond their own generation. They may look to posterity as an audience, may hope for its attention, and labor for its praise: they may trust to its recognition of unacknowledged merit, and demand its justice for contemporary wrong. But all this is mere selfishness, and does not involve the slightest regard to, or consideration of, the interest of those by whose numbers we would fain swell the circle of our flatterers, and by whose authority we would gladly support our presently disputed claims. "The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognized motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to

come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath. And this the more, because it is one of the appointed conditions of the labor of men that, in proportion to the time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fulness of the fruit; and that generally, therefore, the farther off we place our aim, and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have labored for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success. Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave."

Nor is there, indeed, any present loss, in such respect, for futurity. Every human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art, whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us." "For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations: it is in that golden

stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and color, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been intrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life."

For that period, then, we must build; not, indeed, refusing to ourselves the delight of present completion, nor hesitating to follow such portions of character as may depend upon delicacy of execution to the highest perfection of which they are capable, even although we may know that in the course of years such details must perish; but taking care that for work of this kind we sacrifice no enduring quality, and that the building shall not depend for its impressiveness upon anything that is perishable. This would, indeed, be the law of good composition under any circumstances, the arrangement of the larger masses being always a matter of greater importance than the treatment of the smaller; but in architecture there is much in that very treatment which is skilful or otherwise in proportion to its just regard to the probable effects of time: and (which is still more to be considered) there is a beauty in those effects themselves, which nothing else can replace, and which it is our wisdom to consult and to desire. For though, hitherto, we have been speaking of the sentiment of age only, there is an actual beauty in the marks of it, such and so great as to have become not unfrequently the subject of especial choice among certain schools of art, and to have impressed upon those schools the character usually and loosely expressed by the term "picturesque." It is of some importance to our present purpose to determine the true meaning of this expression, as it is now generally used; for there is a principle to be developed from that use which, while it has occultly been the ground of much that is true and just in our judgment of art, has never been so far understood as to become definitely serviceable. Probably no word in the language (exclusive of theological expressions) has been the subject of so frequent or so prolonged dispute; yet none remain more vague in their acceptance, and it seems to me to be a matter of no small interest to investigate the essence of that idea which all feel, and (to appearance) with respect to similar things, and yet

which every attempt to define has, as I believe, ended either in mere enumeration of the effects and objects to which the term has been attached, or else in attempts at abstraction more palpably nugatory than any which have disgraced metaphysical investigation on other subjects. A recent critic on Art, for instance, has gravely advanced the theory that the essence of the picturesque consists in the expression of "universal decay." It would be curious to see the result of an attempt to illustrate this idea of the picturesque, in a painting of dead flowers and decayed fruit; and equally curious to trace the steps of any reasoning which, on such a theory, should account for the picturesqueness of an ass colt as opposed to a horse foal. But there is much excuse for even the most utter failure in reasonings of this kind, since the subject is, indeed, one of the most obscure of all that may legitimately be submitted to human reason; and the idea is itself so varied in the minds of different men, according to their subjects of study, that no definition can be expected to embrace more than a certain number of its infinitely multiplied forms.

That peculiar character, however, which separates the picturesque from the characters of subject belonging to the higher walks of art (and this is all that it is necessary for our present purpose to define), may be shortly and decisively expressed. Picturesqueness, in this sense, is *Parasitical Sublimity.* Of course all sublimity, as well as all beauty, is, in the simple etymological sense, picturesque, that is to say, fit to become the subject of a picture; and all sublimity is, even in the peculiar sense which I am endeavoring to develop, picturesque, as opposed to beauty; that is to say, there is more picturesqueness in the subject of Michael Angelo than of Perugino, in proportion to the prevalence of the sublime element over the beautiful. But that character, of which the extreme pursuit is generally admitted to be degrading to art, is *parasitical* sublimity; *i. e.*, a sublimity dependent on the accidents, or on the least essential characters, of the objects to which it belongs; and the picturesque is *developed distinctively exactly in proportion to the distance from the centre of thought of those points of character in which the sublimity is found.* Two ideas, therefore, are essential to picturesqueness, — the first, that of sublimity (for pure beauty is not picturesque at all, and becomes so only as the sublime element mixes with it), and the second, the subordinate or parasitical position of that sublimity. Of

course, therefore, whatever characters of line or shade or expression are productive of sublimity, will become productive of picturesqueness; what these characters are I shall endeavor hereafter to show at length; but, among those which are generally acknowledged, I may name angular and broken lines, vigorous oppositions of light and shadow, and grave, deep, or boldly contrasted color; and all these are in a still higher degree effective, when, by resemblance or association, they remind us of objects on which a true and essential sublimity exists, as of rocks or mountains, or stormy clouds or waves. Now if these characters, or any others of a higher and more abstract sublimity, be found in the very heart and substance of what we contemplate, as the sublimity of Michael Angelo depends on the expression of mental character in his figures far more than even on the noble lines of their arrangement, the art which represents such characters cannot be properly called picturesque: but, if they be found in the accidental or external qualities, the distinctive picturesque will be the result.

Thus, in the treatment of the features of the human face by Francia or Angelico, the shadows are employed only to make the contours of the features thoroughly felt; and to those features themselves the mind of the observer is exclusively directed (that is to say, to the essential characters of the thing represented). All power and all sublimity rest on these; the shadows are used only for the sake of the features. On the contrary, by Rembrandt, Salvator, or Caravaggio, the features are used *for the sake of the shadows;* and the attention is directed, and the power of the painter addressed, to characters of accidental light and shade cast across or around those features. In the case of Rembrandt there is often an essential sublimity in invention and expression besides, and always a high degree of it in the light and shade itself; but it is, for the most part, parasitical or engrafted sublimity as regards the subject of the painting, and, just so far, picturesque.

Again, in the management of the sculptures of the Parthenon, shadow is frequently employed as a dark field on which the forms are drawn. This is visibly the case in the metopes, and must have been nearly as much so in the pediment. But the use of that shadow is entirely to show the confines of the figures; and it is to *their lines*, and not to the shapes of the shadows behind them, that the art and the eye are addressed. The figures themselves are conceived, as much as possible, in full

light, aided by bright reflections; they are drawn exactly as, on vases, white figures on a dark ground; and the sculptors have dispensed with, or even struggled to avoid, all shadows which were not absolutely necessary to the explaining of the form. On the contrary, in Gothic sculpture, the shadow becomes itself a subject of thought. It is considered as a dark color, to be arranged in certain agreeable masses; the figures are very frequently made even subordinate to the placing of its divisions: and their costume is enriched at the expense of the forms underneath, in order to increase the complexity and variety of the points of shade. There are thus, both in sculpture and painting, two, in some sort, opposite schools, of which the one follows for its subject the essential forms of things, and the other the accidental lights and shades upon them. There are various degrees of their contrariety: middle steps, as in the works of Correggio, and all degrees of nobility and of degradation in the several manners; but the one is always recognized as the pure, and the other as the picturesque school. Portions of picturesque treatment will be found in Greek work, and of pure and unpicturesque in Gothic; and in both there are countless instances, as pre-eminently in the works of Michael Angelo, in which shadows become valuable as media of expression, and therefore take rank among essential characteristics. Into these multitudinous distinctions and exceptions I cannot now enter, desiring only to prove the broad applicability of the general definition.

Again, the distinction will be found to exist, not only between forms and shades as subjects of choice, but between essential and inessential forms. One of the chief distinctions between the dramatic and picturesque schools of sculpture is found in the treatment of the hair. By the artists of the time of Pericles it was considered as an excrescence, indicated by few and rude lines, and subordinated, in every particular, to the principality of the features and person. How completely this was an artistical not a national idea, it is unnecessary to prove. We need but remember the employment of the Lacedæmonians, reported by the Persian spy on the evening before the battle of Thermopylæ, or glance at any Homeric description of ideal form, to see how purely *sculpturesque* was the law which reduced the markings of the hair, lest, under the necessary disadvantages of material, they should interfere with the distinctness of the personal forms. On the contrary, in later sculpture, the hair receives almost the principal care of the workman; and, while

the features and limbs are clumsily and bluntly executed, the hair is curled and twisted, cut into bold and shadowy projections, and arranged in masses elaborately ornamental: there is true sublimity in the lines and the chairoscuro of these masses, but it is, as regards the creature represented, parasitical, and therefore picturesque. In the same sense we may understand the application of the term to modern animal painting, distinguished as it has been by peculiar attention to the colors, lustre, and texture of skin; nor is it in art alone that the definition will hold. In animals themselves, when their sublimity depends upon their muscular forms or motions, or necessary and principal attributes, as perhaps more than all others in the horse, we do not call them picturesque, but consider them as peculiarly fit to be associated with pure historical subject. Exactly in proportion as their character of sublimity passes into excrescences; — into mane and beard as in the lion, into horns as in the stag, into shaggy hide as in the instance above given of the ass colt, into variegation as in the zebra, or into plumage, — they become picturesque, and are so in art exactly in proportion to the prominence of these excrescential characters. It may be often most expedient that they should be prominent; often there is in them the highest degree of majesty, as in those of the leopard and boar; and in the hands of men like Tintoret and Rubens, such attributes become means of deepening the very highest and the most ideal impressions. But the picturesque direction of their thoughts is always distinctly recognizable, as clinging to the surface, to the less essential character, and as developing out of this a sublimity different from that of the creature itself; a sublimity which is, in a sort, common to all the objects of creation, and the same in its constituent elements, whether it be sought in the clefts and folds of shaggy hair, or in the chasms and rents of rocks, or in the hanging of thickets or hill sides, or in the alternations of gayety and gloom in the variegation of the shell, the plume, or the cloud.

Now, to return to our immediate subject, it so happens that, in architecture, the superinduced and accidental beauty is most commonly inconsistent with the preservation of original character, and the picturesque is therefore sought in ruin, and supposed to consist in decay. Whereas, even when so sought, it consists in the mere sublimity of the rents, or fractures, or stains, or vegetation, which assimilate the architecture with the work of Nature, and bestow upon it those circumstances of color and form which

are universally beloved by the eye of man. So far as this is done, to the extinction of the true characters of the architecture, it is picturesque, and the artist who looks to the stem of the ivy instead of the shaft of the pillar, is carrying out in more daring freedom the debased sculptor's choice of the hair instead of the countenance. But so far as it can be rendered consistent with the inherent character, the picturesque or extraneous sublimity of architecture has just this of nobler function in it than that of any other object whatsoever, that it is an exponent of age, of that in which, as has been said, the greatest glory of the building consists; and, therefore, the external signs of this glory, having power and purpose greater than any belonging to their mere sensible beauty, may be considered as taking rank among pure and essential characters; so essential to my mind, that I think a building cannot be considered as in its prime until four or five centuries have passed over it; and that the entire choice and arrangement of its details should have reference to their appearance after that period, so that none should be admitted which would suffer material injury either by the weather-staining, or the mechanical degradation which the lapse of such a period would necessitate.

It is not my purpose to enter into any of the questions which the application of this principle involves. They are of too great interest and complexity to be even touched upon within my present limits, but this is broadly to be noticed, that those styles of architecture which are picturesque in the sense above explained with respect to sculpture, that is to say, whose decoration depends on the arrangement of points of shade rather than on purity of outline, do not suffer, but commonly gain in richness of effect when their details are partly worn away; hence such styles, pre-eminently that of French Gothic, should always be adopted when the materials to be employed are liable to degradation, as brick, sandstone, or soft limestone; and styles in any degree dependent on purity of lime, as the Italian Gothic, must be practised altogether in hard and undecomposing materials, granite, serpentine, or crystalline marbles. There can be no doubt that the nature of the accessible materials influenced the formation of both styles; and it should still more authoritatively determine our choice of either.

It does not belong to my present plan to consider at length the second head of duty of which I have above spoken; the preservation of the architecture we possess: but a few words

may be forgiven, as especially necessary in modern times. "Neither by the public, nor by those who have the care of public monuments, is the true meaning of the word *restoration* understood. It means the most total destruction which a building can suffer: a destruction out of which no remnants can be gathered: a destruction accompanied with false description of the thing destroyed. Do not let us deceive ourselves in this important matter; it is *impossible*, as impossible as to raise the dead, to restore anything that has ever been great or beautiful in architecture. That which I have above insisted upon as the life of the whole, that spirit which is given only by the hand and eye of the workman, can never be recalled. Another spirit may be given by another time, and it is then a new building; but the spirit of the dead workman cannot be summoned up, and commanded to direct other hands, and other thoughts. And as for direct and simple copying, it is palpably impossible. What copying can there be of surfaces that have been worn half an inch down? The whole finish of the work was in the half inch that is gone; if you attempt to restore that finish, you do it conjecturally; if you copy what is left, granting fidelity to be possible (and what care, or watchfulness, or cost can secure it), how is the new work better than the old? There was yet in the old *some* life, some mysterious suggestion of what it had been, and of what it had lost; some sweetness in the gentle lines which rain and sun had wrought. There can be none in the brute hardness of the new carving. Look at the animals which I have given elsewhere, as an instance of living work, and suppose the markings of the scales and hair once worn away, or the wrinkles of the brows, and who shall ever restore them? The first step to restoration (I have seen it, and that again and again — seen it on the Baptistery of Pisa, seen it on the Casa d'Oro at Venice, seen it on the Cathedral of Lisieux) is to dash the old work to pieces; the second is usually to put up the cheapest and basest imitation which can escape detection, but in all cases, however careful, and however labored, an imitation still, a cold model of such parts as *can* be modelled, with conjectural supplements; and my experience has as yet furnished me with only one instance, that of the Palais de Justice at Rouen, in which even this, the utmost degree of fidelity which is possible has been attained, or even attempted.

"Do not let us talk then of restoration. The thing is a Lie from beginning to end. You may make a model of a building

as you may of a corpse, and your model may have the shell of the old walls within it as your cast might have the skeleton, with what advantage I neither see nor care: but the old building is destroyed, and that more totally and mercilessly than if it had sunk into a heap of dust, or melted into a mass of clay: more has been gleaned out of desolated Nineveh than ever will be out of rebuilt Milan." But, it is said, there may come a necessity for restoration! Granted. Look the necessity full in the face, and understand it on its own terms. It is a necessity for destruction. Accept it as such, pull the building down, throw its stones into neglected corners, make ballast of them, or mortar, if you will; but do it honestly, and do not set up a Lie in their place. And look that necessity in the face before it comes, and you may prevent it. The principle of modern times (a principle which, I believe, at least in France, to be *systematically acted on by the masons*, in order to find themselves work, as the abbey of St. Ouen was pulled down by the magistrates of the town by way of giving work to some vagrants) is to neglect buildings first, and restore them afterwards. Take proper care of your monuments, and you will not need to restore them. A few sheets of lead put in time upon a roof, a few dead leaves and sticks swept in time out of a water-course, will save both roof and walls from ruin. Watch an old building with an anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at *any* cost, from every influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would jewels of a crown; set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city; bind it together with iron where it loosens; stay it with timber where it declines; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid: better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly, and reverently, and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow. Its evil day must come at last; but let it come declaredly and openly, and let no dishonoring and false substitute deprive it of the funeral offices of memory.

Of more wanton or ignorant ravage it is vain to speak; my words will not reach those who commit them, and yet, be it heard or not, I must not leave the truth unstated, that it is again no question of expediency or feeling whether we shall preserve the buildings of the past times or not. *We have no right whatever to touch them.* They are not ours. They belong partly to those who built them, and partly to all the generations of mankind who are to follow us. The dead have still their right in them: that which they labored for, the praise of

achievement or the expression of religious feeling, or whatsoever else it might be which in those buildings they intended to be permanent, we have no right to obliterate. What we have ourselves built, we are at liberty to throw down; but what other men gave their strength and wealth and life to accomplish, their right over does not pass away with their death; still less is the right to the use of what they have left vested in us only. It belongs to all their successors. It may hereafter be a subject of sorrow, or a cause of injury, to millions, that we have consulted our present convenience by casting down such buildings as we choose to dispense with. That sorrow, that loss, we have no right to inflict. Did the cathedral of Avranches belong to the mob who destroyed it, any more than it did to us, who walk in sorrow to and fro over its foundation? Neither does any building whatever belong to those mobs who do violence to it. For a mob it is, and must be always; it matters not whether enraged, or in deliberate folly; whether countless, or sitting in committees; the people who destroy anything causelessly are a mob, and Architecture is always destroyed causelessly. A fair building is necessarily worth the ground it stands upon, and will be so until Central Africa and America shall have become as populous as Middlesex: nor is any cause whatever valid as a ground for its destruction. If ever valid, certainly not now, when the place both of the past and future is too much usurped in our minds by the restless and discontented present. The very quietness of nature is gradually withdrawn from us; thousands who once in their necessarily prolonged travel were subjected to an influence, from the silent sky and slumbering fields, more effectual than known or confessed, now bear with them even there the ceaseless fever of their life; and along the iron veins that traverse the frame of our country, beat and flow the fiery pulses of its exertion, hotter and faster every hour. All vitality is concentrated through those throbbing arteries into the central cities; the country is passed over like a green sea by narrow bridges, and we are thrown back in continually closer crowds upon the city gates. The only influence which can in any wise *there* take the place of that of the woods and fields, is the power of ancient Architecture. Do not part with it for the sake of the formal square, or of the fenced and planted walk, nor of the goodly street nor opened quay. The pride of a city is not in these. Leave them to the crowd; but remember that there will surely

be some within the circuit of the disquieted walls who would ask for some other spots than these wherein to walk; for some other forms to meet their sight familiarly: like him who sat so often where the sun struck from the west, to watch the lines of the dome of Florence drawn on the deep sky, or like those, his Hosts, who could bear daily to behold, from their palace chambers, the places where their fathers lay at rest, at the meeting of the dark streets of Verona.

The Throne.

(From "The Stones of Venice.")

In the olden days of travelling, now to return no more, in which distance could not be vanquished without toil, but in which that toil was rewarded, partly by the power of deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay, and partly by the happiness of the evening hours, when, from the top of the last hill he had surmounted, the traveller beheld the quiet village where he was to rest, scattered among the meadows beside its valley stream; or from the long-hoped-for turn in the dusty perspective of the causeway, saw for the first time the towers of some famed city, faint in the rays of sunset, — hours of peaceful and thoughtful pleasure, for which the rush of the arrival in the railway station is perhaps not always, or to all men, an equivalent, — in those days, I say, when there was something more to be anticipated and remembered in the first aspect of each successive halting-place than a new arrangement of glass roofing and iron girder, there were few moments of which the recollection was more fondly cherished by the traveller than that which, as I endeavored to describe in the close of the last chapter, brought him within sight of Venice, as his gondola shot into the open lagoon from the canal of Mestre. Not but that the aspect of the city itself was generally the source of some slight disappointment; for, seen in this direction, its buildings are far less characteristic than those of the other great towns of Italy: but this inferiority was partly disguised by distance, and more than atoned for by the strange rising of its walls and towers out of the midst, as it seemed, of the deep sea; for it was impossible that the mind or the eye could at once comprehend the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling lustre to the north and south, or trace the narrow line of islets bounding it

to the east. The salt breeze, the white moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually, in knots of heaving shoal, under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaimed it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly; not such blue, soft, lake-like ocean as bathes the Neapolitan promontories, or sleeps beneath the marble rocks of Genoa, but a sea with the bleak power of our own northern waves, yet subdued into a strange spacious rest, and changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declined behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named "St. George of the Seaweed." As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveller had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-colored line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows: but at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Arqua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon; two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north — a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow, into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of Murano, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets was entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian sea; when first upon the traveller's sight opened the long ranges of columned palaces, each with its black boat moored at the portal, each with its image cast down beneath its feet upon that green pavement which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy Rialto threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the Camerlenghi — that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent;

when first, before its moonlike circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry, "Ah, Stali!" struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the plash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side; and when at last that boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of the Ducal Palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation, — it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange, as to forget the darker truths of its history and its being. Well might it seem that such a city had owed her existence rather to the rod of the enchanter than the fear of the fugitive; that the waters which encircled her had been chosen for the mirror of her state, rather than the shelter of her nakedness; and that all which in nature was wild or merciless, — Time and Decay, as well as the waves and tempests, — had been won to adorn her instead of to destroy, and might still spare, for ages to come, that beauty which seemed to have fixed for its throne the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the sea.

And although the last few eventful years, fraught with change to the face of the whole earth, have been more fatal in their influence on Venice than the five hundred that preceded them; though the noble landscape of approach to her can now be seen no more, or seen only by a glance as the engine slackens its rushing on the iron line; and though many of her palaces are forever defaced, and many in desecrated ruins — there is still so much of magic in her aspect that the hurried traveller, who must leave her before the wonder of that first aspect has been worn away, may still be led to forget the humility of her origin, and to shut his eyes to the depth of her desolation. They at least are little to be envied, in whose hearts the great charities of the imagination lie dead, and for whom the fancy has no power to repress the importunity of painful impressions, or to raise what is ignorable and disguise what is discordant in a scene so rich in its remembrances, so surpassing in its beauty. But for this work of the imagination there must be no permission during the task which is before us. The impotent feelings of romance, so singularly characteristic of this century, may indeed gild, but never save, the remains of those mightier ages to which they are attached like climbing flowers; and they must be torn

away from the magnificent fragments, if we would see them as they stood in their own strength. Those feelings, always as fruitless as they are fond, are in Venice not only incapable of protecting, but even of discerning, the objects to which they ought to have been attached. The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that "Bridge of Sighs" which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveller now passes with breathless interest; the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as of one of his great ancestors was erected to a soldier of fortune a hundred and fifty years after Faliero's death; and the most conspicuous parts of the city have been so entirely altered in the course of the last three centuries, that if Henry Dandolo or Francis Foscari could be summoned from their tombs, and stood each on the deck of his galley at the entrance of the Grand Canal, — that renowned entrance, the painter's favorite subject, the novelist's favorite scene, where the water first narrows by the steps of the Church of La Salute, — the mighty Doges would not know in what spot of the world they stood, would literally not recognize one stone of the great city for whose sake, and by whose ingratitude, their gray hairs had been brought down with bitterness to the grave. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidded behind the cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court and silent pathway, and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for five hundred years, and must soon prevail over them forever. It must be our task to glean and gather them forth, and restore out of them some faint image of the lost city, more gorgeous a thousandfold than that which now exists, yet not created in the day-dream of the prince, nor by the ostentation of the noble, but built by iron hands and patient hearts, contending against the adversity of nature and the fury of man; so that its wonderfulness cannot be grasped by the indolence of imagination, but only after frank inquiry into the true nature of that wild and solitary scene whose restless tides and trembling sands did indeed shelter the birth of the city, but long denied her dominion. . . .

The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a

shore, is enough to cause continual movement in the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill-stream. At high water no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages. There is a channel some three miles wide between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide between it and the sandy breakwater called the Lido, which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic, but which is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean; although the secret of its true position is partly, yet not painfully, betrayed by the clusters of piles set to mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea-snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the unlifted level of the shallow sea. But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon; and at the complete ebb the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed of gloomy green, except only where the larger branches of the Brenta and its associated streams converge towards the port of the Lido. Through this salt and sombre plain the gondola and the fishing-boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep, and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea-water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke, or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway of the exhausted tide. The scene is often profoundly oppressive, even at this day, when every plot of higher grounds bears some fragment of fair building: but in order to know what it was once, let the traveller follow in his boat at evening the windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near; and so wait until the bright investiture and sweet warmth of the sunset are withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the night, pathless, comfortless, infirm, lost in dark languor and fearful silence, except where the salt runlets plash into the tide-

less pools, or the sea-birds flit from their margins with a questioning cry, — and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride; and yet, in the great natural laws that rule that sorrowful wilderness, let it be remembered what strange preparation had been made for the things which no human imagination could have foretold, and how the whole existence and fortune of the Venetian nation were anticipated or compelled, by the setting of those bars and doors to the rivers and the sea. Had deeper currents divided their islands, hostile navies would again and again have reduced the rising city into servitude; had stronger surges beaten their shores, all the richness and refinement of the Venetian architecture must have been exchanged for the walls and bulwarks of an ordinary seaport. Had there been no tide, as in other parts of the Mediterranean, the narrow canals of the city would have become noisome, and the marsh in which it was built pestiferous. Had the tide been only a foot or eighteen inches higher in its rise, the water access to the doors of the palaces would have been impossible: even as it is, there is sometimes a little difficulty, at the ebb, in landing without setting foot upon the lower and slippery steps; and the highest tides sometimes enter the court-yards, and overflow the entrance halls. Eighteen inches more of difference between the level of the flood and ebb would have rendered the doorsteps of every palace, at low water, a treacherous mass of weeds and limpets, and the entire system of water carriage for the higher classes, in their easy and daily intercourse, must have been done away with. The streets of the city would have been widened, its network of canals filled up, and all the peculiar character of the place and the people destroyed.

The reader may perhaps have felt some pain in the contrast between this faithful view of the site of the Venetian Throne, and the romantic conception of it which we ordinarily form; but this pain, if he have felt it, ought to be more than counterbalanced by the value of the instance thus afforded to us at once of the inscrutableness and the wisdom of the ways of God. If, two thousand years ago, we had been permitted to watch the slow settling of the slime of those turbid rivers into the polluted sea, and the gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of the life-

less, impassable, unvoyageable plain, how little could we have understood the purpose with which those islands were shaped out of the void, and the torpid waters enclosed with their desolate walls of sand! How little could we have known, any more than of what now seems to us most distressful, dark, and objectless, the glorious aim which was then in the mind of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth! how little imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks, and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was indeed a preparation, and *the only preparation possible*, for the founding of a city which was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scrolls of the sea surges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth in world-wide pulsation the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendor.

WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL.

Russell, William Clark, an English novelist; born in New York City, February 24, 1844. He was educated at Winchester, England, and in France. He then entered the British merchant-service, but after eight years of sea-life abandoned it to devote himself to literature. He was associated for some years with the Newcastle "Daily Chronicle" and the London "Daily Telegraph." His ambition has been to raise the nautical novel to a high standard, and his books are written out of his own experience. His books are "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate" (1874); "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" (1875); "The Little Loo" (1876); "A Sailor's Sweetheart" (1877); "An Ocean Free-Lance" (1880); "The Lady Maud" (1882); "Jack's Courtship" (1884); "On the Fok'sle Head" (1884); "A Strange Voyage" (1885); "In the Middle Watch" (1885); "Round the Galley Fire" (1886); "My Watch Below" (1886); "The Golden Hope" (1887); "A Frozen Pirate" (1887); "The Death Ship" (1888); "Betwixt the Forelands" (1888); "Marooned" (1889); "The Romance of Jenny Harlowe" (1889); "An Ocean Tragedy" (1890); "My Shipmate Louise" (1890); "Life of Nelson" (1890); "Helma" (1890); "List, Ye Landsmen" (1893); "The Convict Ship" (1894); "The Good Ship Mohock" (1895); "What Cheer" (1896); "The Last Entry" (1897); "The Two Captains" (1897).

The Rescue.

(From "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor.'")

There being but two of us now to work the pumps, it was more than we could do to keep them going. We plied them, with a brief spell between, and then my arms fell to my side, and I told the boatswain I could pump no more.

He sounded the well and made six incles.

"There's only two inches left that we can get out of her," said he; "and they 'll do no harm."

On which we quitted the main-deck and came into the cuddy.

"Mr. Royle," he said, seating himself on the edge of the table, "we shall have to leave this ship if we are n't taken off her. I reckon it 'll require twelve feet o' water to sink her, allowin' for there being a deal o' wood in the cargo; and may be she won't go down at that. However, we 'll say twelve feet, and supposin' we lets her be, she'll give us, if you like, eight or nine hours afore settlin.' I 'm not saying as we ought to leave her; but I 'm lookin' at you sir, and see that you 're werry nigh knocked up; Cornish is about a quarter o' the man he was; an' as to the bloomin' steward, he 's as good as drowned, no better and no worse. We shall take one spell too many at them pumps and fall down under it an' never get up agin. Wot we had best do is to keep a look all around for wessels, get that there quarter-boat ready for lowerin', and stand by to leave the ship when the sea calms. You know how Bermuda bears, don't you, sir?"

"I can find out to-night. It is too late to get sights now."

"I think," he returned, "that our lives 'll be as safe in the boat as they are on board this ship, an' a trifle safer. I 've been watching this wessel a good deal, and my belief is that wos another gale to strike her, she 'd make one o' her long plunges and go to pieces like a pack o' cards, when she got to the bottom o' the walley o' water. Of course if this sea don't calm we must make shift to keep her afloat until it do. You 'll excuse me for talkin' as though I wos dictatin'. I 'm just givin' you the thoughts that come into my head while we wos pumpin'."

"I quite agree with you," I replied; "I am only thinking of the size of the quarter-boat — whether she is n't too small for five persons?"

"Not she! I 'll get a bit of a mast rigged up in her, and it 'll go hard if we don't get four mile an hour out of her somehows. How fur might the Bermuda Islands be off?"

I answered, after reflecting some moments, that they would probably be distant from the ship between two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles.

"We should get pretty near 'em in three days," said he, "if the wind blew that way. Will you go and tell the young lady what we 're thinkin' o' doing, while I overhauls the boat an' see what 's wantin' in her. One good job is, we shan't have to put off, through the ship's sinkin', all of a heap. There 's a long warning given us, and I can't help thinkin'

that the stormy weather 's blown hisself out, for the sky looks to me to have a regular-set fair blue in it."

He went on to the main-deck. I inspected the glass, which I found had risen since I last looked at it. This, coupled with the brilliant sky and glorious sunshine and the diminishing motion of the ship, cheered me somewhat, though I looked forward with misgiving to leaving the ship, having upon me the memory of sufferings endured by shipwrecked men in this lonely condition, and remembering that Mary Robertson would be one of us, and have to share in any privations that might befall us.

At the same time, it was quite clear to me that the boatswain, Cornish, and myself would never, with our failing strength, be able to keep the ship afloat; and for Miss Robertson's sake, therefore, it was my duty to put a cheerful face upon the melancholy alternative.

When I reached the poop, the first thing I beheld was the Russian bark, now a square of gleaming white upon the southern horizon.

I quickly averted my eyes from the shameful object, and saw that the steward had recovered from his swoon, and was squatting against the companion, counting his fingers and smiling at them.

Miss Robertson was steering the ship, while Cornish lay extended along the deck, his head pillowed on a flag.

The wind (as by the appearance of the weather I might have anticipated, had my mind been free to speculate on such things) had dropped suddenly, and was now a gentle breeze, and the sea was subsiding rapidly. Indeed, a most golden, glorious afternoon had set in, with a promise of a hot and breathless night.

I approaching Miss Robertson, and asked her what was the matter with Cornish.

"I noticed him reeling at the wheel," she answered, "with his face quite white. I put a flag for his head, and told him to lie down. I called to you, but you did not hear me; and I have been waiting to see you that you might get him some brandy."

I found that the boatswain had not yet come aft, and at once went below to procure a dram for Cornish. I returned and knelt by his side, and was startled to perceive that his eyeballs were turned up, and his hands and teeth clinched, as though

he were convulsed. Sharp tremors ran through his body, and he made no reply nor appeared to hear me, though I called his name several times.

Believing that he was dying, I shouted to the boatswain, who came immediately.

The moment he looked at Cornish he uttered an exclamation.

"God knows what ails the poor creature!" I cried. "Lift his head, that I may put some brandy into his mouth."

The boatswain raised him by the shoulders, but his head hung back like a dead man's. I drew out my knife and inserted the blade between his teeth, and by this means contrived to introduce some brandy into his mouth, but it bubbled back again, which was a terrible sign, I thought; and still the tremors shook his poor body, and the eyes remained upturned, making the face most ghastly to see.

"It 's his heart broke!" exclaimed the boatswain, in a tremulous voice. "Jim! what 's the matter with 'ee, mate? You 're not goin' to let the sight o' that Roosian murderer kill you? Come, come! God Almighty knows we 've all had a hard fight for it, but we 're not beat yet, lad. 'T is but another spell o' waitin', and it 'll come right presently. Don't let a gale o' wind knock the breath out o' you. What man as goes to sea but meets with reverses like this here? Swaller the brandy, Jim! My God, Mr. Royle, he 's dyin'!"

As he said this Cornish threw up his arms and stiffened out his body. So strong was his dying action that he knocked the glass of brandy out of my hand and threw me backward some paces. The pupils of his eyes rolled down and a film came over them; he uttered something in a hoarse whisper, and lay dead on the boatswain's knee.

I glanced at Miss Robertson. Her lips were tightly compressed, otherwise the heroic girl showed no emotion.

The boatswain drew a deep breath, and let the dead man's head fell gently on the flag.

"For Miss Robertson's sake!" I whispered, "let us carry him forward."

He acquiesced in silence, and we bore the body off the poop and laid it on the fore-hatch.

"There will be no need to bury him," said I.

"No need and no time, sir. I trust God will be merciful to the poor sailor when he 's called up. He was made bad by

them others, sir. His heart was n't wrong," replied the boatswain.

I procured a blanket from the forecastle and covered the body with it, and we then walked back to the poop slowly and without speaking.

I felt the death of this man keenly. He had worked well, confronted danger cheerfully; he had atoned, in his untutored fashion, for the wrongs he had taken a part in; besides, the fellowship of peril was a tie upon us all, not to be sundered without a pang, which our hearts never would have felt had fate dealt otherwise with us.

I stopped a moment with the boatswain to look at the steward before joining Miss Robertson. To many, I believe, this spectacle of idiotcy would have been more affecting than Cornish's death. He was tracing figures, such as circles and crosses, with his forefinger on the deck, smiling vacantly meanwhile, and now and then looking around him with rolling, unmeaning eyes.

"How is it with you, my man?" I said.

He gazed at me very earnestly, rose to his feet, and, taking my arm, drew me a short distance away from the boatswain.

"A ship passed us just now, sir," he exclaimed, in a whisper and with a profoundly confidential air. "Did you see her?"

"Yes, steward, I saw her."

"A word in your ear, sir, — *mum!* that's the straight tip. Do you see? I was tired of this ship, sir — tired of being afraid of drowning. I put myself on board that vessel, *and there I am now, sir.* But hush! do you know I can not talk to them — they 're furriners! Roosians, sir, by the living cock! — that 's my oath — and it crows every morning in my back garden."

He struck me softly on the waistcoat, and fell back a step, with his finger on his lip.

"Ah," said I, "I understand. Sit down again and go on drawing on the deck, and then they 'll think you 're lost in study and not trouble you."

"Right, my lord — your lordship's 'umble servant," answered the poor creature, making me a low bow; and with a lofty and dignified air he resumed his place on the deck near the companion.

"Wot was he sayin'?" inquired the boatswain.

"He is quite imbecile. He thinks he is on board the Russian," I replied.

"Well, that 's a comfort," said the boatswain. "He 'll not be tryin' to swim arter her agin."

"Miss Robertson," I exclaimed, "you need not remain at the wheel. There is so little wind now that the ship may be left to herself."

Saying which I made the wheel fast and led her to one of the sky-lights.

"Boson," said I, "will you fetch us something to eat and drink out of the pantry? Open a tin of meat, and get some biscuit and wine. This may be our last meal on board the 'Grosvenor,'" I added, to Miss Robertson, as the boatswain left us.

She looked at me inquiringly, but did not speak.

"Before we knew," I continued, "that poor Cornish was dying, the boatswain and I resolved that we should all of us leave the ship. We have no longer the strength to man the pumps. The water is coming in at the rate of a foot an hour, and we have found latterly that even three of us can not pump more at a time out of her than six or seven inches, and every spell at the pumps leaves us more exhausted. But even though we had hesitated to leave her, yet, now that Cornish is gone and the steward has fallen imbecile, we have no alternative."

"I understand," she said, glancing at the boat and compressing her lips.

"You are not afraid — you who have shown more heart and courage than all of us put together."

"No — I am not much afraid. I believe that God is looking down upon us and that He will preserve us. But," she cried, taking a short breath, and clasping her hands convulsively, "it will be very, very lonely on the great sea in that little boat."

"Why more lonely in that little boat than on this broken and sinking ship? I believe, with you, that God is looking down upon us, and He has given us that pure and beautiful sky as an encouragement and a promise. Contrast the sea now with what it was this morning. In a few hours hence it will be calm; and believe me when I say that we shall be a thousand-fold safer in that boat than we are in this strained and leaking ship. Even while we talk now the water is creeping into the hold, and every hour will make her sink deeper and deeper until she disappears beneath the surface. On the other hand, we may have many days together of this fine weather. I will steer the boat for the Bermuda Islands, which we can not miss by head-

ing the boat west, even if I should lack the means of ascertaining our exact whereabouts, which you may trust me will not be the case. Moreover, the chance of our being rescued by a passing ship will be much greater when we are in the boat than it is while we remain here; for no ship, though she were commanded by a savage, would refuse to pick a boat up and take its occupants on board; whereas vessels, as we have already seen to our cost, will sight distressed ships and leave them to shift for themselves."

"I do not doubt you are right," she replied, with a plaintive smile. "I should not say or do anything to oppose you. And believe me," she exclaimed, earnestly, "that I do not think more of my own life than that of my companions. Death is not so terrible but that we may meet it, if God wills, calmly. And I would rather die at once, Mr. Royle, than win a few short years of life on hard and bitter terms."

She looked at the steward as she spoke, and an expression of beautiful pity came into her face.

"Miss Robertson," I said, "in my heart I am pledged to save your life. If you die, we both die! — of that be sure."

"I know what I owe you," she answered, in a low and broken voice. "I know that my life is yours, won by you from the very jaws of death, soothed and supported by you afterward. What my gratitude is only God knows. I have no words to tell you."

"Do you give me the life I have saved?" I asked, wondering at my own breathless voice as I questioned her.

"I do," she replied, firmly, lifting up her eyes and looking at me.

"Do you give it to me because your sweet and generous gratitude makes you think it my due — not knowing I am poor, not remembering that my station in life is humble, without a question as to my past?"

"I give it to you because I love you!" she answered, extending her hand.

I drew her toward me and kissed her forehead.

"God bless you, Mary, darling, for your faith in me! God bless you for your priceless gift of your love to me! Living or dead, dearest, we are one!"

And she, as though to seal these words, which our danger invested with an entrancing mysteriousness, raised my hand to her spotless lips, and then held it some moments to her heart.

The boatswain, coming up the poop-ladder, saw her holding

my hand. He approached us slowly and in silence; and, putting down the tray, which he had heaped, with sailor-like profusion, with food enough for a dozen persons, stood looking on us thoughtfully.

"Mr. Royle," he said, in a deliberate voice, "you 'll excuse me for sayin' of it, but, sir, you 've found her out?"

"I have, boson."

"You 've found her out, sir, as the truest-hearted gell as ever did duty as a darter?"

"I have."

"I've watched her, and know her to be British — true oak, seasoned by God Almighty, as does this sort o' work better nor Time! You 've found her out, sir?"

"It is true, boson."

"And you, miss," he exclaimed, in the same deliberate voice, "have found *him* out."

She looked downward with a blush.

"Mr. Royle, and you, miss," he continued, "I 'm not goin' to say nothen agin this being the right time to find each other out in. It 's Almighty Providence as brings these here matters to pass, and it 's in times o' danger as love speaks out strongest, turnin' the heart into a speakin'-trumpet and hailin' with a loud and tremendious woice. Wot I wur goin' to say is this: that in Mr. Royle I've seen the love for a long while past burnin' and strugglin', and sometimes hidin' of itself, and then burstin' up afresh like a flare aboard o' a sinkin' ketch on a windy night; and in you, miss, I 've likewise seen tokens as 'ud ha' made me up and speak my joy days an' days ago, had it been *my* consarn to attend to 'em. I say, that now as we 're sinkin' without at all meanin' to drown, with no wun but God Almighty to see us, this is the properest time for you to have found each other out in. Mr. Royle, your hand, sir; miss, yours. I say, God bless you! While we have breath we'll keep the boat afloat; and if it 's not to be, still I 'll say, God bless you!"

He shook us heartily by the hand, looked hard at the poor steward, as though he would shake hands with him too; then walked aft, hauled down the signals, stepped into the cuddy, returned with the large ensign, bent it on to the halyards, and ran it up to the gaff-end.

"That," said he returning and looking up proudly at the flag, "is to let them as it may consarn know that we 're not dead yet. Now, sir, shall I pipe to dinner?"

I think the boatswain was right.

It was no season for love-making; but it was surely a fitting moment "for finding each other out in."

I can say this — and, God knows, never was there less bombast in such a thought than there was in mine — that when I looked round upon the sea and then upon my beloved companion, I felt that I would rather have chosen death, with her love to bless me in the end, than life without knowledge of her.

I put food before the steward and induced him to eat; but it was pitiful to see his silly, instinctive ways — no reason in them, nothing but a mechanical guiding, with foolish, fleeting smiles upon his pale face.

I thought of that wife of his whose letter he had wept over, and his child, and scarcely knew whether it would not have been better for him and them that he should have died than return to them a broken-down, puling imbecile.

I said as much to Mary, but the tender heart would not agree with me.

"While there is life there is hope," she answered, softly. "Should God permit us to reach home, I will see that the poor fellow is well cared for. It may be that when all those horrors have passed, his mind will recover its strength. Our trials are *very* hard. When I saw that Russian ship, I thought my own brain would go."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, and an expression of suffering, provoked by memory, came into her face.

We dispatched our meal, and I went on to the main-deck to sound the well. I found two feet of water in the hold, and I came back and gave the boatswain the soundings, who recommended that we should at once turn to and get the boat ready.

I said to him, as he clambered into the boat for the purpose of overhauling her, that I fully believed that a special Providence was watching over us, and that we might confidently hope God would not abandon us now.

"If the men had not chased us in this boat," I continued, "what chance should we have to save our lives? The other boat is useless, and we should never have have been able to repair her in time to get away from the ship. Then look at the weather! I have predicted a dead calm to-night, and already the wind is gone."

"Yes, everything 's happened for the best," he replied. "I only wish poor Jim's life had been saved. It 's a'most like

leavin' of him to drown, to go away without buryin' him; and yet I know there 'd be no use in puttin' him overboard. There 's been a deal o' precious human life wasted since we left the Channel; and who are the murderers? Why, the owners. It 's all come of their sendin' the ship to sea with rotten stores. A few dirty pounds 'ud ha' saved all this."

We had never yet had the leisure to inspect the stores with which the mutineers had furnished the quarter-boat, and we now found, in spite of their having shifted a lot of provisions out of her into the long-boat before starting in pursuit of us, that there was still an abundance left: four kegs of water, several tins of cuddy bread, preserved meat and fruits, sugar, flour, and other things, not to mention such items as boxes of lucifer matches, fishing-tackle, a burning-glass, a quantity of tools and nails; in a word, everything which men in the condition they had hoped to find themselves in might stand in need of to support life. Indeed, the foresight illustrated by the provisioning of this boat was truly remarkable, the only things they had omitted being a mast and sail, it having been their intention to keep this boat in tow of the other. I even found that they had furnished the boat with the oars belonging to the disabled quarter-boat in addition to her own.

However, the boat was not yet stocked to my satisfaction. I therefore repaired to my cabin and procured the boat's compass, some charts, a sextant, and other necessary articles such as the "Nautical Almanac," and pencils and paper wherewith to work out my observations, which I placed very carefully in the locker in the stern-sheets of the boat.

I allowed Mary to help me, that the occupation might divert her mind from the overwhelming thoughts which the gradual settling of the ship on which we stood must have excited in the strongest and bravest mind; and, indeed, I worked busily and eagerly to guard myself against any terror that might come upon me. She it was who suggested that we should provide ourselves with lamps and oil; and I shipped a lantern to hoist at our mast-head when the darkness came, and the bull's-eye lamp to enable me to work out observation of the stars, which I intended to make when the night fell. To all these things, which sound numerous, but in reality occupied but little space, I added a can of oil, meshes for the lamps, top coats, oil-skins, and rugs to protect us at night, so that the afternoon was well advanced before we had ended our preparations. Meanwhile,

the boatswain had stepped a topgallant-stun'sail boom to serve us for a mast, well stayed, with a block and halyards at the mast-head to serve for hoisting a flag or lantern, and a spare topgallant-stun'sail to act as a sail.

By this time the wind had completely died away ; a peaceful deep-blue sky stretched from horizon to horizon ; and the agitation of the sea had subsided into a long and silent swell, which washed up against the ship's sides, scarcely causing her to roll, so deep had she sunk in the water.

I now thought it high time to lower the boat and bring her alongside, as our calculations of the length of time to be occupied by the ship in sinking might be falsified to our destruction by her suddenly going stern down with us on board.

We therefore lowered the boat, and got the gangway-ladder over the side.

The boatswain got into the boat first to help Mary into her. I then took the steward by the arms and brought him along smartly, as there was danger in keeping the boat washing against the ship's side. He resisted at first, and only smiled vacantly when I threatened to leave him; but on the boatswain crying out that his wife was waiting for him, the poor idiot got himself together with a scramble, and went so hastily over the gangway that he narrowly escaped a ducking.

I paused a moment at the gangway and looked around, striving to remember if there was anything we had forgotten which would be of some use to us. Mary watched me anxiously, and called for me by my Christian name, at the same time extending her arms. I would not keep her in suspense a moment, and at once dropped into the boat. She grasped and fondled my hand, and drew me close beside her.

"I should have gone on board again had you delayed coming," she whispered.

The boatswain shoved the boat's head off, and we each shipped an oar and pulled the boat about a quarter of a mile away from the ship ; and then, from a strange and wild curiosity to behold the ship sink, and still in our hearts clinging to her, not only as the home wherein we had found shelter for many days past, but as the only visible object in all the stupendous reach of waters, we threw in the oars and sat watching her.

She had now sunk as deep as her main-chains, and was but a little higher out of the water than the hull from which we had

rescued Mary and her father. It was strange to behold her even from a short distance and notice her littleness in comparison with the immensity of the deep on which she rested, and recall the terrible seas she had braved and triumphed over.

Few sailors can behold the ship in which they have sailed sinking before their eyes without the same emotion of distress and pity, almost, which the spectacle of a drowning man excites in them. She has grown a familiar name, a familiar object; thus far she has borne them in safety; she has been rudely beaten, and yet has done her duty ; but the tempest has broken her down at last; all the beauty is shorn from her; she is weary with the long and dreadful struggles with the vast forces that nature arrayed against her; she sinks, a desolate, abandoned thing, in mid-ocean, carrying with her a thousand memories which surge up in the heart with the pain of a strong man's tears.

I looked from the ship to realize our own position. Perhaps not yet could it be keenly felt, for the ship was still a visible object for us to hold on by; and yet, turning my eyes away to the far reaches of the horizon, at one moment borne high on the summit of the ocean swell, which appeared mountainous when felt in and viewed from the boat, then sinking deep in the hollow, so that the near ship was hidden from us — the supreme loneliness of our situation, our helplessness, and the fragility and diminutiveness of the structure on which our lives depended, came home to me with the pain and wonder of a shock.

Our boat, however, was new this voyage, with a good beam, and showing a tolerably bold side, considering her dimensions and freight. Of the two quarter-boats with which the "Grosvenor" had been furnished, this was the larger and the stronger built, and for this reason had been chosen by Stevens. I could not hope, indeed, that she would live a moment in anything of a sea; but she was certainly stout enough to carry us to the Bermudas, providing the weather remained moderate.

It was now six o'clock. I said to the boatswain : —

"Every hour of this weather is valuable to us. There is no reason why we should stay here."

"I should like to see her sink, Mr. Royle ; I should like to know that poor Jim found a regular coffin in her," he answered. "We can't make no headway with the sail, and I don't recommend rowin' for the two or three mile we can fetch with the oars. It 'ud be wurse nor pumpin'."

He was right. When I reflected, I was quite sure I could not, in my exhausted state, be able to handle one of the big oars for even five minutes at a stretch; and, admitting that I *had* been strong enough to row for a couple of hours, yet the result to have been obtained could not have been important enough to justify the serious labor.

The steward all this time sat perfectly quiet in the bottom of the boat, with his back against the mast. He paid no attention to us when we spoke, nor looked around him, though sometimes he would fix his eyes vacantly on the sky as if his shattered mind found relief in contemplating the void. I was heartily glad to find him quiet, though I took care to watch him, for it was difficult to tell whether his imbecility was not counterfeited, by his madness, to throw us off our guard, and furnish him with an opportunity to play us and himself some deadly trick.

As some hours had elapsed since we had tasted food, I opened a tin of meat and prepared a meal. The boatswain ate heartily, and so did the steward; but I could not prevail upon Mary to take more than a biscuit and sherry and water.

Indeed, as the evening approached, our position affected her more deeply, and often, after she had cast her eyes toward the horizon, I would see her lips whispering a prayer, and feel her hand tightening on mine.

The ship still floated, but she was so low in the water that I every minute expected to see her vanish. The water was above her main-chains, and I could only attribute her obstinacy in not sinking to the great quantity of wood — both in cases and goods — which composed her cargo.

The sun was now quite close to the horizon, branding the ocean with a purple glare, but itself descending into a cloudless sky. I can not express how majestic and wonderful the great orb looked to us who were almost level with the water. Its disk seemed vaster than I had ever before seen it, and there was something sublimely solemn in the loneliness of its descent. All the sky about it, and far to the south and north, was changed into the color of gold by its lustre; and over our heads the heavens were an exquisite tender green, which melted in the east into a dark blue.

I was telling Mary that ere the sun sunk again we might be on board a ship, and whispering any words of encouragement and hope to her, when I was startled by the boatswain crying, "Now she's gone! Look at her!"

I turned my eyes toward the ship, and could scarcely credit my senses when I found that her hull had vanished, and that nothing was to be seen of her but her spars, which were all aslant sternward.

I held my breath as I saw the masts sink lower and lower. First the cross-jack yard was submerged, the gaff with the ensign hanging dead at the peak, then the mainyard; presently only the maintop-mast cross-trees were visible, a dark cross upon the water; they vanished. At the same moment the sun disappeared behind the horizon; and now we were alone on the great, breathing deep, with all the eastern sky growing dark as we watched.

"It's all over!" said the boatswain, breaking the silence, and speaking in a hollow tone. "No livin' man 'll ever see the 'Grosvenor' again!"

Mary shivered and leaned against me. I took up a rug and folded it round her, and kissed her forehead.

The boatswain had turned his back upon us, and sat with his hands folded, I believe in prayer. I am sure he was thinking of Jim Cornish, and I would not have interrupted that honest heart's communion with its Maker for the value of the ship that had sunk.

Darkness came down very quickly, and, that we might lose no chance of being seen by any distant vessel, I lighted the ship's lantern and hoisted it at the mast-head. I also lighted the bull's-eye lamp and set it in the stern-sheets.

"Mary," I whispered, "I will make you up a bed in the bottom of the boat. While this weather lasts, dearest, we have no cause to be alarmed by our position. It will make me happy to see you sleeping, and be sure that while you sleep there will be watchful eyes near you."

"I will sleep as I am here, by your side; I shall rest better so," she answered. "I could not sleep lying down."

It was too sweet a privilege to forego; I passed my arm around her and held her close to me; and she closed her eyes like a child, to please me.

Worn out as I was, enfeebled both intellectually and physically by the heavy strain that had been put upon me ever since that day when I had been ironed by Captain Coxon's orders, I say — and I solemnly believe in the truth of what I am about to write — that had it not been for the living reality of this girl, encircled by my arm, with her head supported by my shoulder;

had it not been for the deep love I felt for her, which localized my thoughts, and, so to say, humanized them down to the level of our situation, forbidding them to trespass beyond the prosaic limits of our danger, of the precautions to be taken by us, of our chances of rescue, of the course to be steered when the wind should fill our sail — I should have gone mad when the night came down upon the sea and enveloped our boat (a lonely speck on the gigantic world of water) in the mystery and fear of the darkness. I know this by recalling the fancy that for a few moments possessed me in looking along the water, when I clearly beheld the outline of a coast, with innumerable lights winking upon it; by the whirling, dizzy sensation in my head which followed the extinction of the vision; by the emotion of wild horror and unutterable disappointment which overcame me when I detected the cheat. I pressed my darling to me, and looked upon her sweet face, revealed by the light shed by the lantern at the mast-head, and all my misery left me; and the delight which the knowledge that she was my own love, and that I held her in my arms, gave me, fell like an exorcism upon the demons of my stricken imagination.

She smiled when I pressed her to my side, and when she saw my face close to hers, looking at her; but she did not know that she had saved me from a fate more dreadful than death, and that I — so strong as I seemed, so earnest as I had shown myself in my conflicts with fate, so resolutely as I had striven to comfort her — had been rescued from madness by her whom I had a thousand times pitied for her helplessness.

She fell asleep at last, and I sat for nearly two hours motionless, that I should not awaken her. The steward slept with his head in his arms, kneeling — a strange, mad posture. The boatswain sat forward, with his face turned aft and his arms folded. I addressed him once, but he did not answer. Probably I spoke too low for him to hear, being fearful of waking Mary; but there was little we had to say. Doubtless he found his thoughts too engrossing to suffer him to talk.

Being anxious to "take a star," as we say at sea, and not knowing how the time went, I gently drew out my watch and found the hour a quarter to eleven. In replacing the watch I aroused Mary, who raised her head and looked round her with eyes that flashed in the lantern light.

"Where are we?" she exclaimed, and bent her head to gaze at me, on which she recollected herself. "Poor boy!" she said,

taking my hand, "I have kept you supporting my weight. You were more tired than I. But it is your turn now. Rest your head on my shoulder."

"No, it is still your turn," I answered, "and you shall sleep again presently. But since you are awake, I will try to find out where we are. You shall hold the lamp for me while I make my calculations and examine the chart."

Saying which, I drew out my sextant and got across the thwarts to the mast, which I stood up alongside of to lean on; for the swell, though moderate enough to pass without notice on a big vessel, lifted and sunk the boat in such a way as to make it difficult to stand steady.

I was in the act of raising the sextant to my eye, when the boatswain suddenly cried, "Mr. Royle, listen!"

"What do you hear?" I asked.

"Hush! listen now!" he answered, in a breathless voice.

I strained my ear, but nothing was audible to me but the wash of the water against the boat's side.

"Don't you hear it, Mr. Royle?" he cried, in a kind of agony, holding up his finger. "Miss Robertson, don't you hear something?"

There was another interval of silence, and Mary answered: "I hear a kind of throbbing."

"It is so!" I exclaimed. "I hear it now! it is the engines of a steamer!"

"A steamer? Yes! I heard it! where is she!" shouted the boatswain, and he jumped on to the thwart on which I stood.

We strained our ears again.

That throbbing sound, as Mary had accurately described it, closely resembling the rhythmical running of a locomotive-engine heard in the country on a silent night at a long distance, was now distinctly audible; but so smooth was the water, so breathless the night, that it was impossible to tell how far away the vessel might be; for so fine and delicate a vehicle of sound is the ocean in a calm, that, though the hull of a steamship might be below the horizon, yet the thumping of her engines would be heard.

Once more we inclined our ears, holding our breath as we listened.

"It grows louder!" cried the boatswain. "Mr. Royle, bend your bull's-eye lamp to the end o' one o' the oars and swing it about, while I dip this mast-head lantern."

Very different was his manner now from what it had been that morning when the Russian hove in sight.

I lashed the lamp by the ring of it to an oar and waved it to and fro. Meanwhile the boatswain had got hold of the masthead halyards, and was running the big ship's lantern up and down the mast.

"Mary," I exclaimed, "lift up the seat behind you, and in the left-hand corner you will find a pistol."

"I have it," she answered, in a few moments.

"Point it over the stern and fire!" I cried.

She leveled the little weapon and pulled the trigger; the white flame leaped, and a smart report followed.

"Listen now!" I said.

I held the oar steady, and the boatswain ceased to dance the lantern. For the first few seconds I heard nothing, then my ear caught the throbbing sound.

"I see her!" cried the boatswain; and, following his finger (my sight being keener than my hearing), I saw not only the shadow of a vessel down in the southwest, but the smoke from her funnel pouring along the stars.

"Mary," I cried, "fire again!"

She drew the trigger.

"Again!"

The clear report whizzed like a bullet past my ear.

Simultaneously with the second report a ball of blue fire shot up into the sky. Another followed, and another.

A moment after a red light shone clear upon the sea.

"She sees us!" I cried. "God be praised! Mary, darling, she sees us!"

I waved the lamp furiously. But there was no need to wave it any longer. The red light drew nearer and nearer; the throbbing of the engines louder and louder, and the revolutions of the propeller sounded like a pulse beating through the water. The shadow broadened and loomed larger. I could hear the water spouting out of her side and the blowing off of the safety-valve.

Soon the vessel grew a defined shape against the stars, and then a voice, thinned by the distance, shouted, "What light is that?"

I cried to the boatswain: "Answer, for God's sake! My voice is weak."

He hollowed his hands and roared back: "We're shipwrecked seamen adrift in a quarter-boat!"

Nearer and nearer came the shadow, and it now was a long, black hull, a funnel pouring forth a dense volume of smoke, spotted with fire-sparks, and tapering masts and fragile rigging, with the stars running through them.

"Ease her!"

The sound of the throbbing grew more measured. We could hear the water as it was churned up by the screw.

"Stop her!"

The sounds ceased, and the vessel came looming up slowly, more slowly, until she stopped.

"What is that?—a boat?" exclaimed a strong bass voice.

"Yes!" answered the boatswain. "We've been shipwrecked; we're adrift in a quarter-boat."

"Can you bring her alongside?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

I threw out an oar, but trembled so violently that it was as much as I could do to work it. We headed the boat for the steamer and rowed toward her. As we approached, I perceived that she was very long, barked-rigged, and raking, manifestly a powerful, iron-built ocean steamer. They hung a red light on the forestay and a white light over her port quarter, and lights flitted about her gangway.

A voice sung out: "How many are there of you?"

The boatswain answered: "Three men and a lady."

On this the same voice called, "If you want help to bring that boat alongside, we'll send to you."

"We'll be alongside in a few minutes," returned the boatswain.

But the fact was, the vessel had stopped her engines when further off from us than we had imagined; being deceived by the magnitude of her looming hull, which seemed to stand not a hundred fathoms away from us, and by the wonderful distinctness of the voice that had spoken us.

I did not know how feeble I had become until I took the oar; and the violent emotions excited in me by our rescue, now to be effected after our long and heavy trials, diminished still the little strength that was left in me; so that the boat moved very slowly through the water, and it was full twenty minutes, starting from the time when we had shipped oars, before we came up with her.

"We'll fling you a rope's end," said a voice; "look out for it."

A line fell into the boat. The boatswain caught it, and sung out, "All fast!"

I looked up the high side of the steamer: there was a crowd of men assembled round the gangway, their faces visible in the light shed not only by our own mast-head lantern (which was on a level with the steamer's bulwarks), but by other lanterns which some of them held. In all this light we, the occupants of the boat, were to be clearly viewed from the deck; and the voice that had first addressed us said: —

"Are you strong enough to get up the ladder? If not, we 'll sling you on board."

I answered that if a couple of hands would come down into the boat so as to help the lady and a man (who had fallen imbecile) over the ship's side, the other two would manage to get on board without assistance.

On this a short gangway-ladder was lowered, and two men descended and got into the boat.

"Take that lady first," I said, pointing to Mary, but holding on, as I spoke, to the boat's mast, for I felt horribly sick and faint, and knew not, indeed, what was going to happen to me; and I had to exert all my power to steady my voice.

They took her by the arms, and watching the moment when the wash of the swell brought the boat against the ship's side, landed her cleverly on the ladder and helped her on to the deck.

"Boson," I cried, huskily, "she — she is — saved! I am dying, I think. God bless her! and — and — your hand, mate — "

I remember uttering these incoherent words, and seeing the boatswain spring forward to catch me. Then my senses left me with a flash.

I remained, as I was afterward informed, insensible for four days, during which time I told and retold, in my delirium, the story of the mutiny and our own sufferings, so that, as the ship's surgeon assured me, he became very exactly acquainted with all the particulars of the "Grosvenor's" voyage, from the time of her leaving the English Channel to the moment of our rescue from the boat; though I, from whom he learned the story, was insensible as I related it. My delirium even embraced so remote an incident as the running down of the smack.

When I opened my eyes I found myself in a small, very

comfortable cabin, lying in a bunk; and, being alone, I had no knowledge of where I was, nor would my memory give me the slightest assistance. Every object my eye rested upon was unfamiliar, and that I was on board a ship was all that I knew for certain. What puzzled me most was the jarring sound caused by the engines. I could not conceive what this meant nor what produced it; and the vessel being perfectly steady, it was not in my power to realize that I was being borne over the water.

I closed my eyes and lay perfectly still, striving to master the past and inform myself of what had become of me; but so hopelessly muddled was my brain that had some unseen person, by way of a joke, told me in a sepulchral voice that I was dead, and apprehending the things about me only by means of my spirit, which had not yet had time to get out of my body, I should have believed him; though I don't say that I should not have been puzzled to reconcile my very keen appetite and thirst with my non-existent condition.

In a few minutes the door of the cabin was opened, and a jolly, red-faced man, wearing a Scotch cap, looked in. Seeing me with my eyes open, he came forward and exclaimed, in a cheerful voice: —

"All alive O! Staring about you full of wonderment! Nothing so good as curiosity in a sick man. Shows that the blood is flowing."

He felt my pulse, and asked me if I knew who he was.

I replied that I had never seen him before.

"Well, that's not my fault," said he; "for I've been looking at you a pretty tidy while, on and off, since we hoisted you out of the brine.

"'Guid speed an' furder to you, Johnny:
Guid health, hale han's an' weather bonnie;
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' brany,
To clear your head!'

Hungry?"

"Very," said I.

"Thirsty?"

"Yes."

"How do you feel in yourself?"

"I have been trying to find out. I don't know. I forget who I am."

"Raise your arm and try your muscles."

"I can raise my arm," I said, doing so.

"How's your memory?"

"If you'll give me a hint or two, I'll see."

He looked at me very earnestly and with much kindness in the expression of his jovial face, and debated some matter in his own mind.

"I'll send you in some beef-tea," he said, "by a person who'll be able to do you more good than I can. But don't excite yourself. Converse calmly, and don't talk too much."

So saying, he went away.

I lay quite still, and my memory remained as helpless as though I had just been born.

After an interval of about ten minutes the door was again opened, and Mary came in. She closed the door and approached me, holding a cup of beef-tea in her hand: but, however she had schooled herself to behave, her resolution forsook her; she put the cup down, threw her arms round my neck, and sobbed with her cheek against mine.

With my recognition of her, my memory returned to me.

"My darling," I cried, in a weak voice, "is it you indeed? Oh, God is very merciful to have spared us! I remembered nothing just now; but all has come back to me with your dear face."

She was too overcome to speak for some moments; but, raising herself presently, she said, in broken tones:

"I thought I should never see you again, never be able to speak to you more. But I am wicked to give way to my feelings, when I have been told that any excitement must be dangerous to my darling. Drink this, now — no, I will hold the cup to your lips. Strength has been given me to bear the sufferings we have gone through, that I may nurse you and bring you back to health."

HANS SACHS.

Sachs, Hans, a German master-shoemaker and master-singer; born at Nuremberg, November 5, 1494; died there, January 19, 1576. He was well educated at the Latin School in his native town, and when he reached the proper age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. After having duly served out his apprenticeship he set out on the "travel-years" prescribed by the regulations of the guilds as a preliminary to becoming a "master-workman." He visited the principal towns of Southern Germany, pegging and singing as he went, and was for a time employed in the Imperial service. At about twenty-four he returned to Nuremberg, married, and established himself in the twofold capacity of authorized maker of shoes and maker of verses, both of which pursuits he carried on prosperously for nearly threescore years. The active literary career of Hans Sachs lasted from about 1514 to 1567 — that is, from his twentieth to his seventy-first year. During this long period he produced, according to his own computation, 6048 separate pieces, longer or shorter. Of these, as classified by himself, there were 4275 Master-songs; 208 Dramas; 1558 Stories, Fables, Histories, and "Figures," or Miscellanies, which include several controversial pamphlets in prose.

Under the Pressure of Care or Poverty.

Why art thou cast down, my heart?
Why troubled, why dost mourn apart,
O'er naught but earthly wealth?
Trust in thy God; be not afraid:
He is thy Friend, who all things made.

Dost think thy prayers he doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou dost need,
And heaven and earth are his;
My Father and my God, who still
Is with my soul in every ill.

Since thou my God and Father art,
I know thy faithful loving heart
Will ne'er forget thy child;

HANS SACHS ENTERTAINING ALBRECHT DÜRER

From a Painting by Richard Gross

See, I am poor; I am but dust;
On earth is none whom I can trust.

The rich man in his wealth confides,
But in my God my trust abides;
  Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast that he hath taught, —
Who trusts in God shall want for naught. . . .

Yes, Lord, thou art as rich to-day
As thou hast been and shalt be aye:
  I rest on thee alone;
Thy riches to my soul be given,
And 't is enough for earth and heaven.

What here may shine I all resign,
If the eternal crown be mine,
  That through thy bitter death
Thou gainedst, O Lord Christ, for me:
For this, for this, I cry to thee!

All wealth, all glories, here below,
The best that this world can bestow,
  Silver or gold or lands,
But for a little time is given,
And helps us not to enter heaven.

I thank thee, Christ, Eternal Lord,
That thou hast taught me by thy word
  To know this truth and thee;
Oh, grant me also steadfastness
Thy heavenly kingdom not to miss.

Praise, honor, thanks, to thee be brought,
For all things in and for me wrought
  By thy great mercy, Christ.
This one thing only still I pray, —
Oh, cast me ne'er from thee away.

From "The Nightingale of Wittenberg."

Awake, it is the dawn of day!
I hear a-singing in green byway
The joy-o'erflowing nightingale;
Her song rings over hill and dale.
The night sinks down the occident,
The day mounts up the orient,

The ruddiness of morning red
Glows through the leaden clouds o'erhead.
Thereout the shining sun doth peep,
The moon doth lay herself to sleep;
For she is pale, and dim her beam,
Though once with her deceptive gleam
The sheep she all had blinded,
That they no longer cared or minded
About their shepherd or their fold,
But left both them and pastures old,
To follow in the moon's wan wake,
To the wilderness, to the brake:
There they have heard the lion roar,
And this misled them more and more;
By his dark tricks they were beguiled
From the true paths to deserts wild.
But there they could find no pasturage good,
Fed on rankest weeds of the wood;
The lion laid for them many a snare
Into which they fell with care;
When there the lion found them tangled,
His helpless prey he cruelly mangled.
The snarling wolves, a ravenous pack,
Of fresh provisions had no lack;
And all around the silly sheep
They prowled, and greedy watch did keep.
And in the grass lay many a snake,
That on the sheep its thirst did slake,
And sucked the blood from every vein.
And thus the whole poor flock knew pain
And suffered sore the whole long night.
But soon they woke to morning light,
Since clear the nightingale now sings,
And light once more the daybreak brings.
They now see what the lion is,
The wolves and pasture that are his.
The lion grim wakes at the sound,
And filled with wrath he lurks around,
And lists the nightingale's sweet song,
That says the sun will rise ere long,
And end the lion's savage reign.

SADI.

Sadi (Shaikh Muslih al Din), a celebrated Persian poet; born at Shiraz about 1184; died there at a great age. According to some accounts, he reached the age of nearly one hundred and twenty years; others place his death at about eighty years. He was trained at Bagdad; became a dervish, made fifteen pilgrimages to Mecca, travelled as far as India, and mastered not only several Oriental languages, but also Latin. He fought against the Crusaders in Syria, by whom he was made prisoner. He was ransomed by a merchant of Aleppo, who gave him his daughter in marriage. The marriage proved an uncongenial one, and Sadi returned to Shiraz, where he retired to a hermitage, and composed his poems. The works of Sadi comprise the "Gulistan" or "Rose-Garden," the "Bostan" or "Fruit-Garden," the "Pend Nameh" or "Book of Counsels," and numerous detached odes and elegies. The "Gulistan" is to this day the popular book of the Persians — their "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe." Within the present generation there have been several translations of the "Gulistan" into English.

Humility.

(From the "Garden of Perfume.")

A youth, intelligent and of good disposition, arrived by sea at a Grecian port.

They perceived that he was endowed with excellence, and judgment, and an inclination to asceticism, and placed him accordingly in a sacred building.

The Head of the devotees said to him one day: —

"Go and cast out the dirt and the rubbish from the mosque."

As soon as the young traveller heard the words he went forth, but no one discovered any sign of his return.

The Superior and the brethren laid a charge against him, saying: —

"This young devotee hath no aptness for his vocation."

The following day one of the society met him in the road, and said to him: —

"Thou hast showed an unseemly and perverse disposition. Didst thou not know, O self-opinionated boy, that it is through obedience men attain to honor?"

He began to weep, and replied: "O friend of my soul and enlightener of my heart, it is in earnestness and in sincerity that I have acted thus.

"I found in that sacred building neither dust nor defilement; only myself was polluted in that holy place.

"Therefore, immediately I drew back my foot, feeling that to withdraw *myself* was to cleanse the mosque from dirt and rubbish."

For the devotee there is only one path, — to submit his body to humiliation.

Thine exaltation must come from choosing self-abasement; to reach the lofty roof there is no ladder save this.

Moral Education and Self-control.

(From the "Garden of Perfume.")

My theme is rectitude, and self-government, and good habits; not the practising-ground, and horsemen, and mace, and ball.

Thine enemy is the spirit which dwelleth with thyself; why seek in a stranger one to contend with?

He who can bridle his spirit from that which is forbidden hath surpassed Rustam and Sām in valor.

Chastise thou thyself like a child with thine own rod, and brain not others with thy ponderous mace.

An enemy will suffer no harm from one like thee, unless thou art able to overcome thyself.

The body is a city full of good and evil; thou art the Sultan, and reason is thy wise Vizier.

In this city, side by side, live base men, self-exalted, — Pride and Sensuality, fierce Passions;

Contentment, Conscientiousness, men of good name; Lust and Ambition, Robbery and Treachery.

When the Sultan maketh the bad his familiars, where can the prudent find a place of rest?

Appetite, and Greediness, and Pride, and Envy, cleave to thyself as the blood in thy veins, and the soul in thy vitals.

If these enemies have once obtained the mastery of thee, they rush out, and will overpower all thy discretion.

There need be no contest with appetite and passion, if so be that Reason hold out a sharp claw.

The chief who knoweth not how to manage his enemy will hardly save his chieftainship from his enemy's hand.

What need can there be in this book to say much? A little is enough for him who goeth right to his mark.

Keep your own Secret.

(From the "Garden of Perfume.")

Sultan Takish once committed a secret to his slaves, which they were enjoined to tell again to no one.

For a year it had not passed from his breast to his lips; it was published to all the world in a single day.

He commanded the executioner to sever with the sword their heads from their bodies without mercy.

One from their midst exclaimed: "Beware! slay not the slaves, for the fault is thine own.

"Why didst thou not dam up at once what at first was but a fountain? What availeth it to do so when it is become a torrent?"

Take heed that thou reveal not to any one the secret of thy heart, for he will divulge it to all the world.

Thy jewels thou mayst consign to the keeping of thy treasurer; but thy secret reserve for thine own keeping.

Whilst thou utterest not a word, thou hast thy hand upon it; when thou hast uttered it, it hath laid its hand upon thee.

Thou knowest that when the demon hath escaped from his cage, by no adjuration will he enter it again.

The word is an enchained demon in the pit of the heart; let it not escape to the tongue and the palate.

It is possible to open a way to the strong demon; to retake him by stratagem is not possible.

A child may untether "Lightning," but a hundred Rustams will not bring him to the halter again.

Take heed that thou say not that which, if it come to the crowd, may bring trouble to a single individual.

It was well said by his wife to an ignorant peasant:—

"Either talk sensibly or hold thy tongue."

The Grass and the Rose.

(From the "Rose-Garden.")

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, "What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the roses' fairy circle sit?"
Then wept the grass, and said, "Be still! and know,
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, — true;
But in the garden of the Lord I grew."
His ancient servant I,
Reared by his bounty from the dust:
Whate'er my quality,
I'll in his favoring mercy trust.
No stock of worth is mine,
Nor fund of worship, yet he will
A means of help divine;
When aid is past, he'll save me still.
Those who have power to free,
Let their old slaves in freedom live,
Thou Glorious Majesty!
Me, too, thy ancient slave, forgive.
Sa'dī! move thou to resignation's shrine,
O man of God! the path of God be thine.
Hapless is he who from this haven turns;
All doors shall spurn him who this portal spurns.

A Witty Philosopher Rewarded.

(From the "Rose-Garden.")

A Poet went to the chief of a band of robbers and recited a panegyric upon him. He commanded them to strip off his clothes and turn him out of the village. The dogs, too, attacked him in the rear. He wanted to take up a stone, but the ground was frozen. Unable to do anything, he said, "What a villanous set are these, who have untied their dogs and tied up the stones." The chieftain heard this from a window, and said with a laugh, "Philosopher! ask a boon of me." He replied, "If thou wilt condescend to make me a present, bestow on me my own coat."

COUPLET.

From some a man might favors hope: from thee
We hope for nothing but immunity.

HEMISTICH.

We feel thy kindness that thou lett'st us go.

The robber chief had compassion on him. He gave him back his coat, and bestowed on him a fur cloak in addition; and further presented him with some dirhams.

The Penalty of Stupidity.

(From the "Rose-Garden.")

A man got sore eyes. He went to a horse-doctor, and said, "Treat me." The veterinary surgeon applied to his eyes a little of what he was in the habit of putting into the eyes of quadrupeds, [and] he became blind. They carried the case before the judge. He said, "No damages are [to be recovered] from him: if this fellow were not an ass, he would not have gone to a farrier." The object of this story is, that thou mayst know that he who intrusts an important matter to an inexperienced person will suffer regret, and the wise will impute weakness of intellect to him.

The clear-seeing man of intelligence commits not
Momentous affairs to the mean.
Although the mat-weaver is a weaver,
People will not take him to a silk factory.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin, a noted French literary critic, born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804; died at Paris, October 13, 1869. After completing his education, he studied medicine, and when the "Globe" was founded in 1827, he contributed to it many historical and literary articles. His articles on the French poetry of the sixteenth century were issued in book form in 1828, and were followed by a third volume, "Vie, Poesies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme" (1829–30). Another volume, "Les Consolations" (1830), reflects his most intimate thoughts. He contributed to the "Revue de Paris," and also to the "Revue des Deux Mondes." In 1840 he was made keeper of the Mazarin Library, and a member of the Academy in 1845. In that year he accepted the chair of French literature in the University of Liège, where he gave a series of lectures on Chateaubriand and his contemporaries, afterward published in two volumes. Returning to Paris, he began in the "Constitutional" his celebrated "Causeries du Lundi," which he continued for three years. In 1857 he held a similar post for the "Moniteur." These articles, with others entitled "Nouveaux Lundis," were subsequently published in twenty-eight volumes. In 1854 he was given the chair of Latin poetry at the College of France, and from 1858 to 1861 was lecturer on French literature at the École Normale Supérieure. Sainte-Beuve was admitted to the Legion d'Honneur in 1859. His other works are a novel, "Volupté" (1834); "Pensées d'Août" (1837), and seven volumes of "Portraits Contemporains," contributed originally to the "Revue de Paris" and the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

A Critic's Account of His Own Critical Method.

(From the "Nouveaux Lundis.")

It is understood then that to-day [July 22, 1862] you will allow me to enter into some details about the course and method that I have thought best to follow in studying books and talents. For me, literature — literary production — is not distinct, or at least not separable, from the rest of the man and from its en-

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

vironment. I can enjoy a work, but I can hardly judge it, independently of a knowledge of the man himself. "The tree is known by its fruits," as I might say; and so literary study leads me quite naturally to the study of morals.

A day will come of which I have caught glimpses in the course of my observations, — a day when the science [of criticism] will be established, when the great mental families and their principal divisions will be known and determined. Then, when the principal characteristic of a mind is given, we shall be able to deduce many others from it. With men, no doubt, one can never work exactly as with animals or plants. Man is ethically more complex. He has what we call liberty, and what in any case presupposes a great mobility of possible combinations. But however that may be, we shall succeed in time, I think, in establishing moral science on a broader basis. To-day it is at the point where botany was before Jussieu, and comparative anatomy before Cuvier, — in the stage, so to speak, of anecdote. We for our part are making mere monographs, amassing detailed observations: but I catch glimpses of connections, relations; and a broader mind, more enlightened and yet keen in the perception of detail, will be able some day to discover the great natural divisions that represent the genera of minds.

But even when natural science shall be organized as one may imagine it from afar, it will be always so delicate and so mobile that it will exist only for those who have a natural vocation and talent for observation. It will always be an art that will demand a skilful artist; just as medicine demands medical tact in him who practises it, as philosophy ought to demand philosophic tact from those who pretend to be philosophers, as poetry demands to be essayed only by a poet.

Suppose we have under observation a superior man, or one merely noteworthy for his productions; an author whose works we have read, and who may be worth the trouble of a searching study. How shall we go about it if we wish to omit nothing important and essential, if we wish to shake off the old-fashioned rhetorical judgments, — to be as little as possible the dupes of phrases, words, conventional sentiments, and to attain the truth as in a study of nature?

We shall surely recognize and rediscover the superior man, at least in part, in his parents, especially in the mother; in his sisters too, in his brothers, and even in his children. We shall find there essential characteristics that in the great man are

often masked, because they are too condensed or too amalgamated. In others of his blood we shall find his character more in its simple, naked state. Nature herself has done the analysis for us.

It is enough to indicate my thought. I will not abuse it. When you have informed yourself as far as possible about the origin, the immediate and near relations of an eminent writer, the essential point, after discussing his studies and his education, is his first environment, — the first group of friends and contemporaries in which he found himself at the moment when his talent was revealed, took material form, and became adult. For be sure his talent will bear the mark of it, and whatever he may do later he will feel it always.

The very great men depend on no group; they make centres themselves; people gather around them: but it is the group, association, alliance, and active exchange of ideas, — a perpetual emulation in presence of one's equals and peers, — that gives to the man of talent all his productive energy, his development, and his value. There are talents that share at the same time in several groups, and never cease to pass through successive environments; perfecting, transforming, or deforming themselves. Then it is important to note, even in these variations and slow or sudden conversions, the hidden and unchanging impulse, the persistent force.

Each work of an author examined in this way, in its place, after you have put it back into its framework and surrounded it with all the circumstances that marked its birth, acquires its full significance, — its historic, literary significance; it recovers its just degree of novelty, originality, or imitation: and you run no risk in your criticism of discovering beauties amiss, and admiring beside the mark, as is inevitable when you depend on rhetorical criticism alone.

For the critic who is studying a talent, there is nothing like catching it in its first fire, its first outpouring, nothing like breathing it in its morning hour, in its efflorescence of soul and youth. The first proof of an engraved portrait has for the artist and the man of taste a price which nothing that follows can equal. I know no joy for the critic more exquisite than to comprehend and portray a young talent in its freshness, in its frank and primitive aspect, anticipating all the foreign and perhaps factitious elements that may mingle with it.

O first and fruitful hour from which all takes its date! Inef-

fable moment! It is among men of the same age, and of the same hour almost, that talent loves to choose for the rest of its career, or for the longer half of it, its companions, its witnesses, its emulators, — its rivals too, and its adversaries. Each chooses his own opponent, his own point of view. There are such rivalries, challenges, piques, among equals or almost equals, that last a whole lifetime. But even though we should be a little inferior, let us never desire that a man of our generation should fall and disappear, even though he were a rival and though he should pass for an enemy. For if we have true worth, he too, at need and on occasion, will warn the coming ignorant generations and the insolence of youth, that in us they have to do with an old athlete whom they may not despise or dismiss with levity. His own self-esteem is interested in it. He has measured himself with us in the good old times. He has known us in our best days.— I will clothe my thought with illustrious names. It is still Cicero who renders the noblest homage to Hortensius. A phrase of Æschines remains the fairest eulogy of Demosthenes. And the Greek hero Diomedes, speaking of Æneas in Virgil, and wishing to give a lofty idea of him: "Trust him," said he, "who has measured his own strength with him."

It is not only important to catch a talent at the moment of its first essay, at its first outburst, when it appears full-formed and more than adolescent, when it declares its own majority. There is a second period to note, not less decisive if one wishes to take in the whole man. It is the moment when he begins to spoil, to decay, to fail, or to err. Some stiffen and dry, some yield and lose their hold, some grow hard, some heavy, some bitter. The smile becomes a wrinkle. After the first moment when talent in its brilliant blossoming has become man, — the young man confident and proud, — one must note this second, sad moment when age unmakes and changes him.

One cannot take too many ways to know a man, nor approach him from too many sides; for a man is something quite different from pure spirit. Until you have asked yourself a certain number of questions about an author, and answered them, though only to yourself and under your breath, you are not sure that you have him wholly, though those questions may seem most foreign to the nature of his writings: What did he think about religion? How was he affected by the spectacle of nature? How did he bear himself in regard to women, and to money? Was he rich? Was he poor? What was his regimen, his daily

habit of life? And so on. In short, What was his vice or his foible? Everbody has one. None of these responses is indifferent to the judgment of the author of a book, and of the book itself, unless the book be a treatise on pure geometry; not if it is at all a literary work, — that is to say, a book into which he enters at all. . . .

Up to a certain point one can study talents in their moral posterity, in their disciples and natural admirers. That is a last easy and convenient means of observation. Such affinities either proclaim or betray themselves. Genius is a king who creates his people. . . . Tell me who loves, who admires you, and I will tell you who you are. . . . The disciples who imitate the manner and taste of their model in writing are very curious to follow, and best suited in their turn to cast light on him. The disciple usually exaggerates or parodies his master without suspecting it. In rhetorical schools he enfeebles, in picturesque and naturalistic schools he forces, heightens to excess, exaggerates. He is an enlarging mirror. When the master is negligent, and the disciple careful and dressed in Sunday clothes, they resemble one another. On days when Chateaubriand writes badly and Marchangy does his best, they have a deceptive resemblance. From a little further off, from behind, and by moonlight, you might mistake them for one another.

If it is just to judge a talent by his friends and natural followers, it is not less legitimate to judge him and counter-judge him (for it is in fact a sort of counter-proof) by the enemies whom he rouses and unwittingly attracts; by his contraries, his antipathies; by those who instinctively cannot bear him. Nothing serves better to mark the limits of a talent, to circumscribe its sphere and domain, than to know the exact points where revolt against it begins. In its detail this even becomes piquant to watch. In literature people detest one another sometimes all their lives, and yet have never met. So the antagonism between mental genera grows clear. What would you have? It's in the blood, in the temperament, in first prejudices which often do not depend on ourselves. When it is not low envy, it is racial hatred. How will you make Boileau enjoy Quinault, and Fontenelle think highly of Boileau, and Joseph de Maistre or Montalembert love Voltaire? But I have said enough to-day about the natural method in literature.

Alfred de Musset.

(From "Causeries du Lundi," May 11th, 1857. — Abridged).

It is the duty of each generation, as it is of an army, to bury its dead and to do them the last honors. It would not be just that the charming poet who has just been taken away should disappear without receiving — amid all that has been said and what will be said, true and heart-felt, of his talent — some special words of farewell from an old friend, from a witness of his first steps. The melodious strain of Alfred de Musset was so familiar to us, so dear from the very first; it had so penetrated our hearts in its freshness and buoyant novelty; it was, though more youthful, so part of our own generation, — a generation then all poetry and all devoted to feeling and expression. It is nineteen years ago; and I see him still making his entry in the literary world, — first in the intimate circle of Victor Hugo, then in that of Alfred de Vigny and the Deschamps brothers. What a début! What easy graciousness! and at the very first verses that he recited, — his "Andalouse," his "Don Paez," and his "Juana," — what surprise, what rapture he aroused among us! It was spring itself; a whole springtime of poetry that budded before our eyes. He was not eighteen. His forehead was strong and proud. His downy cheek still preserved the roses of childhood, his nostrils swelled with the breath of desire. He advanced with firm tread and eye upcast, as though sure of conquest and full of the pride of life. No one at the first sight gave a better idea of adolescent genius. All those brilliant couplets, those outpourings of verse that their very success has since caused to be outworn, but which were then so new in French poetry; all those passages marked as if with a Shakespearean accent, those furious rushes mingled with petulant audacities and smiles, those flashes of heat and precocious storm, — seemed to promise a Byron to France.

The graceful, delicate songs that flitted each morning from his lips, and presently were running over the lips of all, were indeed of his age. But passion was to him a divination. He breathed it in with might, he sought to outrun it. He asked its secret of friends richer in experience, still dripping from their shipwreck. . . . At the dance, at receptions and gay festivals, when he met pleasure he did not restrain himself: he sought by reflection to distil its sadness, its bitterness. He said

to himself, even as he gave himself up with an appearance of self-surrendering transport, and even as it were to increase its savor, that this was only a fleeting instant, soon to be irreparable, that would never recur in this same light. And in all he sought a stronger, keener sensation, in accord with the key to which he had tuned his soul. He found that the roses of a day did not fade fast enough. He would gladly uproot them all that he might the better breathe them in and press from them their essence. . . .

I only touch the subject; but if we take up and glance over again, now that he is no more, many of the pieces and personages of Alfred de Musset, we shall now perceive in this child of genius just the opposite of Goethe: of that Goethe who detached himself in time from his creations, even from those most intimate in their origin; who worked out his characters only to a certain point; who cut the bond in time, abandoned them to the world, being already himself altogether elsewhere; and for whom "poetry was a deliverance." Goethe, even from his youth, from the time of Werther, was preparing to live till past eighty. For Alfred de Musset, poetry was the opposite of that. His poetry was himself. He was riveted wholly to it. He cast himself into it recklessly. It was his youthful soul, it was his flesh and blood that flowed; and when he had cast to others these shreds, these glorious limbs of the poet, that seemed at times like limbs of Phaëthon and of a young god (recall, for instance, the magnificent apostrophes and invocations of "Rolla"), he kept still his own shred, his bleeding heart, his burning, weary heart. Why was he not patient? All would have come in due time. But he hasted to condense and to devour the years.

Musset was poet only. He wished to feel. He was of a generation whose password, the first wish inscribed at the bottom of their hearts, had been, Poetry for its own sake, Poetry above all. "In all the period of my fair youth," one of the poets of that same epoch has said, "there was nothing that I desired or summoned so with prayers or adored as I did holy Passion," — passion; that is to say, the living substance of poetry. So Musset was superlatively prodigal above all. Like a reckless soldier, he would not provide in advance for the second half of the journey. He would have disdained to accept what men call wisdom, and what seemed to him the gradual ebbing of life. It was not for him to transform himself. When he attained the summit, and even while he was still climbing

the hillside, it seemed to him that he had reached and passed the goal of all desires. Satiety had laid hold on him. . . .

Recall his first songs of page or knightly lover, . . . and put opposite to this that admirable and pitiful final sonnet: the whole poetic career of Alfred de Musset is embraced between these two, — Glory and Pardon. What a brilliant track, boldly traced; what light, what eclipse, and what shadow! Poet who was but a dazzling type of many obscurer souls of his age, who has symbolized their flights and their falls, their grandeurs and their miseries, — his name will not die. Let us guard it engraven with peculiar care; us to whom he left the burdens of age, and who could say that day, with truth, as we returned from his funeral, "For years our youth was dead, but we have just buried it with him." Let us admire, let us continue to love and honor in its better part, the spirit, deep or fleeting, that he breathed into his songs. But let us draw from it also this witness to the infirmity that clings to our being, and never let us presume in pride on the gifts that human nature has received.

JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE SAINTINE.

Saintine, Joseph Xavier Boniface, a French novelist, dramatist, and poet; born at Paris, July 10, 1798; died there, January 21, 1865. His début in literature was made at the age of one-and-twenty, when he carried off the prize of the French Academy for some verses, entitled "Bonheur de l'Étude." Two years later he took a second prize for an essay on teaching, and published soon after his "Picciola," which received the Montyon prize of 3,000 francs, and won for its author the cross of the Legion of Honor. Under the pseudonym of Xavier he produced some theatrical compositions, among others, "L'Ours et le Pacha," in collaboration with Scribe, and "Les Cabinets Particuliers," with Duvert and Lausanne. In all, he wrote about two hundred vaudevilles, comedies, or dramas. "Une Maîtresse sous Louis XIII." is a study of the time of Richelieu and the customs of those days. Among the best of his theatrical pieces are "L'Homme du Monde," "Le Bouffon de Prince," "Un Monsieur et Une Dame," "Deux Pigeons," "Duc d'Olonne, "Babiole et Joblot," "Riche d'Amour," "Henriette et Charlot," and "Erreurs du Bel Âge." "Jonathan le Visionnaire," two volumes, appeared in 1825; "Le Mutilé" in 1834; "Les Récits dans la Tourelle," two volumes, in 1844; "Les Trois Reines," two volumes, in 1853; "Seul" in 1857; "Mythologie du Rhin," 1861; "Chemins des Écoliers," 1862; "La Seconde Vie," a revery, in 1864. Saintine also wrote for the "Revue de Paris," "Musée des Familles," "Siècle," "Constitutionnel," "Journal Pour Tous," and "La Revue Contemporaine."

The Prison Flower.

(From "Picciola.")

One day, at the prescribed hour, Charney was walking in the court-yard, his head bowed, his arms crossed behind his back, pacing slowly, as if he could so make the narrow space which he was permitted to perambulate seem larger.

Spring announced its coming; a softer air dilated his lungs, and to live free, and be master of the soil and of space, seemed to him the goal of his desires.

He counted one by one the paving-stones of his little court, without doubt to verify the exactness of his former calculations, for it was by no means the first time he had numbered them, when he perceived there, under his eyes, a little mound of earth raised between two stones, slightly opened at the top. He stopped; his heart beat without his being able to tell why. But all is hope or fear for a captive. In the indifferent objects, and the most insignificant events, he seeks some hidden cause which speaks to him of deliverance.

Perhaps this slight derangement on the surface might be produced by some great work under ground, perhaps a tunnel, which would open and make a way for him to the fields and mountains. Perhaps his friends or his former accomplices were mining to reach him, and restore to him life and liberty.

He listened attentively, and fancied he heard a low, rumbling noise under ground; he raised his head, and the tremulous air bore to him the rapid stroke of the tocsin, and the continued roll of drums along the ramparts, like a signal of war. He started, and with a trembling hand wiped from his forehead great drops of sweat.

Was he to be free? Had France changed its master?

This dream was only a flash. Reflection destroyed the illusion. He had no accomplices, and had never had friends. He listened again; the same sounds struck his ear, but gave rise to other thoughts. This stroke of the tocsin, and the roll of the drum, were only the distant sound of a church-bell that he heard every day at the same hour, and the accustomed call to arms, which need only excite emotion in a few straggling soldiers of the citadel.

Charney smiled bitterly, and looked upon himself with pity, when he thought that some insignificant animal, a mole who had without doubt lost his way, or a field-mouse who had scratched up the earth under his feet, had caused him to believe for an instant in the affection of men, and the overthrow of a great empire.

In order, however, to make his mind quite clear about it, stooping over the little mound, he carefully removed some of the particles of earth, and saw with astonishment that the wild agitation which had overcome him for an instant had not even been caused by a busy, burrowing, scratching animal, armed with claws and teeth, but by a feeble specimen of vegetation, with scarcely strength to sprout, weak and languishing.

Raising himself, profoundly humiliated, he was about to crush it with his heel, when a fresh breeze, laden with the perfume of honeysuckle and hawthorn, was wafted to him, as if to implore mercy for the poor plant, which perhaps one day would also have perfume to give him.

Another thought came to him to arrest his destructive intention. How was it possible for that little plant, so tender, soft, and fragile, that a touch might break it, to raise, separate, and throw out that earth dried and hardened by the sun, trodden under foot by him, and almost cemented to the two blocks of granite between which it was pressed.

He bent over it again and examined it with renewed attention. He saw at its upper extremity a sort of double fleshy valve, which folded over the first leaves, preserved them from the touch of anything that might injure them, and at the same time enabled them to pierce that earthy crust in search of air and sun.

Ah, said he to himself, behold all the secret. It receives from nature this principle of strength, as the young birds, who before they are born are armed with a bill hard enough to break the thick shell which confines them. Poor prisoner, thou possessest at least the instruments which can aid thee to gain thy freedom.

He stood gazing at it a few moments, and no longer dreamed of crushing it.

The next day, in taking his ordinary walk, he was striding along. in an absent-minded manner, and nearly trod on it by accident. He drew back quickly, and, surprised at the interest with which his new acquaintance inspired him, he paused to note its progress.

The plant had grown, and the rays of the sun had caused it to lose somewhat of its sickly pallor. He reflected upon the power which that pale and slender stem possessed to absorb the luminous essence with which to nourish and strengthen itself, and to borrow from the prism the colors with which to clothe itself, colors assigned beforehand to each one of its parts. Yes, its leaves, without doubt, thought he, will be tinted with a different shade from its stem; and then its flowers, what color will they be. Yellow, blue, red? Why, nourished by the same sap as the stalk, do they not clothe themselves in the same livery? How do they draw their azure and scarlet from the same source where the other has only found a bright or sombre green? So it is to be, however; for notwithstanding the confusion and dis-

order of affairs here below, matter follows a regular though blind march. Blind, indeed, repeated he; I need no other proof of it than these two fleshy lobes which have facilitated its egress from the earth, but which now, of no use in its preservation, nourish themselves still from its substance, and hang down, wearying it by their weight — of what use are they?

As he said this, day was declining, and the chilly spring evening approached; the two lobes rose slowly as he watched them, apparently desiring to justify themselves from his reproach; they drew closer together, and enclosed in their bosom, to protect it against the cold and the attacks of insects, the tender and fragile foliage which was about to be deprived of the sun, and which, thus sheltered and warmed, slept under the two wings which the plant had just softly folded over it.

The man of science comprehended more fully this mute but decided response, in observing that the outside of the vegetable bivalve had been slightly cut by the nibbling of a snail the night before, of which the traces still remained. . . .

The philosopher had followed attentively all the progress and the transformations of the plant. Again he had contended with her by reasoning, and she had even an answer for all his arguments.

"Of what use are these prickly hairs that garnish thy stem?" said he. And the next day she showed them to him covered with a slight hoar-frost, which, thanks to them, kept at a distance, had not chilled her tender skin.

"Of what use in the fine days will be your warm coat, wadded with down?"

The fine days arrived; she cast off her winter cloak to adorn herself with her spring toilet of green, and her new branches sprang forth free from these silken envelopes, henceforward useless.

"But if the storm rages the wind will bruise thee, and the hail will cut thy leaves, too tender to resist it."

The wind blew, and the young plant, too feeble yet to dare to fight, bent to the earth, and was defended in yielding. The hail came, and by a new manœuvre, the leaves, rising along the stem, shielding it, pressed against each other for mutual protection, presenting only their underside to the blows of the enemy, and opposed their solid ribs to the weight of the atmospheric projectiles — in their union was their strength; this time the plant had come forth from the combat, not without some slight

mutilations, but alive and still strong, and ready to expand before the rays of the sun, which would heal her wounds.

"Is Chance then intelligent?" said Charney, "must I spiritualize matter, or materialize mind?" And he did not cease to interrogate his mute instructress; he delighted to watch her growth, and mark her gradual metamorphoses.

The Reprieve.

(From "Picciola.")

The intercession of Josephine had not then been as effective as it had at first promised to be. After her gentle pleading for the plant and the prisoner, when she placed in Napoleon's hand the handkerchief containing the missive, he recalled the offence to his pride given by the *malapropos* distraction of the Empress during the exhibition of the morning at Marengo, and the signature of Charney increased the disagreeable impression.

"Has the man become insane?" said he; "what comedy does he pretend to play with me? A Jacobin botanist! I shall not be surprised to hear Marat go into ecstasies over the beauties of nature, or to see Couthon present himself at the Convention with a rose in his buttonhole."

Josephine would have raised her voice to object to the title of Jacobin so carelessly given to the Count, but at this moment a chamberlain came to announce to the Emperor that the generals, the ambassadors, as well as the deputies of the Italian provinces, awaited him in the hall of reception. He hastened to join them. When there, inspired more by their presence than by the contents of the petition, he took occasion, from the name of the petitioner, to break forth with great violence against idealists and philosophers; returning again to the Jacobins, declaring that he knew very well how to subdue and bring them to seek for mercy. And he raised his voice with a tone of menace and resolution, not that he was really as much excited as he wished to make it appear, but, always ready to take advantage of circumstances, he wished that his words should be heard and repeated, especially by the Prussian ambassador present in the assembly. It was his proclamation of his divorce from the principles of the Revolution.

To please the master, each one added something to the speech. The Governor of Turin, above all, Jacques-Abdallah Menou, forgetting, or rather denying his former principles, broke

out into violent attacks upon the Brutuses of the clubs and taverns of Italy and France, and there was soon in the imperial circle a unanimous chorus of virulent imprecations against conspirators, revolutionists, and Jacobins, such that Josephine began to tremble before the terrible storm which she had raised.

Recovering somewhat from her alarm, she approached the ear of Napoleon, and in a half laughing tone said: —

"Sire, why all this violence? It is not a matter of Jacobins and revolutionists, but of a poor flower who has never conspired against any one."

The Emperor shrugged his shoulders. "Do you believe that I am duped by such idle talk?" cried he. "This Charney is a dangerous man, and not a fool. The flower is the pretext; the end, the raising of the stones. It is an escape that he is planning. Menou, see that he is well guarded. And how has he been able to send his petition without its passing through the hand of the commandant? Is this the sort of surveillance that exists in the prisons of state?"

The Empress tried once more to defend her *protégé*.

"Enough, Madame," said the master.

And Josephine, abashed and discouraged, was silenced, and dropped her eyes under the look with which he regarded her.

Menou, vexed by the reprimand of the Emperor, had not been sparing of his reproaches to the commandant of Fenestrella, and he in his turn had hastened to treat with rigor the two prisoners to whom he owed such sharp rebuke.

Girhardi, already separated him from his daughter, — who, with a heart full of hope, had only came in sight of the gates of the fortress to be met with an order to quit immediately the territory of Fenestrella, to return there no more, — had that morning been subjected, like Charney, to a domiciliary visit, but there had resulted from it nothing that could compromise him.

But emotions more painful than those resulting from the taking away of his manuscript were reserved for the Count.

When, to pass to the cell of the bastion, he descended to the court-yard, following the commandant and his two acolytes, whether Colonel Morand had not noticed it in passing before, or that he wished to be revenged for the obstinate silence of Charney during his visit, his anger seemed to be redoubled at the sight of the slight scaffolding erected around the plant.

"What is all this?" said he to Ludovic. "Is it thus that you watch your prisoners?"

"That, my Colonel," replied he, hesitating, with a sort of groan, with one hand taking his pipe from his mouth and with the other touching his cap with a military salute, "that is the plant, you know — which is so good for the gout and other maladies."

Then, letting his right arm fall to his side, with his left he replaced his pipe in its habitual place.

"Truly," resumed the Colonel, "if these gentlemen were allowed to have their way, the chambers and the courts of the citadel would become gardens, menageries, shops. Come! out of the way with this weed at once, as well as all this rubbish about it!"

Ludovic regarded in turn the plant, Charney, and the commandant; then attempted to murmur some words of justification.

"Be quiet, and obey instantly," cried the Colonel.

Ludovic removed his pipe from his mouth, extinguished it, shook out the ashes, laid it upon a ledge of the wall, and prepared to execute the order. He divested himself of his coat and cap, and rubbed his hands together as if to gain courage. All at once, as if he acquired new strength from the anger of his chief, he seized and threw away the mattings of braided straw; he tore them to pieces and dispersed them about the court with a sort of rage. Next in turn came the twigs which had served as supports for the matting; these he pulled up one after the other, broke them over his knee, and trod them under his feet. It seemed as if his old affection for Picciola had turned to hate, and that he was wreaking his vengeance upon her.

During this time Charney stood motionless, with his eyes fixed eagerly upon his plant, thus left shelterless, as if with his gaze he would still protect it.

The day had been cool and the sky cloudy. The stem had raised its head somewhat since the day before, and from the withered branches had sprung several little verdant shoots. It seemed as if Picciola were gathering all her strength to die.

What! Picciola, his Picciola! his world of reality and his world of illusions, the pivot on which turned his life, that which irradiated his thoughts — all to be annihilated! And he, poor captive, the expiation of whose crime Providence had suspended, was to be suddenly arrested in his progress towards true knowledge. How should he henceforth occupy his sad leisure? What will fill the void in his heart? Picciola, the desert hitherto peopled by thee is to become again a desert. No more

projects, no more study, no more intoxicating dreams, no more observations to record, nothing more to love! Oh, how narrow will his prison seem! how heavy the air which he will breathe! It will be only a tomb — the tomb of Picciola! This golden branch, this sibylline bough which has had power to exorcise the evil demons with which he was possessed, will be no longer there to defend him against himself. Can he live again his old life of an incredulous philosopher face to face with his bitter thoughts? No! sooner die than enter again into that chilling night from which she has drawn him!

At this moment Charney saw a shadow pass the little grated window. It was the old man.

"Ah," said he to himself, "I have snatched from him his only blessing, I have deprived him of his daughter! Without doubt he comes to curse me, and to rejoice in my torment."

As he glanced up he could see that he was clasping the bars of the window with his feeble hands which trembled with emotion. Charney did not dare to raise his eyes to ask from the bottom of his heart pardon of the only man whose esteem he cared to possess; he feared to see on that noble countenance the justly merited expression of reproach or disdain; and when their eyes did meet, the look of tender compassion with which the poor father (forgetting his own griefs to sympathize with those of his companion in misfortune) regarded him touched the depth of his heart, and two tears, the only ones that he had ever shed, sprang from his eyes.

These tears were sweet to him, but his pride caused him to dash them quickly away. He would not be suspected of cowardly weakness by the men who surrounded him.

Of all the witnesses of this scene, the two officials alone, indifferent spectators, seemed to understand nothing of the drama which they witnessed. They looked by turns at the prisoner, the old man, the commandant, the jailer, — were astonished at the lively and diverse emotions imprinted on each face, and whisperingly wondered whether some important hiding-place was not concealed underneath this plant so carefully barricaded.

However, the fatal work proceeded. Directed by the Colonel, Ludovic attempted to throw down the supports of the rustic bench; but they resisted his efforts.

"An axe, take an axe," cried the Colonel.

Ludovic took one; it slipped from his hands.

"Finish immediately!" said the Colonel.

At the first blow the seat cracked; at the third it fell to the ground. Then Ludovic bent over the plant standing alone in the midst of the *débris*.

The face of the Count was wan and dejected; the sweat stood in large drops upon his brow.

"Monsieur, Monsieur, why kill it? It will soon die itself," cried he at last, descending again to the character of suppliant.

The Colonel looked at him, smiled ironically, and in his turn made no reply.

"Then," said Charney, with violence, "I will crush it! I will tear it up myself!"

"I forbid you to touch it!" said the commandant, with his harsh voice, extending his cane before Charney as if to place a barrier between the prisoner and his darling. Then, in obedience to an imperative order from him, Ludovic seized Picciola with his two hands, and was about to uproot it from the earth.

The Count, struck dumb with grief, stood gazing at it.

At the base of the stem, near the lowest branches, where the sap still flowed, a little blossom, fresh and brilliant, was just opening. Already the others hung drooping upon their withered stems. This one alone still had life; it alone was not wounded, crushed, stifled, by the grasp of the large, rough hands of the jailer. The corolla, slightly shaded by a few leaves, was turned towards Charney. He fancied that its perfume was exhaled towards him, and, through eyes dim with gathering tears, he seemed to see it bud, expand, and die. The man and the plant exchanged a last farewell look.

If at this moment, when so many passions and interests were centred in a humble plant, strangers had suddenly entered that prison-court, where the heavens shed only a sombre and dim light, would they not have judged from the picture that met their view, — these emissaries of justice with their tricolored scarfs, this military chief issuing his pitiless orders, — that they were witnessing some secret and bloody execution, — that Ludovic was the executioner, and Charney the criminal to whom his sentence had just been read? And is it not so? They come! these strangers enter! Behold them!

One is an aid-de-camp of General Menou; the other, a page of the Empress. The dust with which they are covered shows with what haste they have travelled.

They came but just in time.

At the noise which announced their entrance, Ludovic re-

laxed his grasp of Picciola, raised his head, and he and Charney, both with pale faces, gazed at each other.

The aid-de-camp delivered to Colonel Morand an order from the Governor of Turin; the Colonel read it, and with a hesitating movement took two or three turns in the court-yard, striking his cane on the ground, — compared the missive which he had just received with that of the day before, — then at last, after raising his eyebrows again and again in token of great astonishment, he put on a semi-courteous air, approached Charney, and graciously gave into his hands the letter of the General.

The prisoner read aloud what follows: —

"His Majesty the Emperor and King has transmitted to me the order, Monsieur the Commandant, to inform you that he consents to the request of Monsieur Charney relative to the plant which is growing between the pavements of the prison-court. Those which incommode it must be raised. I charge you to see to the execution of this order, and to consult upon the subject with Monsieur Charney."

"*Vive l'empereur!*" cried Ludovic.

"*Vive l'empereur!*" murmured another voice which seemed to issue from the wall.

During the reading, the commandant stood leaning upon his cane; the two men of the scarfs, unable to find the key to all this, seemed confounded, and sought in their own minds some connection between these events and the conspiracy which they had imagined. The aid-de-camp and the page wondered why such haste had been necessary. At last the page, addressing himself to Charney, said, "There is a postscript from the Empress."

And Charney read on the margin: —

"I recommend Monsieur Charney to the kind care of Colonel Morand. I shall be particularly obliged to him for all that he can do to alleviate the condition of his prisoner. Signed:

"JOSEPHINE."

"*Vive l'impératrice!*" cried Ludovic.

Charney kissed the signature, and held the paper several minutes before his eyes.

JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

Saint-Pierre, Jacques Henri Bernardin de, a French romancist; born at Havre, January 19, 1737; died at Eragny-sur-Oise, January 21, 1814. He was graduated with honor at the College of Rouen, and entered the army as an engineer, but was dismissed for insubordination. He then went to Russia, where he was engaged as an engineer for four years. Returning to his native country, he obtained a commission as engineer for the Isle of France. After a residence there of three years he returned to Paris and devoted himself to literature, and soon became intimate with Rousseau and other distinguished writers of the time. He published "Voyage to the Isle of France" (1773); "Studies of Nature" (1784); "Paul and Virginia" (1788); "The Desires of a Solitary" (1789); "The Indian Cottage" (1790); "Harmonies of Nature" (1791). He is best known by his tale "Paul and Virginia," which has been pronounced by an eminent French critic as not only the *chef d'œuvre* of the author, but one of the *chefs d'œuvres* of any author. It has been translated into many languages. Saint-Pierre married a daughter of Pierre Didot, a Paris bookseller, and had two children, named respectively Paul and Virginia.

The Springtime of Youth.

(From "Paul and Virginia.")

"Paul and Virginia had neither clock, nor almanac, nor books of chronology, history, or philosophy. The periods of their lives were regulated by those of the operations of nature, and their familiar conversation had a constant reference to the changes of the seasons. They knew the time of day by the shadows of the trees; the seasons, by the times when those trees bore flowers or fruit; and the years, by the number of their harvests. These soothing images diffused an inexpressible charm over their conversation. 'It is time to dine,' said Virginia, 'the shadows of the plantain trees are at their roots;' or, 'Night approaches; the tamarinds are closing

their leaves.' 'When will you come and see us?' inquired some of her companions in the neighborhood. 'At the time of the sugar-canes,' answered Virginia. 'Your visit will be then still more delightful,' resumed her young acquaintances. When she was asked what was her own age, and that of Paul, —'My brother,' said she, 'is as old as the great cocoa tree of the fountain; and I am as old as the little one: the mangoes have borne fruit twelve times, and the orange trees have flowered four-and-twenty times, since I came into the world.' Their lives seemed linked to that of the trees, like those of Fauns or Dryads. They knew no other historical epochs than those of the lives of their mothers, no other chronology than that of their orchards, and no other philosophy than that of doing good, and resigning themselves to the will of Heaven.

"What need, indeed, had these young people of riches or learning such as ours? Even their necessities and their ignorance increased their happiness. No day passed in which they were not of some service to one another, or in which they did not mutually impart some instruction. Yes, instruction; for if errors mingled with it, they were, at least, not of a dangerous character. A pure-minded being has none of that description to fear. Thus grew these children of nature. No care had troubled their peace, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no misplaced passion had depraved their hearts. Love, innocence, and piety possessed their souls; and those intellectual graces were unfolding daily in their features, their attitudes, and their movements. Still in the morning of life, they had all its blooming freshness; and surely such in the garden of Eden appeared our first parents, when, coming from the hands of God, they first saw and approached each other, and conversed together, like brother and sister. Virginia was gentle, modest, and confiding as Eve; and Paul, like Adam, united the stature of manhood with the simplicity of a child.

"Sometimes, if alone with Virginia, he has a thousand times told me, he used to say to her, on his return from labor, —'When I am wearied, the sight of you refreshes me. If from the summit of the mountain I perceive you below in the valley, you appear to me in the midst of our orchard like a blooming rose-bud. If you go towards our mother's house, the partridge, when it runs to meet its young, has a shape less beautiful, and a step less light. When I lose sight of you through the trees, I have no need to see you in order to find

you again. Something of you, I know not how, remains for me in the air through which you have passed, — on the grass whereon you have been seated. When I come near you, you delight all my senses. The azure of the sky is less charming than the blue of your eyes, and the song of the amadavid bird less soft than the sound of your voice. If I only touch you with the tip of my finger, my whole frame trembles with pleasure. Do you remember the day when we crossed over the great stones of the river of the Three Breasts? I was very tired before we reached the bank: but as soon as I had taken you in my arms, I seemed to have wings like a bird. Tell me by what charm you have thus enchanted me? Is it by your wisdom? Our mothers have more than either of us. Is it by your caresses? They embrace me much oftener than you. I think it must be by your goodness. I shall never forget how you walked bare-footed to the Black River, to ask pardon for the poor runaway slave. Here, my beloved, take this flowering branch of a lemon tree, which I have gathered in the forest: you will let it remain at night near your bed. Eat this honey-comb too, which I have taken for you from the top of a rock. But first lean on my bosom, and I shall be refreshed.'

"Virginia would answer him, — 'Oh, my dear brother, the rays of the sun in the morning on the tops of the rocks give me less joy than the sight of you. I love my mother, — I love yours; but when they call you their son, I love them a thousand times more. When they caress you, I feel it more sensibly than when I am caressed myself. You ask me what makes you love me. Why, all creatures that are brought up together love one another. Look at our birds: reared up in the same nests, they love each other as we do; they are always together like us. Hark! how they call and answer from one tree to another. So when the echoes bring to my ears the air which you play on your flute on the top of the mountain, I repeat the words at the bottom of the valley. You are dear to me more especially since the day when you wanted to fight the master of the slave for me. Since that time how often have I said to myself, "Ah, my brother has a good heart; but for him, I should have died of terror." I pray to God every day for my mother and for yours; for you, and for our poor servants: but when I pronounce your name, my devotion seems to increase; — I ask so earnestly of God that no harm may befall you! Why do you go so far and climb so high, to seek fruits

and flowers for me. Have we not enough in our garden already! How much you are fatigued, — you look so warm!' — and with her little white handkerchief she would wipe the damps from his face, and then imprint a tender kiss on his forehead.

"For sometime past, however, Virginia had felt her heart agitated by new sensations. Her beautiful blue eyes lost their lustre, her cheek its freshness, and her frame was overpowered with a universal languor. Serenity no longer sat upon her brow, nor smiles played upon her lips. She would become all at once gay without cause for joy, and melancholy without any subject for grief. She fled her innocent amusements, her gentle toils, and even the society of her beloved family; wandering about the most unfrequented parts of the plantations, and seeking everywhere the rest which she could nowhere find. Sometimes, at the sight of Paul, she advanced sportively to meet him; but, when about to accost him, was overcome by a sudden confusion; her pale cheeks were covered with blushes, and her eyes no longer dared to meet those of her brother. Paul said to her, — 'The rocks are covered with verdure, our birds begin to sing when you approach, everything around you is gay, and you only are unhappy.' He then endeavored to soothe her by his embraces; but she turned away her head, and fled, trembling, towards her mother. The caresses of her brother excited too much emotion in her agitated heart, and she sought, in the arms of her mother, refuge from herself. Paul, unused to the secret windings of the female heart, vexed himself in vain in endeavoring to comprehend the meaning of these new and strange caprices. Misfortunes seldom come alone, and a serious calamity now impended over these families.

"One of those summers, which sometimes desolate the countries situated between the tropics, now began to spread its ravages over this island. It was near the end of December, when the sun, in Capricorn, darts over the Mauritius, during the space of three weeks, its vertical fires. The southeast wind, which prevails throughout almost the whole year, no longer blew. Vast columns of dust arose from the highways, and hung suspended in the air; the ground was everywhere broken into clefts; the grass was burnt up; hot exhalations issued from the sides of the mountains, and their rivulets, for the most part, became dry. No refreshing cloud ever arose from the sea: fiery vapors, only, during the day, ascended

from the plains, and appeared, at sunset, like the reflection of a vast conflagration. Night brought no coolness to the heated atmosphere; and the red moon, rising in the misty horizon, appeared of supernatural magnitude. The drooping cattle, on the sides of the hills, stretching out their necks towards heaven, and panting for breath, made the valleys re-echo with their melancholy lowings: even the Caffre by whom they were led threw himself upon the earth, in search of some cooling moisture; but his hopes were vain; the scorching sun had penetrated the whole soil, and the stifling atmosphere everywhere resounded with the buzzing noise of insects, seeking to allay their thirst with the blood of men and of animals.

"During this sultry season, Virginia's restlessness and disquietude were much increased. One night in particular, being unable to sleep, she arose from her bed, sat down, and returned to rest again; but could find in no attitude either slumber or repose. At length she bent her way, by the light of the moon, towards her fountain, and gazed at its spring, which, notwithstanding the drought, still trickled in silver threads down the brown sides of the rock. She flung herself into the basin: its coolness reanimated her spirits, and a thousand soothing remembrances came to her mind. She recollected that in her infancy her mother and Margaret had amused themselves by bathing her with Paul in this very spot; that he afterwards, reserving this bath for her sole use, had hollowed out its bed, covered the bottom with sand, and sown aromatic herbs around its borders. She saw in the water, upon her naked arms and bosom, the reflection of the two cocoa trees which were planted at her own and her brother's birth, and which interwove above her head their green branches and young fruit. She thought of Paul's friendship, sweeter than the odor of the blossoms, purer than the waters of the fountain, stronger than the intertwining palm trees, and she sighed. Reflecting on the hour of the night, and the profound solitude, her imagination became disturbed. Suddenly she flew, affrighted, from those dangerous shades, and those waters which seemed to her hotter than the tropical sunbeam, and ran to her mother for refuge. More than once, wishing to reveal her sufferings, she pressed her mother's hand within her own; more than once she was ready to pronounce the name of Paul: but her oppressed heart left her lips no power of utterance, and, leaning her head on her mother's bosom, she bathed it with her tears.

"Madame de la Tour, though she easily discerned the source of her daughter's uneasiness, did not think proper to speak to her on the subject. 'My dear child,' said she, 'offer up your supplications to God, who disposes at His will of health and of life. He subjects you to trial now, in order to recompense you hereafter. Remember that we are only placed upon earth for the exercise of virtue.'

"The excessive heat in the meantime raised vast masses of vapor from the ocean, which hung over the island like an immense parasol, and gathered round the summits of the mountains. Long flakes of fire issued from time to time from these mist-embosomed peaks. The most awful thunder soon after re-echoed through the woods, the plains, and the valleys: the rains fell from the skies in cataracts; foaming torrents rushed down the sides of this mountain; the bottom of the valley became a sea, and the elevated platform on which the cottages were built, a little island. The accumulated waters, having no other outlet, rushed with violence through the narrow gorge which leads into the valley, tossing and roaring, and bearing along with them a mingled wreck of soil, trees, and rocks.

"The trembling families meantime addressed their prayers to God all together in the cottage of Madame de la Tour, the roof of which cracked fearfully from the force of the winds. So incessant and vivid were the lightnings, that although the doors and window shutters were securely fastened, every object without could be distinctly seen through the joints in the woodwork! Paul, followed by Domingo, went with intrepidity from one cottage to another, notwithstanding the fury of the tempest; here supporting a partition with a buttress, there driving in a stake; and only returning to the family to calm their fears, by the expression of a hope that the storm was passing away. Accordingly, in the evening the rain ceased, the trade-winds of the southeast pursued their ordinary course, the tempestuous clouds were driven away to the northward, and the setting sun appeared in the horizon.

"Virginia's first wish was to visit the spot called her Resting-place. Paul approached her with a timid air, and offered her the assistance of his arm: she accepted it with a smile, and they left the cottage together. The air was clear and fresh: white vapors arose from the ridges of the mountain, which was furrowed here and there by the courses of torrents, marked in foam, and now beginning to dry up on all sides. As for the

garden, it was completely torn to pieces by deep water-courses, the roots of most of the fruit trees were laid bare, and vast heaps of sand covered the borders of the meadows, and had choked up Virginia's bath. The two cocoa trees, however, were still erect, and still retained their freshness; but they were no longer surrounded by turf, or arbors, or birds, except a few amadavid birds, which, upon the points of the neighboring rocks, were lamenting, in plaintive notes, the loss of their young.

"At the sight of this general desolation, Virginia exclaimed to Paul, — 'You brought birds hither, and the hurricane has killed them. You planted this garden, and it is now destroyed. Everything then upon earth perishes, and it is only Heaven that is not subject to change.' — 'Why,' answered Paul, 'cannot I give you something that belongs to Heaven? but I have nothing of my own, even upon the earth.' Virginia with a blush replied, 'You have the picture of Saint Paul.' As soon as she had uttered the words, he flew in quest of it to his mother's cottage. This picture was a miniature of Paul the Hermit, which Margaret, who viewed it with feelings of great devotion, had worn at her neck while a girl, and which, after she became a mother, she had placed round her child's. It had even happened, that being, while pregnant, abandoned by all the world, and continually occupied in contemplating the image of this benevolent recluse, her offspring had contracted some resemblance to this revered object. She therefore bestowed upon him the name of Paul, giving him for his patron a saint who had passed his life far from mankind, by whom he had been first deceived, and then forsaken. Virginia, on receiving this little present from the hands of Paul, said to him, with emotion, — 'My dear brother, I will never part with this while I live; nor will I ever forget that you have given me the only thing you have in the world.' At this tone of friendship, — this unhoped-for return of familiarity and tenderness, Paul attempted to embrace her; but, light as a bird, she escaped him, and fled away, leaving him astonished, and unable to account for conduct so extraordinary."

PAUL AND VIRGINIA

("The Springtime of Youth")

From a Painting by P. A. Cot

LOUIS DE ROUVROI SAINT-SIMON.

Saint-Simon, Louis de Rouvroi, Duc de, a French statesman, soldier, and writer of memoirs; born at Versailles, January 15, 1675; died on his estate, La Ferté, near Paris, March 2, 1755. He entered the French army and distinguished himself during the siege of Namur in 1691, and in other campaigns, but resigned his commission in 1702. He became prominent at the French Court, opposed the Jesuits, and in 1704 proposed to end the Spanish war of succession by ceding land to Austria, and his suggestions were in a measure adopted as a basis for the treaty of Utrecht. After the death of Louis XIV. he became a member of the council, and aided the Duke of Orleans in obtaining the regency. He negotiated the marriage of the Infanta of Spain with Louis XV., and soon after his return from Madrid abandoned his relations with the government and retired to his estates. The "Memoirs" of Saint-Simon extend over a long period, and refer chiefly to the latter days of Louis XIV., and relate every trivial circumstance that occurred at Court during this period. The first edition was published in 1829–30, and made a great sensation. Many French editions of this work have been issued since.

A Paragon of Politeness.

(From the "Memoirs.")

The Duc de Coislin died about this time. I have related in its proper place an adventure that happened to him and his brother, the Chevalier de Coislin: now I will say something more of the duke. He was a very little man, of much humor and virtue, but of a politeness that was unendurable, and that passed all bounds, though not incompatible with dignity. He had been lieutenant-general in the army. Upon one occasion, after a battle in which he had taken part, one of the Rhingraves who had been made prisoner fell to his lot. The Duc de Coislin wished to give up to the other his bed, which consisted indeed of but a mattress. They complimented each other so much, the one pressing, the other refusing, that in the end they both slept

on the ground, leaving the mattress between them. The Rhingrave in due time came to Paris and called on the Duc de Coislin. When he was going, there was such a profusion of compliments, and the duke insisted so much on seeing him out, that the Rhingrave, as a last resource, ran out of the room and double-locked the door outside. M. de Coislin was not thus to be outdone. His apartments were only a few feet above the ground. He opened the window accordingly, leaped out into the court, and arrived thus at the entrance door before the Rhingrave, who thought the Devil must have carried him there. The Duc de Coislin, however, had managed to put his thumb out of joint by his leap. He called in Félix, chief surgeon of the King, who soon put the thumb to rights. Soon afterwards Félix made a call upon M. de Coislin to see how he was, and found that the cure was perfect. As he was about to leave, M. de Coislin must needs open the door for him. Félix, with a shower of bows, tried hard to prevent this; and while they were thus vying in politeness, each with a hand upon the door, the duke suddenly drew back; — he had put his thumb out of joint again, and Félix was obliged to attend to it on the spot! It may be imagined what laughter this story caused the King, and everybody else, when it became known.

There was no end to the outrageous civilities of M. de Coislin. On returning from Fontainebleau one day, we — that is, Madame de Saint-Simon and myself — encountered M. de Coislin and his son, M. de Metz, on foot upon the pavement of Ponterry, where their coach had broken down. We sent word, accordingly, that we should be glad to accommodate them in ours. But message followed message on both sides; and at last I was compelled to alight and to walk through the mud, begging them to mount into my coach. M. de Coislin, yielding to my prayers, consented to this: M. de Metz was furious with him for his compliments, and at last prevailed on him. When M. de Coislin had accepted my offer, and we had nothing more to do than to gain the coach, he began to capitulate, and to protest that he would not displace the two young ladies he saw seated in the vehicle. I told him that the two young ladies were chambermaids, who could well afford to wait until the other carriage was mended, and then continue their journey in that. But he would not hear of this; and at last, all that M. de Metz and I could do was to compromise the matter by agreeing to take one of the chambermaids with us. When we

arrived at the coach, they both descended, in order to allow us to mount. During the compliments that passed, — and they were not short, — I told the servant who held the coach-door open, to close it as soon as I was inside, and to order the coachman to drive on at once. This was done; but M. de Coislin immediately began to cry aloud that he would jump out if we did not stop for the young ladies: and he set himself to do so in such an odd manner that I had only time to catch hold of the belt of his breeches and hold him back; but he still, with his head hanging out of the window, exclaimed that he *would* leap out, and pulled against me. At this absurdity I called to the coachman to stop; the duke with difficulty recovered himself, and persisted that he would have thrown himself out. The chambermaid was ordered to mount, and mount she did, all covered with mud, which daubed us; and she nearly crushed M. de Metz and me in this carriage fit only for four.

M. de Coislin could not bear that at parting anybody should give him the "last touch:" a piece of sport, rarely cared for except in early youth, and out of which arises a chase by the person touched, in order to catch him by whom he has been touched. One evening when the court was at Nancy, and just as everybody was going to bed, M. de Longueville spoke a few words in private to two of his torch-bearers; and then touching the Duc de Coislin, said he had given him the last touch, and scampered away, the duke hotly pursuing him. Once a little in advance, M. de Longueville hid himself in a doorway, allowed M. de Coislin to pass on, and then went quietly home to bed. Meanwhile the duke, lighted by the torch-bearers, searched for M. de Longueville all over the town; but meeting with no success, was obliged to give up the chase, and went home all in a sweat. He was obliged of course to laugh a good deal at this joke, but he evidently did not like it overmuch.

With all his politeness, which was in no way put on, M. de Coislin could when he pleased show a great deal of firmness, and a resolution to maintain his proper dignity worthy of much praise. At Nancy, on this same occasion, the Duc de Créqui, not finding apartments provided for him to his taste on arriving in town, went in his brutal manner and seized upon those allotted to the Duc de Coislin. The latter, arriving a moment after, found his servants turned into the street, and soon learned who had sent them there. M. de Créqui had pre-

cedence of him in rank; he said not a word, therefore, but went to the apartments provided for the Maréchal de Créqui (brother of the duke), and serving him exactly as he himself had just been served, took up his quarters there. The Maréchal de Créqui arrived in his turn, learned what had occurred, and immediately seized upon the apartments of Cavoye, in order to teach him how to provide quarters in future so as to avoid all disputes.

On another occasion, M. de Coislin went to the Sorbonne to listen to a thesis sustained by the second son of M. de Bouillon. When persons of distinction gave these discourses, it was customary for the princes of the blood, and for many of the court, to go and hear them. M. de Coislin was at that time almost last in order of precedence among the dukes. When he took his seat, therefore, knowing that a number of them would probably arrive, he left several rows of vacant places in front of him, and sat himself down. Immediately afterward, Novion, Chief President of the Parliament, arrived and seated himself in front of M. de Coislin. Astonished at this act of madness, M. de Coislin said not a word, but took an arm-chair; and while Novion turned his head to speak to Cardinal de Bouillon, placed that arm-chair right in front of the Chief President, in such a manner that he was as it were imprisoned, and unable to stir. M. de Coislin then sat down. This was done so rapidly that nobody saw it until it was finished. When once it was observed, a great stir arose. Cardinal de Bouillon tried to intervene. M. de Coislin replied, that since the Chief President had forgotten his position he must be taught it; and would not budge. The other presidents were in a fright; and Novion, enraged by the offence put on him, knew not what to do. It was in vain that Cardinal de Bouillon on one side, and his brother on the other, tried to persuade M. de Coislin to give way. He would not listen to them. They sent a message to him to say that somebody wanted to see him at the door on most important business. But this had no effect. "There is no business so important," replied M. de Coislin, "as that of teaching M. le Premier Président what he owes me; and nothing will make me go from this place unless M. le Président, whom you see behind me, goes away first."

At last M. le Prince was sent for; and he with much persuasion endeavored to induce M. de Coislin to release the Chief President from his prison. But for some time M. de Coislin

would listen as little to M. le Prince as he had listened to the others, and threatened to keep Novion thus shut up during all the thesis. At length he consented to set the Chief President free, but only on condition that he left the building immediately; that M. le Prince should guarantee this; and that no "juggling tricks" (that was the term he made use of) should be played off to defeat the agreement. M. le Prince at once gave his word that everything should be as he required; and M. de Coislin then rose, moved away his arm-chair, and said to the Chief President, "Go away, sir! go away, sir!" Novion did on the instant go away, in the utmost confusion, and jumped into his coach. M. de Coislin thereupon took back his chair to its former position, and composed himself to listen again.

On every side M. de Coislin was praised for the firmness he had shown. The princes of the blood called upon him the same evening, and complimented him for the course he had adopted; and so many other visitors came during the evening that his house was quite full until a late hour. On the morrow the King also praised him for his conduct, and severely blamed the Chief President. Nay more: he commanded the latter to go to M. de Coislin, at his house, and beg pardon of him. It is easy to comprehend the shame and despair of Novion at being ordered to take so humiliating a step, especially after what had already happened to him. He prevailed upon M. de Coislin, through the mediation of friends, to spare him this pain; and M. de Coislin had the generosity to do so. He agreed therefore that when Novion called upon him he would pretend to be out, and this was done. The King, when he heard of it, praised very highly the forbearance of the duke.

He was not an old man when he died; but was eaten up with the gout, which he sometimes had in his eyes, in his nose, and in his tongue. When in this state, his room was filled with the best company. He was very generally liked, was truth itself in his dealings and his words, and was one of my friends, as he had been the friend of my father before me.

A Modern Harpy.

(From the "Memoirs.")

The Princesse d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, in order better to lay bare a court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once

been beautiful and gay; but though not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk-porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings-out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarrelling, — always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal, — she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a Harpy: she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence; all the avarice and the audacity: moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined; was often a victim of her confidence; and was many a time sent to the Devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She was never in the least embarrassed, however, tucked up her petticoats and went her way; then returned, saying she had been unwell. People were accustomed to it.

Whenever money was to be made by scheming and bribery, she was there to make it. At play she always cheated, and if found out stormed and raged; but pocketed what she had won. People looked upon her as they would have looked upon a fish-fag, and did not like to commit themselves by quarrelling with her. At the end of every game she used to say that she gave whatever might have been unfairly gained to those who had gained it, and hoped that others would do likewise. For she was very devout by profession, and thought by so doing to put her conscience in safety; because, she used to add, in play there is always some mistake. She went to church always, and constantly took the sacrament, very often after having played until four o'clock in the morning.

One day when there was a grand fête at Fontainebleau, Madame la Maréchale de Villeroy persuaded her out of malice to sit down and play, instead of going to evening prayers. She resisted some time, saying that Madame de Maintenon was going: but the Maréchale laughed at her for believing that her patron could see who was and who was not at the chapel; so down they sat to play. When the prayers were over, Madame de Maintenon, by the merest accident — for she scarcely ever visited any one — went to the apartments of the Maréchale de Villeroy. The door was flung back, and she was announced. This was a thunderbolt for the Princesse d'Harcourt. "I am ruined," cried she, unable to restrain herself: "she will see me playing, and I

ought to have been at chapel!" Down fell the cards from her hands, and down fell she all abroad in her chair. The Maréchale laughed most heartily at so complete an adventure. Madame de Maintenon entered slowly, and found the princess in this state, with five or six persons. The Maréchale de Villeroy, who was full of wit, began to say that whilst doing her a great honor, Madame was the cause of great disorder; and showed her the Princesse d'Harcourt in her state of discomfiture. Madame de Maintenon smiled with majestic kindness, and addressing the Princesse d'Harcourt, "Is this the way," said she, "that you go to prayers?" Thereupon the princess flew out of her half-faint into a sort of fury: said that this was the kind of trick that was played off upon her; that no doubt the Maréchale knew that Madame de Maintenon was coming, and for that reason had persecuted her to play. "Persecuted!" exclaimed the Maréchale: "I thought I could not receive you better than by proposing a game; it is true you were for a moment troubled at missing the chapel, but your tastes carried the day. — This, madame, is my whole crime," continued she, addressing Madame de Maintenon. Upon this, everybody laughed louder than before. Madame de Maintenon, in order to stop the quarrel, commanded them both to continue their game; and they continued accordingly, the Princesse d'Harcourt, still grumbling, quite beside herself, blinded with fury, so as to commit fresh mistakes every minute. So ridiculous an adventure diverted the court for several days; for this beautiful princess was equally feared, hated, and despised.

Monseigneur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne continually played off pranks upon her. They put, one day, crackers all along the avenue of the château at Marly, that led to the Perspective where she lodged. She was horribly afraid of everything. The duke and duchess bribed two porters to be ready to take her into the mischief. When she was right in the middle of the avenue the crackers began to go off, and she to cry aloud for mercy; the chairmen set her down and ran for it. There she was, then, struggling in her chair furiously enough to upset it, and yelling like a demon. At this the company, which had gathered at the door of the château to see the fun, ran to her assistance, in order to have the pleasure of enjoying the scene more fully. Thereupon she set to abusing everybody right and left, commencing with Monseigneur and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At another time M. de Bourgogne put a cracker under her chair in the *salon*, where she was playing at piquet.

As he was about to set fire to this cracker, some charitable soul warned him that it would maim her, and he desisted.

Sometimes they used to send about twenty Swiss guards, with drums, into her chamber, who roused her from her first sleep by their horrid din. Another time — and these scenes were always at Marly — they waited until very late for her to go to bed and sleep. She lodged not far from the post of the Captain of the Guards, who was at that time the Maréchal de Lorges. It had snowed very hard, and had frozen. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and her suite gathered snow from the terrace, which is on a level with their lodgings; and in order to be better supplied, waked up to assist them the Maréchal's people, who did not let them want for ammunition. Then with a false key and lights, they gently slipped into the chamber of the Princesse d'Harcourt; and suddenly drawing the curtains of her bed, pelted her amain with snowballs. The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled, with dishevelled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour; so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at for her pains.

Her fits of sulkiness came over her either when the tricks played were too violent, or when M. le Grand abused her. He thought, very properly, that a person who bore the name of Lorraine should not put herself so much on the footing of a buffoon: and as he was a rough speaker, he sometimes said the most abominable things to her at table; upon which the princess would burst out crying, and then, being enraged, would sulk. The Duchesse de Bourgogne used then to pretend to sulk too; but the other did not hold out long, and came crawling back to her, crying, begging pardon for having sulked, and praying that she might not cease to be a source of amusement! After some time the duchess would allow herself to be melted, and the princess was more villanously treated than ever; for the Duchesse de Bourgogne had her own way in everything: neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon found fault with what she did, so that the Princesse d'Harcourt had no resource; she did not even dare to complain of those who aided in tormenting her: yet it would not have been prudent in any one to make her an enemy.

The Princesse d'Harcourt paid her servants so badly that they concocted a return. One fine day they drew up on the Pont Neuf; the coachmen and footmen got down, and came and spoke to her at the door in language she was not used to hear. Her ladies and chambermaid got down and went away, leaving her to shift as she might. Upon this she set herself to harangue the blackguards who collected, and was only too happy to find a man who mounted upon the seat and drove her home. Another time, Madame de Saint-Simon, returning from Versailles, overtook her walking in full dress in the street, and with her train under her arms. Madame de Saint-Simon stopped, offered her assistance, and found she had been again left by her servants on the Pont Neuf. It was volume second of that story; and even when she came back she found her house deserted, every one having gone away at once by agreement. She was very violent with her servants, beat them, and changed them every day.

Upon one occasion, she took into her service a strong and robust chambermaid, to whom, from the first day of her arrival, she gave many slaps and boxes on the ear. The chambermaid said nothing, but after submitting to this treatment for five or six days, conferred with the other servants; and one morning, while in her mistress's room, locked the door without being perceived, said something to bring down punishment upon her, and at the first box on the ear she received, flew upon the Princesse d'Harcourt, gave her no end of thumps and slaps, knocked her down, kicked her, mauled her from her head to her feet, and when she was tired of this exercise, left her on the ground, all torn and dishevelled, howling like a devil. The chambermaid then quitted the room, double-locked the door on the outside, gained the staircase, and fled the house.

Every day the princess was fighting, or mixed up in some adventures. Her neighbors at Marly said they could not sleep for the riot she made at night; and I remember that after one of these scenes, everybody went to see the room of the Duchesse de Villeroy and that of Madame d'Espinoy, who had put their beds in the middle of their room, and who related their night vigils to every one.

Such was this favorite of Madame de Maintenon; so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who brought her over, and who had raised so many young men, amassed wealth for them, and made herself feared even by the prince and minister.

SALLUST.

Sallust (Caius Crispus Sallustius), a Roman historian; born at Amiturnum in the Sabine territory in 86 B. C.; died at Rome in 34 B. C. He went to Rome, where he rose to be Quæstor and Tribune of the People. In the civil war he espoused the side of Cæsar, and in 45 B. C. was made Governor of Numidia. He then devoted himself to the composition of his historical works, the "Bellum Catilinarium," describing the conspiracy of Catiline, and the "Bellum Jugurthinum," narrating the five years' war between the Romans and Jugurtha, King of Numidia. He also wrote a work, now lost, relating the events between the death of Sulla (78 B. C.) and the year 66 B. C. of Cicero's prætorship.

Catiline and his Plot.

(From the "History of Catiline's Conspiracy.")

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigor, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable; he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

Such was the character of Catiline, who, after Sylla's usurpation, was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design by his poverty and the consciousness of his crimes: both which

evils he had heightened by the practices above mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the State, thoroughly debased by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. . . .

In so great and corrupted a city, Catiline had always about him — what was no difficult matter to find in Rome — bands of profligate and flagitious wretches, like guards to his person. For all those who were abandoned to gluttony and voluptuousness, and had exhausted their fortunes by gaming, feasting, and licentiousness; all who were overwhelmed with debts (contracted to purchase pardon for their crimes); all parricides and sacrilegious persons from all quarters [such as were already convicted criminals, or feared conviction]; nay, farther, all who lived by perjury or by shedding the blood of citizens; lastly, all whom wickedness, indigence, or a guilty conscience disquieted, — were united to Catiline in the firmest bonds of friendship and intimacy. Or if any person of blameless character became familiar with him, then by daily conversation, and the snares that were laid to corrupt him, he too soon resembled, and even equalled, the rest. But what Catiline chiefly courted was the intimacy of young men: their minds, being soft and pliable, were easily ensnared. Some of these he provided with mistresses; bought horses and dogs for others: gratifying the favorite passion of each; — in a word, he spared no expense, not even his own honor, to engage them heartily in his interests. Some there were, I know, who thought that the youth who frequented Catiline's house were guilty of licentiousness; but this rumor, I apprehend, was more owing to other reasons than that there was any clear evidence of the fact.

As for Catiline himself, he had, when very young, been guilty of many atrocious crimes, in open contempt of all law and order: afterward he conceived a passion for Aurelia Orestilla, — one who had nothing but her beauty to recommend her; and because she scrupled to marry him, on account of his having a son who was arrived at years of maturity, it is believed as a certain fact that he destroyed that son, and made his house desolate, to open a way for so infamous an alliance. And this indeed appears to me to have been the principal cause that pushed him to the execution of the conspiracy: for his guilty soul, at enmity with gods and men, could find no rest; so violently was his mind torn and distracted by a consciousness of guilt. Accordingly, his countenance was pale, his eyes ghastly,

his pace one while quick, another slow; and indeed in all his looks there was an air of distraction.

As for the youth whom he had corrupted in the manner above related, they were trained up to wickedness by various methods: he taught them to be false witnesses, to forge deeds, to throw off all regard to truth, to squander their fortunes, and to slight dangers; and after he had stripped them of all reputation and shame, he pushed them on to crimes still more heinous; and even when no provocation was given, it was their practice to ensnare and murder those who had never injured them, as well as those who had. For he chose to be cruel and mischievous without any cause, rather than that the hands and spirits of his associates should lose their vigor for want of employment.

Confiding in these friends and accomplices, Catiline formed a design to seize the government: he found an additional encouragement from the number of those who were oppressed with debts throughout the State, and the disposition of Sylla's soldiers, who, having squandered away what they had lately acquired, and calling to remembrance their former conquests and depredations, longed for a civil war. Besides, there was no army in Italy; Pompey was carrying on a war in the remotest parts of the earth; he himself was in great hopes of obtaining the consulship; the Senate seemed careless of the public; and all things were quiet: a conjuncture of circumstances extremely favorable to his designs.

Catiline's Address to his Soldiers before the Battle of Pistoria.

(From the "History of Catiline's Conspiracy.")

When Catiline saw himself enclosed by the mountains and two hostile armies, and knew that his designs had miscarried in the city, and that there was neither hope of escaping nor of receiving any succor, — he thought his best way, in such a situation, was to try the fortune of a battle; and determined to engage Antonius as soon as possible. Accordingly, assembling his troops, he thus addressed them: —

"I have learned by experience, fellow-soldiers, that words cannot inspire courage, nor a general's speech render a spiritless army brave and intrepid. Every man displays in battle just so much courage as nature or habit has given him, and no more. It is to no purpose to exhort him whom neither glory nor dan-

ger can animate: his fear deprives him of his hearing. I have assembled you, fellow-soldiers, to instruct you in a few particulars, and to lay before you the grounds of my final resolution.

"You all know what a dreadful calamity Lentulus, by his slow and spiritless conduct, has brought on himself and us; and how I have been prevented from marching into Gaul, by waiting for reinforcements from Rome. In what posture our affairs now are, you all see.

"Two armies — one from Rome, another from Gaul — obstruct our advance. Want of provisions and other necessaries will not allow us to stay longer here, were we ever so desirous of doing it. To whatever place you think of marching, you yourselves must open a passage with your swords. I conjure you then to summon up all your courage; to act like men resolute and undaunted; to remember, when you engage, that you carry in your hands riches, honor, and glory, — nay, even your liberty and your country. If we overcome, all will be safe; we shall have plenty of provisions; the corporate towns and colonies will be all ready to receive us. But if we fail through fear, the very reverse will be our fate; nor will any place or friend protect those whom arms could not. Let me add to this, my fellow-soldiers, that we have different motives to animate us from what the opposing army has. We fight for our country, for our liberty, for our lives; they, for no interest of their own, but only to support the power of a few. Let this consideration, then, engage you to fall on them the more courageously, remembering your former bravery.

"We might indeed have passed our remaining days, with the utmost infamy, in banishment; some of you too might have lived at Rome, depending for your subsistence on others, after having lost your own estates. But such a condition appearing equally disgraceful and intolerable to men of spirit, you resolved on the present course. If you repent of the step, remember that even to secure a retreat, the firmest valor is still indispensable. Peace must be procured by victory alone, not by a grovelling cowardice. To hope for security in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms which serve to defend you, is the height of madness. In battle, the most cowardly are always in most danger: courage is a wall of defence. When I consider your characters, fellow-soldiers, and reflect on your past achievements, I have great hopes of victory: your spirit, your age, your virtue encourage me; and our necessity too, which even inspires

cowards with bravery, — for the narrowness of our position will prevent the enemy's numbers from surrounding us. But should fortune envy your valor, be sure you fall not without taking due vengeance on the foe: suffer not yourselves to be captured and slaughtered like cattle; but fight rather like men, and leave our opponents a bloody and mournful victory."

A Numidian Defeat.

(From the "History of the War against Jugurtha.")

In that part of Numidia which on the partition of the kingdom fell to the share of Adherbal, was a river called Muthul, flowing from the south; parallel to which, at the distance of about twenty miles, was a mountain of equal length, desert and uncultivated. Between this mountain and the river, almost at an equal distance from each, rose a hill of prodigious height, covered with olives, myrtles, and other trees, such as grow in a dry and sandy soil; the intermediate plain was uninhabitable for want of water, — those parts only excepted which bordered on the river, in which were many groves, and abundance of cattle.

Jugurtha took possession of this hill, which flanked the Romans in their march to the river, extending his front as far as possible; and giving the command of the elephants and part of the infantry to Bomilcar, with orders how to act, he posted himself with all the horse and the choicest of the foot nearer the mountain. Then he rode round the several squadrons and battalions, conjuring them "to summon up their former bravery, and mindful of their late victory, to defend themselves and their country from Roman avarice. They were to engage with those whom they had already vanquished, and forced to pass under the yoke; and who had only changed their general, but not their character. As for himself, he had done all that was incumbent on a general: had secured to them the advantages of the ground, which they were well acquainted with, and to which the enemy were strangers; and had taken care not to expose them to an unequal contest with an enemy superior in number or skill: they should therefore, when the signal was given, fall vigorously on the Romans; that day would either crown their former toils and victories, or be a prelude to the most grievous calamities." Besides addressing himself singly to such as he had rewarded with honors or money for their gallant behavior, he reminded

them of his liberality, and proposed them to others as patterns for their imitation. In a word, he appealed to all, in a manner suited to the disposition and character of each; and by promises, threatenings, and entreaties, labored to excite their courage.

In the mean time Metellus, descending from the mountain with his army, without any knowledge of the enemy's motions, discovered them on the hill. At first he was doubtful what to think of so strange an appearance; for the Numidian horse and foot were posted among the bushes, by reason of the lowness of which they were neither altogether covered nor yet entirely discernible. The rugged nature of the place, united to the artifice with which the whole was conducted, gave ample room for suspicion: but soon finding that it was an ambush, the general halted his army, and altering the disposition of it, made the flank next the enemy thrice as strong as before, distributed the slingers and archers among the infantry, placed all the cavalry in the wings; and animating them by a short speech suitable to the occasion, he advanced in this order towards the plain.

Observing the Numidians to keep their ground, without offering to quit their station, and fearing that from the heat of the season and the scarcity of water his army would be distressed by thirst, Metellus ordered his lieutenant Rutilius, with the light-armed cohorts and a detachment of horse, to proceed towards the river, and secure a place to encamp on; judging that the enemy would, by frequent skirmishes and attacks on his flank, endeavor to retard his march, and to harass his men by means of thirst and fatigue, as they could entertain no hope of success in battle. He then advanced slowly, as his circumstances and situation allowed him, in the same order as he had descended from the mountain; posting Marius in the centre, and marching himself in the left wing, at the head of the cavalry, which was now become the front.

Jugurtha, when he saw that the Roman rear extended beyond his first rank, detached two thousand foot to take possession of that part of the mountain from which Metellus had descended, that it might not serve the Romans for a place of security if they were routed; and then, giving the signal, suddenly fell on them.

Some of the Numidians made great slaughter in our rear, while others charged us on the right and left; they advanced furiously, fought vigorously, and everywhere broke our ranks. Even those of our men who opposed them with the greatest

firmness and resolution were baffled by their disorderly manner of fighting: finding themselves wounded from a distance, and unable to return the blow or come to a close engagement; for the Numidian cavalry, according to the instructions they had received from Jugurtha, when any of the Roman troops advanced against them, immediately fled, not in close order or in a body, but dispersed as widely as possible. Though they could not by these means discourage us from the pursuit, yet being superior in number, they charged us either in flank or rear: and when it appeared more convenient to fly to the hill than the plain, the Numidian horses, being accustomed to it, made their way more easily through the thickets; while the Roman trooper, unaccustomed to such rough and difficult places, was unable to follow them.

The whole field presented a distressing spectacle, full of doubt and perplexity and wild disorder: some flying, others pursuing; all separated from their fellows; no standard followed; no ranks preserved; every one standing on his own defence, and repulsing his adversary wherever he was attacked; arms and darts, horses and men, enemies and fellow-citizens, blended together in wild confusion. In this scene of distraction, all order was at an end: chance ruled supreme, and guided the tumult; so that though the day was already far spent, the issue of the contest was still uncertain.

At length, both sides being oppressed with fatigue and the heat of the day, Metellus, perceiving the Numidian vigor abate, rallied his men by degrees, restored their ranks, and posted four legionary cohorts against the enemy's foot; a great part of which had, through weariness, retired to the rising grounds for repose. At the same time he entreated and exhorted his men not to lose their courage, nor suffer a flying enemy to be victorious; adding that they had no intrenchment or stronghold to which they could retire, but that all their hopes were in their arms and valor.

Nor was Jugurtha in the mean time inactive, but appeared on horseback, animated his men, renewed the battle, and at the head of a select body made every possible effort: supported his men where they were pressed; charged the Romans vigorously where they seemed to waver; and where they stood firm, annoyed them with darts from a distance.

Thus did the two generals contend for glory: both officers of consummate ability, but differently situated, and as un-

equally supported. Metellus had brave men, but a bad situation; Jugurtha had every other advantage but that of soldiers. At last the Romans — considering that no place of refuge was left them, that the enemy avoided every attempt to bring them to a regular engagement, and that night was fast approaching — advanced up the hill, according to orders and made themselves masters of it.

The Numidians, having lost this post, were routed and put to flight, but few of them slain: their own swiftness, and the nature of the country — with which our men were unacquainted — saving most of them.

In the mean time Bomilcar, — to whom Jugurtha, as already stated, had given the command of the elephants and part of the infantry, — when he saw that Rutilius had passed him, drew down his men slowly into the plain; where without interruption he ranged them in order of battle, as the exigency required, while the lieutenant was marching in great haste to the river: nor did he neglect to watch the notions and to learn the designs of the Romans. On receiving intelligence that Rutilius was encamped and appeared to consider himself in a state of security, Bomilcar — perceiving that the noise of the battle in which Jugurtha was engaged still increased, and fearing lest the lieutenant should return to reinforce the consul — resolved to obstruct his passage; and extending the front of his line, — which before, distrustful of the steadiness of his troops, he had formed close and compact, — in this order advanced to the camp of Rutilius.

The Romans on a sudden perceived a vast cloud of dust, which at first they conjectured to be raised by the wind sweeping over an arid and sandy surface; for the country was covered on all sides with copsewood, which obstructed their view of the Numidians: but observing the cloud to move with regularity, and approach nearer and nearer as the Numidians marched forward, they perceived the cause of the phenomenon; and flying to their arms, drew up before the camp according to orders. When the enemy came up, a tremendous shout was raised on both sides, and they rushed with fury to the onset.

The Numidians maintained the contest as long as their elephants could be of any service to them: but when they saw them entangled among the branches of the trees and surrounded by the Romans, they betook themselves to flight; and throwing away their arms, escaped, most of them unhurt, — partly

by the advantage of the hill, and partly by favor of the night. Four elephants were taken; the rest, forty in number, were all slain.

The Romans, however much exhausted by their march, by fortifying their camp, and by the late unexpected encounter, were flushed with success; and as Metellus tarried beyond their expectation, they advanced resolutely in order of battle to meet him: for such was the subtlety of the Numidians as to leave no room for inactivity or remissness. When the heads of the two friendly columns approached each other in the darkness of the night, the noise on both sides occasioned mutual apprehensions of an approaching enemy; and this mistake had well-nigh produced the most fatal consequences, had not some horsemen despatched by both parties discovered the true cause of it. Mutual congratulations quickly succeeded to apprehension: the soldiers joyfully called to one another by name, recounting their late exploits, and every one extolling his own gallant behavior; for such is the nature of human affairs, that when victory is obtained, cowards may boast, while defeat casts reproach even on the brave.

Metellus continued four days in the same camp: administered relief to the wounded; conferred the usual military rewards on such as had distinguished themselves in the late engagements; commended the whole army, which he assembled with that view; returned them his public thanks; and exhorted them "to act with equal courage in what further remained, which was but little. They had already fought sufficiently for victory: their future labors would be only to enrich themselves by the spoils of conquest."

GEORGE SAND.

Sand, George, pseudonym of Armantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant, a French novelist; born in Paris, July 5, 1804; died at Nohant, June 8, 1876. In her thirteenth year she was sent to a convent boarding-school at Paris, where she became very devout and wished to take the veil. She afterwards became an enthusiastic student of Locke, Aristotle, Leibnitz, and Rousseau. At eighteen she married Casimire Dudevant, a retired officer. Husband and wife were unsuited to each other, and in 1831 an amicable separation took place. After many rebuffs she became a contributor to "Figaro." Her first novel, "Rose et Blanche," was written in conjunction with Jules Sandeau. In 1834 she set out for Italy, and for more than a year she remained at Venice. She returned to France in 1835, and the next year obtained a legal separation from her husband. The editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" refusing to publish her novel, "Horace," on account of its socialistic tendency, she broke off her connection with that periodical, and in conjunction with Leroux and Viardot established "La Revue Contemporaine," in which appeared "Consuelo" and its sequel "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt." During the Franco-Prussian war, Mme. Dudevant went along the French lines as far as she was permitted to go, taking notes which were afterward embodied in the "Journal d'un Voyageur pendant la Guerre" (1871). Madame Dudevant was the author of about sixty novels, twenty plays, and many minor works. At different times she contributed political articles to various newspapers. During the last years of her life, she wrote several delightful tales for her grandchildren. A volume of these, "Contes d'une Grand' mère," was published after her death. She published nearly a hundred volumes among which the most important are the following: — "Indiana" (1831 ?); "Mauprat" (1836); "Consuelo" (1842); "The Countess of Rudolstadt" (1843); "The Miller of Angibault" (1845); "The Devil's Pool" (1846); "The Little Fadette" (1849); "The Master Ringers" (1853); "Story of My Life" (1854). She also wrote a number of dramatic works.

The Convent of the English Augustines.

(From "The Story of My Life.")

This convent was one of the three or four British communities established in Paris during Cromwell's ascendency. . . .

It is the only one now in existence, its house having endured the various revolutions without suffering greatly. Its traditions say that Henriette of France, the daughter of our Henry IV. and wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, had often come to pray in our chapel with her son James II. All our nuns were English, Scotch or Irish. Two-thirds of the boarding pupils and lodgers, as well as some of the priests who came to officiate, belonged to these nations. During certain hours of the day the whole school was forbidden to speak a word of French, which was the best means for learning English rapidly. Naturally our nuns hardly ever spoke anything else to us. They retained the habits of their country; drank tea three times a day, allowing those among us who were good to take it with them.

The cloister and the church were paved with long tombstones, beneath which were the venerated bones of those Catholics of Old England who had died in exile, and been buried by favor in this inviolable sanctuary. There were English epitaphs and pious inscriptions everywhere on tombs and walls. Large old portraits of English princes and prelates hung in the Superior's room and in her private parlor. The beautiful and amorous Mary Stuart, reputed a saint by our chaste nuns, shone there like a star. In short, everything in that house was English, both of the past and of the present; and when within its gates, one seemed to have crossed the Channel. All this was a "nine days' wonder" to me, the Berri peasant.

My grandmother on presenting me could not forego the little vanity of saying that I was very well informed for my age, and that it would be a waste of time to put me in a class with young children. The school was divided into two sections: a junior and a senior class. By my age I belonged to the juniors, where there were about thirty boarding pupils between six and fourteen years old. By my reading, and the ideas it had developed, I belonged to a third class that would have had to be created for me and two or three others; but I had not been trained to work methodically, and did not know a word of English. I understood a great deal about history, and even philosophy; but

CONVENT OF THE ENGLISH AUGUSTINES

(*Paris, in George Sand's time*)

I was very ignorant, or at least very uncertain, about the order of epochs and events. I might have been able to talk about everything with the professors, and perhaps have seen a little clearer and a little further than those who directed us; but the merest college fag would have greatly puzzled me on facts, and I could not have passed a regular examination on any subject whatever. I felt this perfectly; and was much relieved to hear the Superior say that as I had not yet been confirmed, I should have to enter the junior class.

We were cloistered in the full sense of the word. We went out twice a month only, and never spent a night out except at New-Year's. There were vacations, but I had none; as my grandmother said she preferred not to interrupt my studies, so as to have me at the convent a shorter time. She left Paris a few weeks after our separation, and did not come back for a year; then went away for another year. She had demanded that my mother was not to ask to take me out. My cousins the Villeneuves offered me their home for all holidays, and wrote to my grandmother for her permission. I wrote too, and begged her not to grant it; and had the courage to tell her, that not going out with mother, I ought not and did not wish to go out with any one. I trembled lest she should not listen to me; and though I felt the need and the wish to enjoy these outings, I made up my mind to pretend illness if my cousins came to fetch me armed with a permit. This time my grandmother approved my action; and instead of finding fault, praised my feeling in a way I found rather exaggerated. I had done nothing but my duty; yet it made me spend two whole years behind bars.

We had mass in our chapel, received visits in the parlor, took our private lessons there; the professor being on one side of the grating while we were on the other. All the convent windows towards the street had not only gratings, but immovable linen screens besides. It was really a prison, but a prison with a large garden and plenty of company. I must confess that I never felt the rigors of captivity for an instant; and that the minute precautions taken to keep us locked up and prevent us from getting a glimpse of the outer world, often made me laugh. This care was the only stimulant we had to long for freedom; for there was not one of us who would ever have dreamt of crossing her mother's threshold unattended; yet almost every girl at the convent watched for the opening of the cloister door, or peeped furtively through the slits in the linen screens. To

outwit supervision, go down into the court three or four steps, see a cab pass by, was the dream and the ambition of forty or fifty wild and mischievous girls, who the very next day would go about Paris without in the least enjoying it; because once outside the convent inclosure, stepping on the pavement and looking at people were no longer forbidden fruit. . . .

My first feeling on entering the junior school-room was a painful one. Thirty girls were crowded into a room neither large nor high enough for the number. Its walls were covered with ugly yolk-of-egg-colored paper, the ceiling was stained and cracked, the benches, tables, and stools were all dirty, the stove was ugly and smoky, and the smell of coal was mixed with that coming from the near poultry-yard: the plaster crucifix was common, the flooring broken, and we were to spend two-thirds of the day here, three-quarters of it in winter, — and it was winter just then.

I do not know of anything more unpleasant than the custom followed in educational arrangements of making school-rooms the saddest and most forlorn of places: under the pretence that children would spoil the furniture and ruin the ornaments, people take away everything that would stimulate their imagination. They pretend that pictures and decorations, even the patterns on the wall-paper, would make them inattentive. Why are churches and chapels decorated with paintings and statues, if not to elevate the soul and revive its languor by the sight of venerated objects? Children, we are told, have dirty and clumsy habits. They spill ink over everything, and love to destroy. Surely they do not bring these tastes and habits from their homes, where they are taught to respect whatever is beautiful or useful; and as soon as they are old enough to think, they never dream of doing the mischief that becomes so attractive at school only because there is a sort of revenge on the neglect and parsimony practised upon them. The better they are housed, the more careful they would be. They would think twice before soiling a carpet or breaking a frame. Those ugly bare walls in which you shut them up soon become an object of horror; and they would knock them down if they could. You want them to work like machines, and make their minds run on by the hour, free from all personal consciousness and untouched by all that makes up life and the renewal of intellectual life. That is both false and impossible. The studying child has all the needs of a creating artist. He must breathe pure air; his body must be

at ease; he must have things to look at, and be able to change his thoughts at will by enjoying form and color. Nature is a continual spectacle for him. By shutting him up in a bare, sad, unwholesome room, you suffocate his heart and brain as well as his body. I should like everything around a city child to be cheerful, from its cradle. The country child has the sky, trees, plants, and sun. The other is too often stunted both physically and morally by the squalor of a poor home, the bad taste of a rich one, or the absence of all taste in the middle-class home.

Why are Italians born, as it were, with a feeling for the beautiful? Why does a Veronese mason, a Venetian tradesman, a peasant of the Roman Campagna, love to look at fine monuments? Why do they understand good pictures and music, while our proletarians, more intelligent in other respects, and our middle class, though educated with more care, love what is false, vulgar — even ugly — in art, unless a special training corrects their instincts? It is because we live amidst what is ugly and vulgar; because our parents have no taste, and we hand down the traditional bad taste to our children. It would be so easy to surround childhood with things at once noble, agreeable, and instructive. . . .

"You shall be initiated this evening."

I waited for night and supper very impatiently. Recreation time began as soon as we left the refectory. In summer the two classes went to the garden. In winter each class went to its own room: the seniors to their fine and spacious study; we to our forlorn quarters, where there was no room to play, and where our teacher forced us to "amuse" ourselves quietly, — that is, not at all. Leaving the refectory always made a momentary confusion, and I admired the way the "devils" of the two classes managed to create the slight disorder under whose favor one could easily escape. The cloister had but one little lamp to light it: this left the other three galleries in semi-darkness. Instead of walking straight ahead towards the juniors' room, you stepped to the left, let the flock pass on, and you were free. I did so, and found myself in the dark with my friend Mary and the other "devils" she had told me would be there. . . . They were all armed, some with logs, others with tongs. I had nothing, but was bold enough to go to the school-room, get a poker, and return to my accomplices without being noticed.

Then they initiated me into the great secret, and we started on our expedition.

The great secret was the traditional legend of the convent: a dream handed down from generation to generation, and from "devil" to "devil," for about two centuries; a romantic fiction which may have had some foundation of truth at the beginning, but now rested merely on the needs of our imagination. Its object was to *deliver the victim.* There was a prisoner, some said several prisoners, shut up some somewhere in an impenetrable retreat: either a cell hidden and bricked up in the thickness of the walls, or in a dungeon under the vaults of the immense sub-basements extending beneath the monastery as well as under a great part of the Saint-Victor district. There were indeed magnificent cellars there, — a real subterranean city, whose limits we never found, — and they had many mysterious outlets at different points within the vast area of the inclosure. We were told that at a great distance off, these cellars joined the excavations running under the greater part of Paris and the surrounding country as far as Vincennes. They said that by following our convent cellars you could reach the Catacombs, the quarries, the Baths of Julian, and what not. These vaults were the key to a world of darkness, terrors, mysteries: an immense abyss dug beneath our feet, closed by iron gates, and whose exploration was as perilous as the descent into hell of Æneas or Dante. For this reason it was absolutely imperative to get there, in spite of the insurmountable difficulties of the enterprise, and the terrible punishments the discovery of our secret would provoke.

Entering these subterranean domains was one of those unhoped for strokes of good luck that occurred once, or at most twice, in the life of a "devil," after years of perseverance and mental effort. It was of no use thinking of getting in by the main door. That door was at the bottom of a wide staircase next to the kitchens, which were cellars too; and here the lay sisters congregated.

But we were sure that the vaults could be reached by a thousand other ways, even by the roof. According to us, every nailed-up door, every dark corner under a staircase, every hollow-sounding wall, might communicate mysteriously with the subterranean region; and we looked for that communication most earnestly up to the very attic.

I had read Mrs. Radcliffe's "Castle of the Pyrenees" at Nohant, with terror and delight. My companions had many another Scotch and Irish legend in their heads, all fit to set one's hair on end. The convent too had innumerable stories of

its own lamentable events, — about ghosts, dungeons, inexplicable apparitions, and mysterious noises. All this, and the thought of finally discovering the tremendous secret of the *victim*, so kindled our imaginations that we were sure we heard sighs and groans start from under the stones, or breathe through the cracks of doors and walls.

We started off, my companions for the hundredth, I for the first time, in search of that elusive captive, — languishing no one knew where, but certainly somewhere, and whom perhaps we were called to discover. She must have been very old, considering how long she had been sought in vain! She might have been over two hundred years old, but we did not mind that! We sought her, called her, thought of her incessantly, and never despaired.

That evening I was led into the oldest and most broken-up part of the buildings, — perhaps the most exciting locality for our exploration. We selected a little passage with wooden railings overlooking an empty space without any known outlet. A staircase with banisters led to this unknown region, but an oaken door forbade access to the stairs. We had to get around the obstacle by passing from the railing to the banisters, and walk down the outside of the worm-eaten balusters. There was a dark void below us whose depth we could not fathom. We had only a little twisted taper (a "rat"), and that hardly let us see more than the first steps of the mysterious staircase.

We were at the bottom in a moment; and with more joy than disappointment found that we were directly under the passage, in a square space without any opening. Not a door nor window, nor any explicable purpose for this sort of closed vestibule. Why was there a staircase leading into a blind space? Why was there a strong padlocked door shutting off the staircase?

The little taper was divided into several lengths, and each one began examining for herself. The staircase was made of wood. A secret spring in one of the steps must lead to a passage, another staircase, or a hidden trap. While some explored the staircase, and tried to force its old planks apart, others groped along the wall in search of a knob, a crack, a ring, or any of the thousand contrivances mentioned in the chronicles of old manors as moving a stone, turning a panel, or opening an entrance into unknown regions.

Alas, there was nothing! The wall was smooth and plas-

tered. The pavement sounded dull; not a stone was loose, and the staircase hid no spring. One of us looked further. She declared that in the extreme corner under the staircase the wall had a hollow sound; we struck it, and found it true. "It's here!" we all exclaimed. "There's a walled-up passage in there, but that passage leads to the awful dungeon. That is the way down to the sepulchre holding the living victims." We glued our ears to the wall, heard nothing; still the discoverer maintained that she could hear confused groans and clanking chains. What was to be done?

"Why, it's quite plain," said Mary: "we must pull the wall down. All of us together can surely make a hole in it."

Nothing seemed easier to us; and we all went to work, — some trying to knock it down with their logs, others scraping it with their shovels and tongs, — never thinking that by worrying those poor shaky walls, we risked tumbling the building down on our heads. Fortunately we could not do much harm, because the noise made by the logs would have attracted some one.

We had to be satisfied with pushing and scratching. Yet we had managed to make quite a noticeable hole in the plaster, lime, and stones, when the bell rang for prayers. We had just time to repeat our perilous escalade, put out our lights, separate, and grope our way back to the school-rooms. We put off the continuation of the enterprise till the next day, and appointed the same place of meeting. Those who got there first were not to wait for those who might be detained by punishment or unusual surveillance. Each one was to do her best to scoop out the wall. It would be just so much done towards the next day's work. There was no chance of any one's noticing it, as no one ever went down into that blind hall-way given over to mice and spiders.

We dusted each other off, regained the cloister, slipped into our respective class-rooms, and were ready to kneel at prayers with the others. I forget whether we were noticed and punished that evening. It happened so often that no single event of the kind has any special date in the great number. Still we could often carry on our work with impunity.

The search for the great secret and the dungeon lasted the whole winter I spent in the junior class. The wall was perceptibly damaged, but we were stopped by reaching wooden girders. We looked elsewhere, ransacked twenty different places, never having the least success, yet never losing hope.

One day we thought we would look for some mansard window which might be, so to speak, the upper key to the so ardently desired subterranean world. There were many such windows, whose purpose we ignored. There was a little room in the attic where we practised on one of the thirty pianos scattered through the establishment. We had an hour for this practice every day, and very few of us cared for it. As I always loved music, I liked to practise. But I was becoming more of an artist in romance than music; for what more beautiful poem could there be than the romance in action we were pursuing with our joint imaginations, courage, and palpitating emotions?

In this way the piano hour became the daily hour for adventures, without detriment, however, to the evening ones. We appointed meetings in one of these straggling rooms, and from there would go to the "I don't know where" or the "As you please" of fancy.

From the attic where I was supposed to be playing scales, I could see a labyrinth of roofs, sheds, lofts, and slopes, all covered with moss-grown tiles and decorated with broken chimneys, offering a vast field for new explorations. So on to the roof we went. It was not hard to jump out of the window. Six feet below us there was a gutter joining two gables. It was more imprudent than difficult to scale these gables, meet others, jump from slope to slope, and run about like cats; and danger, far from restraining, only seemed to stimulate us.

There was something exceedingly foolish, but at the same time heroic, in this mania of *seeking the victim;* foolish, because we had to suppose that the nuns, whose gentleness and kindness we worshipped, were practising horrible tortures upon some one; heroic, because we risked our lives every day to deliver an imaginary creature, who was the object of our most generous thoughts and most chivalrous undertakings.

We had been out about an hour, spying into the garden, looking down on a great part of the courts and buildings, and carefully hiding behind chimneys whenever we saw a black-veiled nun, who might have raised her head and seen us in the clouds, when we asked ourselves how we should get back. The arrangement of the roofs had allowed us to step or jump down. Going up was not so easy. I think it would have been impossible without a ladder. We scarcely knew where we were. At last we recognized a parlor-boarder's window, — Sidonie Macdonald's, the celebrated general's daughter. It could be reached

by a final jump, but would be more dangerous than the others. I jumped too hurriedly, and caught my heel in a flat sky-light, through which I should have fallen thirty feet into a hall near the junior's room, if by chance my awkwardness had not made me swerve. I got off with two badly flayed knees, but did not give them a second thought. My heel had broken into a part of the sash of that deuced window, and smashed half a dozen panes, which dropped with a frightful crash quite near the kitchen entrance. A great noise arose at once among the lay sisters, and through the opening I had just made, we could hear Sister Theresa's loud voice screaming, "Cats!" and accusing Whisky — Mother Alippe's big tom-cat — of fighting with all his fellows, and breaking all the windows in the house. But Sister Mary defended the cat's morals, and Sister Helen was sure that a chimney had fallen on the roof. This discussion started the nervous giggle that nothing can stop in little girls. We heard the sisters on the stairs, we should be caught in the very act of walking on the roofs, and still we could not stir to find refuge. Then I discovered that one of my shoes was gone, — that it had dropped through the broken sash into the kitchen hall. Though my knees were bleeding, my laughter was so uncontrollable that I could not say a word, but merely showed my unshod foot, and explained what had happened by dumb show. A new explosion of laughter followed, although the alarm had been given and the lay sisters were near.

We were soon reassured. Being sheltered and hidden by overhanging roofs, we could hardly be discovered without getting up to the broken window by a ladder, or following the road we had taken. And that was something we could safely challenge any of the nuns to do. So when we had recognized the advantage of our position, we began to me-ouw Homerically, so that Whisky and his family might be accused and convicted in our stead. Then we made for the window of Sidonie, who did not welcome us. The poor child was practising on the piano, and paying no attention to the feline howls vaguely striking her ear. She was delicate and nervous, very gentle, and quite incapable of understanding what pleasure we could find in roaming over roofs. As she sat playing, her back was turned to the window; and when we burst into it in a bunch, she screamed aloud. We lost little time in quieting her. Her cries would attract the nuns; so we sprang into the room and scampered to the door, while she stood trembling and staring, seeing all this

strange procession flit by without understanding it or recognizing any one of us, so terrified was she. In a moment we had all dispersed: one went to the upper room whence we had started, and played the piano with might and main; another took a roundabout way to the school-room. As for me, I had to find my shoe, and secure that piece of evidence, if I still had the time. I managed to avoid the lay sisters, and to find the kitchen entry free. *Audaces fortuna juvat*, said I to myself, thinking of the aphorisms Deschartres had taught me. And indeed I found the lucky shoe, where it had fallen in a dark corner and not been seen. Whisky alone was accursed. My knees hurt me very much for a few days, but I did not brag of them; and the explorations did not slacken.

I needed all this romantic excitement to bear up against the convent regulations, which went very much against me. We were fed well enough, yet that is a thing I have always cared least for; but we suffered most cruelly from the cold, and that year the winter was very severe. The rules for rising and retiring were as harmful as they were disagreeable to me. I have always loved to sit up late, and not to rise early. At Nohant I had done as I pleased — read or written in my room at night, and not been compelled to confront the morning cold. My circulation is sluggish, and the word "cool-blooded" describes both my physical and my mental organization. A "devil" among the "devils" of the convent, I never lost my wits, and did the wildest things in a solemn way that always delighted my accomplices; but the cold really paralyzed me, especially during the first half of the day. The dormitory was in the mansard roof, and so icy that I could not go to sleep, but sadly heard every hour of the night strike. At six o'clock two servants came and waked us pitilessly. It has always seemed a melancholy thing to me to rise and dress by lamplight. We had to wash in water whose icy crust we had to break, and *then* it could not be washed with. We had chilblains, and our feet bled in our tight shoes. We went to mass by candle-light, and shivered on the benches or dozed on our knees, in the attitude of piety. At seven o'clock we breakfasted on a piece of bread and cup of tea. At last, on reaching the school-room, we could see a little light dawn in the sky, and a bit of fire in the stove. I never thawed until about noon; I had frightful colds, and sharp pains in all my limbs, and suffered from them fifteen years later.

But Mary could not bear complaining; being as strong as a

boy, she made pitiless fun of all who were not stoical. She taught me to be pitiless toward myself. I deserved some credit for this, for I suffered more than any one else; and the Paris climate was killing me already. Sallow, apathetic, and silent, I seemed the calmest and most submissive of persons when in the school-room. I never *answered back:* anger was foreign to my nature, and I do not remember having an attack of it during the three years I spent in the convent. Thanks to this disposition, I was always loved, even at the time of my worst impishness, by my most disagreeable companions and the most exacting teachers and nuns. The Superior told my grandmother that I was "still waters." Paris had frozen the fever of movement I had had at Nohant. Yet this did not prevent me from climbing over roofs in the month of December, or spending whole evenings bare-headed in the garden in the middle of winter: for we hunted "the great secret" in the garden too; and when the doors were closed, we got down there by the windows. And that was because we lived by our brain at those times, and I never noticed then that I was dragging about a sick body.

Lélia.

"The prophets are crying in the desert to-day, and no voice answers, for the world is indifferent and deaf; it lies down and stops its ears so as to die in peace. A few scattered groups of weak votaries vainly try to rekindle a spark of virtue. As the last remnants of man's moral power, they will float for a moment about the abyss, then go and join the other wrecks at the bottom of that shoreless sea which will swallow up the world."

"O Lélia, why do you thus despair of those sublime men who aspire to bring virtue back to our iron age? Even if I were as doubtful of their success as you are, I would not say so. I should fear to commit an impious crime."

"I admire those men," said Lélia, "and would like to be the least among them. But what will those shepherds bearing a star on their brows be able to do before the huge monster of the Apocalypse — before the immense and terrible figure outlined in the foreground of all the prophets' pictures? That woman, as pale and beautiful as vice, — that great harlot of nations, decked with the wealth of the East, and bestriding a hydra belching forth rivers of poison on all human pathways, — is Civilization; is humanity demoralized by luxury and science;

is the torrent of venom which will swallow up all virtue, all hope of regeneration."

"O Lélia!" exclaimed the poet, struck by superstition, "are not you that terrible and unhappy phantom? How many times this fear has taken possession of my dreams! How many times you have appeared to me as the type of the unspeakable agony to which the spirit of inquiry has driven man! With your beauty and your sadness, your weariness and your skepticism, do you not personify the excess of sorrow produced by the abuse of thought? Have you not given up, and as it were prostituted, that moral power, so highly developed by what art, poetry, and science have done for it, to every new impression and error? Instead of clinging faithfully and prudently to the simple creed of your fathers, and to the instinctive indifference God has implanted in man for his peace and preservation; instead of confining yourself to a pious life free from vain show, you have abandoned yourself to all the seductions of ambitious philosophy. You have cast yourself into the torrent of civilization rising to destroy, and which by dashing along too swiftly has ruined the scarcely laid foundations of the future. And because you have delayed the work of centuries for a few days, you think you have shattered the hour-glass of Eternity. There is much pride in this grief, Lélia! But God will make this billow of stormy centuries, that for him are but a drop in the ocean, float by. The devouring hydra will perish for lack of food; and from its world-covering corpse a new race will issue, stronger and more patient than the old."

"You see far into the future, Sténio. You personify Nature for me, and are her unspotted child. You have not yet blunted your faculties: you believe yourself immortal because you feel yourself young and like that untilled valley now blooming in pride and beauty, — never dreaming that in a single day the plowshare and the hundred-handed monster called industry can tear its bosom to rob it of its treasures; you are growing up full of trust and presumption, not foreseeing your coming life, which will drag you down under the weight of its errors, disfigure you with the false colors of its promises. Wait, wait a few years, and you too will say, 'All is passing away!'"

"No, all is not passing away!" said Sténio. "Look at the sun, and the earth, and the beautiful sky, and these green hills; and even that ice, winter's fragile edifice which has withstood the rays of summer for centuries. Even so man's frail power

will prevail! What matters the fall of a few generations? Do you weep for so slight a thing, Lélia? Do you deem it possible a single idea can die in the universe? Will not that imperishable inheritance be found intact in the dust of our extinct races, just as the inspirations of art and the discoveries of science arise alive each day from the ashes of Pompeii or the tombs of Memphis? Oh, what a great and striking proof of intellectual immortality! Deep mysteries had been lost in the night of time; the world had forgotten its age, and thinking itself still young, was alarmed at feeling itself so old. It said as you do, Lélia: 'I am about to end, for I am growing weak, and I was born but a few days ago! How few I shall need for dying, since so few were needed for living!' But one day human corpses were exhumed from the bosom of Egypt — Egypt that had lived out its period of civilization, and has just lived its period of barbarism! Egypt, where the ancient light, lost so long, is being rekindled, and a rested and rejuvenated Egypt may perhaps soon come and establish herself upon the extinguished torch of our own. Egypt, the living image of her mummies sleeping under the dust of ages, and now awaking to the broad daylight of science in order to reveal the age of the old world to the new! Is this not solemn and terrible, Lélia? Within the dried-up entrails of a human corpse, the inquisitive glance of our century discovered the papyrus, that mysterious and sacred monument of man's eternal power, — the still dark but incontrovertible witness of the imposing duration of creation. Our eager hand unrolls those perfumed bandages, those frail and indissoluble shrouds at which destruction stopped short. These bandages that once enfolded a corpse, these manuscripts that have rested under fleshless ribs in the place once occupied perhaps by a soul, are human thought; expressed in the science of signs, and transmitted by the help of an art we had lost, but have found again in the sepulchres of the East, — the art of preserving the remains of the dead from the outrages of corruption, — the greatest power in the universe. O Lélia, deny the youth of the world if you can, when you see it stop in artless ignorance before the lessons of the past, and begin to live on the forgotten ruins of an unknown world."

"*Knowledge* is not *power*," replied Lélia. "Learning over again is not progress; seeing is not living. Who will give us back the power to act, and above all, the art of enjoying and retaining? We have gone too far forward now to retreat. What was merely repose for eclipsed civilizations will be death

for our tired-out one; the rejuvenated nations of the East will come and intoxicate themselves with the poison we have poured on our soil. The bold barbarian drinkers may perhaps prolong the orgy of luxury a few hours into the night of time; but the venom we shall bequeath them will promptly be mortal for them, as it was for us, and all will drop back into blackness. . . . In fact, Sténio, do you not see that the sun is withdrawing from us? Is not the earth, wearied in its journey, noticeably drifting towards darkness and chaos? Is your blood so young and ardent as not to feel the touch of that chill spread like a pall over this planet abandoned to Fate, the most powerful of the gods? Oh, the cold! that penetrating pain driving sharp needles into every pore. That cursed breath that withers flowers and burns them like fire; that pain at once physical and mental, which invades both soul and body, penetrates to the depths of thought, and paralyzes mind as well as blood! Cold — the sinister demon who grazes the universe with his damp wing, and breathes pestilence on bewildered nations! Cold, tarnishing everything, unrolling its gray and nebulous veil over the sky's rich tints, the waters' reflections, the hearts of flowers, and the cheeks of maidens! Cold, that casts its white winding-sheet over fields and woods and lakes, even over the fur and feathers of animals? Cold, that discolors all in the material as well as in the intellectual world; not only the coats of bears and hares on the shores of Archangel, but the very pleasures of man and the character of his habits in the spots it approaches! You surely see that everything is being civilized; that is to say, growing cold. The bronzed nations of the torrid zone are beginning to open their timid and suspicious hands to the snares of our skill; lions and tigers are being tamed, and come from the desert to amuse the peoples of the north. Animals which had never been able to grow accustomed to our climate, now leave their warm sun without dying, to live in domesticity among us, and even forget the proud and bitter sorrow which used to kill them when enslaved. It is because blood is congealing and growing poorer everywhere, while instinct grows and develops. The soul rises and leaves the earth, no longer sufficient for her needs, to steal the fire of Prometheus from heaven again: but, lost in darkness, it stops in its flight and falls; for God, seeing its presumption, stretches forth his hand and deprives it of the sun."

A Revelation.

(From "Consuelo.")

. . . . . .

Consuelo, now an orphan, continued to ply her needle and study music, as well to procure means for the present as to prepare for her union with Anzoleto. During two years he continued to visit her in her garret, without experiencing any passion for her, or being able to feel it for others, so much did the charm of being with her seem preferable to all other things.

Without fully appreciating the lofty faculties of his companion, he could see that her attainments and capabilities were superior to those of any of the singers at San Samuel, or even to those of Corilla herself. To his habitual affection were now added the hope, and almost the conviction, that a community of interests would render their future existence at once brilliant and profitable. Consuelo thought little of the future; foresight was not among her good qualities. She would have cultivated music without any other end in view than that of fulfilling her vocation; and the community of interest which the practise of that art was to realize between her and her friend had no other meaning to her than that of an association of happiness and affection. It was therefore without apprising her of it, that he conceived the hope of realizing their dreams; and learning that Zustiniani had decided on replacing Corilla, Anzoleto, sagaciously divining the wishes of his patron, had made the proposal which has already been mentioned.

But Consuelo's ugliness — this strange, unexpected, and invincible drawback, if the count indeed were not deceived — had struck terror and consternation to his soul. So he retraced his steps to the Corte Minelli, stopping every instant to recall to his mind, in a new point of view, the likeness of his friend, and to repeat again and again, "Not pretty? — ugly? — frightful?"

. . . . . .

"Why do you stare at me so?" said Consuelo, seeing him enter her apartment, and fix a steady gaze upon her, without uttering a word. "One would think you had never seen me before."

"It is true, Consuelo," he replied; "I have never seen you."

"Are you crazy?" continued she; "I know not what you mean."

"Ah, Heavens! I fear I am," exclaimed Anzoleto. "I have a dark, hideous spot in my brain, which prevents me from seeing you."

"Holy Virgin! you are ill, my friend!"

"No, dear girl; calm yourself, and let me endeavor to see clearly. Tell me, Consuelo, do you think me handsome?"

"Surely I do, since I love you."

"But if you did not love me, what would you think of me then?"

"How can I know?"

"But when you look at other men, do you know whether they are handsome or ugly?"

"Yes; but I find you handsomer than the handsomest."

"Is it because I am so or because you love me?"

"Both one and the other, I think. Everybody calls you handsome, and you know that you are so. But why do you ask?"

"I wish to know if you would love me were I frightful?"

"I should not be aware of it, perhaps."

"Do you believe, then, that it is possible to love one who is ugly?"

"Why not, since you love me?"

"Are you ugly, then, Consuelo? Tell me truly — are you indeed ugly?"

"They have always told me so — do you not see it?"

"No; in truth, I see no such thing."

"In that case, I am handsome enough, and am well satisfied."

"Hold there, Consuelo. When you look at me so sweetly, so lovingly, so naturally, I think you prettier far than Corilla; but I want to know if it be an illusion of my imagination or reality. I know the expression of your countenance; I know that it is good, and that it pleases me. When I am angry it calms me; when sorrowful it cheers me; when I am cast down it revives me. But your features, Consuelo, I cannot tell if they are ugly or not."

"But I ask you once more, what does it concern you?"

"I must know; tell me therefore, if it be possible for a handsome man to love an ugly woman."

"You loved my poor mother, who was no better than a spectre, and I loved her so dearly!"

"And did you think her ugly?"

"No; did you?"

"I thought nothing about it. But to love with passion, Consuelo — for, in truth, I love you passionately, do I not? I cannot live without you — cannot quit you. Is not that love, Consuelo?"

"Could it be anything else?"

"Could it be friendship?"

"Yes, it might, indeed, be friendship —"

Here the much surprised Consuelo paused and looked attentively at Anzoleto, while he, falling into a melancholy reverie, asked himself for the first time whether it was love or friendship which he felt for Consuelo; or whether the moderation and propriety of his demeanor were the result of respect or indifference. For the first time he looked at the young girl with the eyes of a youth; analyzed, not without difficulty, her face, her form, her eyes — all the details, in fine, of which he had had hitherto but a confused ideal in his mind. For the first time Consuelo was embarrassed by the demeanor of her friend. She blushed, her heart beat with violence, and she turned aside her head, unable to support Anzoleto's gaze. At last, as he preserved a silence which she did not care to break, a feeling of anguish took possession of her heart, tears rolled down her cheeks, and she hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, I see it plainly," said she; "you have come to tell me that you will no longer have me for your friend."

"No, no; I did not say that — I did not say that!" exclaimed Anzoleto, terrified by the tears which he caused her to shed for the first time; and, restored to all his brotherly feeling, he folded Consuelo in his arms. But as she turned her head aside, he kissed, in place of her calm, cool cheek, a glowing shoulder, ill-concealed by a handkerchief of black lace.

"I know not well what ails me," exclaimed Consuelo, tearing herself from his arms; "I think I am ill; I feel as if I were going to die."

"You must not die," said Anzoleto, following and supporting her in his arms; "you are fair, Consuelo — yes, you are fair!"

In truth, she was then very fair. Anzoleto never inquired how, but he could not help repeating it, for his heart felt it warmly.

"But," said Consuelo, pale and agitated, "why do you insist so on finding me pretty to-day?"

"Would you not wish to be so, dear Consuelo?"

"Yes, for you!"

"And for others too?"

"It concerns me not."

"But if it influenced our future prospects?" Here Anzoleto, seeing the uneasiness which he caused his betrothed, told her candidly all that had occurred between the count and himself. And when he came to repeat the expressions, anything but flattering, which Zustiniani had employed when speaking of her, the good Consuelo, now perfectly tranquil, could not restrain a violent burst of laughter, drying at the same time her tear-stained eyes.

"Well?" said Anzoleto, surprised at this total absence of vanity, "do you take it so coolly? Ah! Consuelo, I can see that you are a little coquette. You know very well that you are not ugly."

"Listen," said she, smiling; "since you are so serious about trifles, I find I must satisfy you a little. I never was a coquette, and not being handsome, do not wish to seem ridiculous. But as to being ugly, I am no longer so."

"Indeed! Who has told you?"

"First it was my mother, who was never uneasy about my ugliness. I heard her often say that she was far less passable than I in her infancy, and yet when she was twenty she was the handsomest girl in Burgos. You know that when the people looked at her in the *cafés* where she sang, they said, 'This woman must have been once beautiful.' See, my good friend, beauty is fleeting; when its possessor is sunk in poverty it lasts for a moment and then is no more. I might become handsome — who knows? — if I was not to be too much exhausted, if I got sound rest, and did not suffer too much from hunger."

"Consuelo, we will never part. I shall soon be rich. You will then want for nothing, and can be pretty at your ease."

"Heaven grant it; but God's will be done!"

"But all this is nothing to the purpose; we must see if the count will find you handsome enough for the theatre."

"That hard-hearted count? Let us trust that he will not be too exacting."

"First and foremost then, you are not ugly?"

"No; I am not ugly. I heard the glass-blower over the

way there say not long ago to his wife, 'Do you know that little Consuelo is not so much amiss? She has a fine figure, and when she laughs she fills one's heart with joy; but when she sings, oh, how beautiful she is!'"

"And what did the glass-blower's wife say?"

"She said: 'What is it to you? Mind your business. What has a married man to do with young girls?'"

"Did she appear angry?"

"Oh, very angry."

"It is a good sign. She knew that her husband was not far wrong. Well, what more?"

"Why, the Countess Moncenigo, who gives out work and has always been kind to me, said last week to Dr. Ancillo, who was there when I called: 'Only look, doctor, how this *Zitella* has grown, how fair she is and how well made!'"

"And what did the doctor say?"

"'Very true, madam,' said he; '*per Bacco!* I should not have known her: she is one of those constitutions that become handsome when they gain a little fat. She will be a fine girl, you will see that.'"

"And what more?"

"Then the superior of Santa Chiara, for whom I work embroidery for the altars, said to one of the sisters: 'Does not Consuelo resemble Santa Cecilia? Every time that I pray before her image I cannot help thinking of this little one, and then I pray for her that she may never fall into sin and that she may never sing but for the church.'"

"And what said the sister?"

"The sister replied: 'It is true, mother — it is quite true.' As for myself, I hastened to the church and looked at their Cecilia, which is painted by a great master, and is very, very beautiful."

"And like you?"

"A little."

"And you never told me that?"

"I never thought of it."

"Dear Consuelo, you are beautiful then?"

"I do not think so; but I am not so ugly as they say. One thing is certain — they no longer call me ugly. Perhaps they think it would give me pain to hear it."

"Let me see, little Consuelo; look at me. First, you have the most beautiful eyes in the world."

"But my mouth is large," said Consuelo, laughing, and taking up a broken bit of looking-glass which served her as a *psyche*.

"It is not very small, indeed, but then what glorious teeth!" said Anzoleto; "they are as white as pearls, and when you smile you show them all."

"In that case you must say something that will make me laugh, when we are with the count."

"You have magnificent hair, Consuelo."

"Oh, yes; would you like to see it?" and she loosed the pins which fastened it, and her dark, shining locks fell in flowing masses to the floor.

"Your chest is broad, your waist small, your shoulders — ah, they are beautiful, Consuelo!"

"My feet," said Consuelo, turning the conversation, "are not so bad;" and she held up a little Andalusian foot, a beauty almost unknown in Venice.

"Your hand is beautiful, also," said Anzoleto, kissing for the first time that hand which he had hitherto clasped only in compassion. "Let me see your arms."

"But you have seen them a hundred times," said she, removing her long gloves.

"No; I have never seen them," said Anzoleto, whose admiration every moment increased, and he again relapsed into silence, gazing with beaming eyes on the young girl, in whom each moment he discovered new beauties.

All at once Consuelo, embarrassed by this display, endeavored to regain her former quiet enjoyment, and began to pace up and down the apartment, gesticulating and singing from time to time, in a somewhat exaggerated fashion, several passages from the lyric drama, just as if she were a performer on the stage.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Anzoleto, ravished with surprise at finding her capable of a display which she had not hitherto manifested.

"It is anything but magnificent," said Consuelo, reseating herself; "and I hope you only spoke in jest."

"It would be magnificent on the boards, at any rate. I assure you there would not be a gesture too much. Corilla would burst with jealousy, for it is just the way she gets on when they applaud her to the skies."

"My dear Anzoleto, I do not wish that Corilla should grow

jealous about any such nonsense; if the public were to applaud me merely because I knew how to ape her, I would never appear before them."

"You would do better then?"

"I hope so, or I should never attempt it."

"Very well; how would you manage?"

"I cannot say."

"Try."

"No; for all this is but a dream; and until they have decided whether I am ugly or not, we had better not plan any more fine projects. Perhaps we are a little mad just now, and after all, as the count has said, Consuelo may be frightful."

This last supposition caused Anzoleto to take his leave.

Porpora.

(From "Consuelo.")

At this period of his life, though almost unknown to biographers, Porpora, one of the best Italian composers of the eighteenth century, the pupil of Scarlatti, the master of Hasse, Farinelli, Cafariello, Mingotti, Salimbini, Hubert (surnamed the Porporino), of Gabrielli, of Monteni — in a word, the founder of the most celebrated school of his time — languished in obscurity at Venice, in a condition bordering on poverty and despair. Nevertheless, he had formerly been director of the conservatory of the *Aspedaletto* in the same city, and this period of his life had been even brilliant. He had there written and performed his best operas, his most beautiful cantatas, and his finest church music. Invited to Vienna in 1728, he had there after some effort gained the favor of the Emperor Charles VI. Patronized at the court of Saxony, where he gave lessons to the electoral princess, Porpora from that repaired to London, where he rivalled, for nine or ten years, the glory of Händel, the master of masters, whose star at that period had begun to pale. The genius of the latter, however, obtained the supremacy, and Porpora, wounded in pride and purse, had returned to Venice to resume the direction of another conservatory. He still composed operas, but found it difficult to get them represented. His last, although written in Venice, was brought out in London, where it had no success. His genius had incurred these serious assaults, against which fortune and glory might perhaps have sustained him; but the neglect and ingratitude of Hasse, Farinelli, and

Cafariello, broke his heart, soured his character, and poisoned his old age. He is known to have died miserable and neglected in his eightieth year at Naples.

At the period when Count Zustiniani, foreseeing and almost desiring the defection of Corilla, sought to replace her, Porpora was subject to violent fits of ill humor, not always without foundation; for if they preferred and sang at Venice the music of Jomilli, of Lotti, of Carissimi, of Gaspirini, and other excellent masters, they also adopted without discrimination the productions of Cocchi, of Buini, of Salvator Apollini, and other local composers, whose common and easy style served to flatter mediocrity. The operas of Hasse could not please a master justly dissatisfied. The worthy but unfortunate Porpora, therefore, closing his heart and ears alike to modern productions, sought to crush them under the glory and authority of the ancients. He judged too severely of the graceful compositions of Galuppi, and even the original fantasias of Chiozzetto, a favorite composer at Venice. In short, he would only speak of Martini, Durante, Monte Verde, and Palestrina; I do not know if even Marcello and Leo found favor in his eyes. It was therefore with reserve and dissatisfaction that he received the first overtures of Zustiniani concerning his poor pupil, whose good fortune and glory he nevertheless desired to promote; for he had too much experience not to be aware of her abilities and her deserts. But he shook his head at the idea of the profanation of a genius so pure, and so liberally nurtured on the sacred manna of the old masters, and replied, — "Take her, if it must be so — this spotless soul, this stainless intellect — cast her to the dogs, hand her over to the brutes, for such seems the destiny of genius at the period in which we live."

This dissatisfaction, at once grave and ludicrous, gave the count a lofty idea of the merit of the pupil from the high value which the severe master attached to it.

"So, so, my dear maestro," he exclaimed, "is that indeed your opinion? is this Consuelo a creature so extraordinary, so divine?"

"You shall hear her," said Porpora, with an air of resignation, while he murmured, "It is her destiny."

The count succeeded in raising the spirits of the master from their state of depression, and led him to expect a serious reform in the choice of operas. He promised to exclude inferior productions so soon as he should succeed in getting rid of Corilla,

to whose caprices he attributed their admission and success. He even dexterously gave him to understand that he would be very reserved as to Hasse; and declared that if Porpora would write an opera for Consuelo, the pupil would confer a double glory on her master in expressing his thoughts in a style which suited them, as well as realize a lyric triumph for San Samuel and for the count.

Porpora, fairly vanquished, began to thaw, and now secretly longed for the coming out of his pupil, as much as he had hitherto dreaded it from the fear that she would be the means of adding fresh lustre to the productions of his rivals. But as the count expressed some anxiety touching Consuelo's appearance, he refused to permit him to hear her in private and without preparation.

"I do not wish you to suppose," said he, in reply to the count's questions and entreaties, "that she is a beauty. A poorly dressed and timid girl, in presence of a nobleman and a judge — a child of the people, who has never been the object of the slightest attention — cannot dispense with some preparatory toilet. And besides, Consuelo is one whose expression genius ennobles in an extraordinary degree. She must be seen and heard at the same time. Leave it all to me; if you are not satisfied you may leave her alone, and I shall find out means of making her a good nun, who will be the glory of the school and the instructress of future pupils." Such in fact was the destiny which Porpora had planned for Consuelo.

When he saw his pupil again, he told her that she was to be heard and an opinion given of her by the count; but as she was uneasy on the score of her looks, he gave her to understand that she would not be seen — in short that she would sing behind the organ-screen, the count being merely present at the service in the church. He advised her, however, to dress with some attention to appearance, as she would have to be presented, and though the noble master was poor he gave her money for the purpose. Consuelo, frightened and agitated, busied for the first time in her life with attention to her person, hastened to see after her toilet and her voice. She tried the last, and found it so fresh, so brilliant, and so full, that Anzoleto, to whom she sung, more than once repeated with ecstasy, "Alas! why should they require more than that she knows how to sing?"

A Triumph.

(From "Consuelo.")

On the eve of the important day, Anzoleto found Consuelo's door closed and locked, and after having waited for a quarter of an hour on the stairs, he finally obtained permission to see his friend in her festal attire, the effect of which she wished to try before him. She had on a handsome flowered muslin dress, a lace handkerchief, and powder. She was so much altered, that Anzoleto was for some moments uncertain whether she had gained or lost by the change. The hesitation which Consuelo read in his eyes was as the stroke of a dagger to her heart.

"Ah!" said she, "I see very well that I do not please you. How can I hope to please a stranger, when he who loves me sees nothing agreeable in my appearance?"

"Wait a little," replied Anzoleto. "I like your elegant figure in those long stays, and the distinguished air which this lace give you. The large folds of your petticoat suit you to admiration, but I regret your long black hair. However, it is the fashion, and to-morrow you must be a lady."

"And why must I be a lady? For my part I hate this powder, which fades one, and makes even the most beautiful grow old before her time. I have an artificial air under all these furbelows; in short, I am not satisfied with myself, and I see you are not so either. Oh! by the by, I was at rehearsal this morning, and saw Clorinda, who also was trying on a new dress. She was so gay, so fearless, so handsome (oh! she must be happy — you need not look twice at her to be sure of her beauty), that I feel afraid of appearing beside her before the count."

"You may be easy; the count has seen her, and has heard her too."

"And did she sing badly?"

"As she always does."

"Ah, my friend, these rivalries spoil the disposition. A little while ago, if Clorinda, who is a good girl notwithstanding her vanity, had been spoken of unfavorably by a judge, I should have been sorry for her from the bottom of my heart; I should have shared her grief and humiliation; and now I find myself rejoicing at it! To strive, to envy, to seek to injure each other, and all that for a man whom we do not love, whom we do not even know! I feel very low-spirited, my dear love, and it seems to me as if I were as much frightened by the idea of succeeding

as by that of failing. It seems as if our happiness was coming to a close, and that to-morrow after the trial, whatever may be the result, I shall return to this poor apartment a different person from what I have hitherto lived in it."

Two large tears rolled down Consuelo's cheeks.

"What! are you going to cry now?" said Anzoleto. "Do you think of what you are doing? You will dim your eyes and swell your eyelids. Your eyes, Consuelo! do not spoil your eyes, which are the most beautiful feature in your face."

"Or rather the least ugly," said she, wiping away her tears. "Come, when we give ourselves up to the world we have no longer any right to weep."

Her friend tried to console her, but she was exceedingly dejected all the rest of the day; and in the evening, as soon as she was alone, she carefully brushed out the powder, combed and smoothed her ebon hair, tried on a little dress of black silk, still fresh and well preserved, which she usually wore on Sundays, and recovered some portion of her confidence on once more recognizing herself in her mirror. Then she prayed fervently and thought of her mother, until, melted to tears, she cried herself to sleep. When Anzoleto came to seek her the next day in order to conduct her to the church, he found her seated before her spinet, dressed as for a holyday, and practising her trial piece. "What!" cried he, "your hair not dressed! not yet ready! It is almost the hour. What are you thinking of, Consuelo?"

"My friend," answered she resolutely, "my hair is dressed, I am ready, I am tranquil. I wish to go as I am. Those fine robes do not suit me. You like my black hair better than if it were covered with powder. This waist does not impede my breathing. Do not endeavor to change my resolution; I have made up my mind. I have prayed to God to direct me, and my mother to watch over my conduct. God has directed me to be modest and simple. My mother has visited me in my dreams, and she said what she has always said to me: 'Try to sing well —Providence will do the rest.' I saw her take my fine dress, my laces and my ribbons, and arrange them in the wardrobe; and then she put my black frock and my mantilla of muslin on the chair at the side of my bed. As soon as I awoke I put past my costume as she had done in the dream, and I put on the black frock and mantilla which you see. I feel more courage since I have renounced the idea of pleasing by means which I do not know how to use. Now, hear my voice; everything depends on that, you know." She sounded a note.

"Just Heavens! we are lost," cried Anzoleto; "your voice is husky and your eyes are red. You have been weeping yesterday evening, Consuelo; here 's a fine business! I tell you we are lost; you are foolish to dress yourself in mourning on a holyday — it brings bad luck and makes you ugly. Now quick! quick! put on your beautiful dress, while I go and buy you some rouge. You are as pale as a spectre."

This gave rise to a lively discussion between them. Anzoleto was a little rude. The poor girl's mind was again agitated, and her tears flowed afresh. Anzoleto was irritated still more, and in the midst of their debate the hour struck — the fatal hour (a quarter before two), just time enough to run to the church and reach it out of breath. Anzoleto cursed and swore. Consuelo, pale and trembling as a star of the morning which mirrors itself in the bosom of the lagoons, looked for the last time into her little broken mirror; then turning, she threw herself impetuously into Anzoleto's arms. "Oh, my friend," cried she, "do not scold me — do not curse me. On the contrary, press me to your heart, and drive from my cheek this deathlike paleness. May your kiss be as the fire from the altar upon the lips of Isaiah, and may God not punish us for having doubted his assistance."

Then she hastily threw her mantilla over her head, took the music in her hand, and dragging her dispirited lover after her, ran toward the church of the Mendicanti, where the crowd had already assembled to hear the magnificent music of Porpora. Anzoleto, more dead than alive, proceeded to join the count, who had appointed to meet him in his gallery; and Consuelo mounted to the organ loft, where the choir was already arranged, and the professor seated before his desk. Consuelo did not know that the gallery of the count was so situated as to command a full view of the organ loft, that he already had his eyes fixed upon her, and did not lose one of her movements.

But he could not as yet distinguish her features, for she knelt on arriving, hid her face in her hands, and began to pray with fervent devotion. "My God," said she, in the depths of her heart, "thou knowest that I do not ask Thee to raise me above my rivals in order to abase them. Thou knowest that I do not wish to give myself to the world and to profane arts, in order to abandon Thy love, and to lose myself in the paths of vice. Thou knowest that pride does not swell my soul, and that it is in order to live with him whom my mother permitted me to love,

never to separate myself from him, to insure his enjoyment and happiness, that I ask Thee to sustain me, and to ennoble my voice and my thoughts when I shall sing Thy praise!"

When the first sound of the orchestra called Consuelo to her place, she rose slowly, her mantilla fell from her shoulders, and her face was at length visible to the impatient and restless spectators in the neighboring tribune. But what marvellous change is here in this young girl, just now so pale, so cast down, so overwhelmed by fatigue and fear! The ether of heaven seemed to bedew her lofty forehead, while a gentle languor was diffused over the noble and graceful outlines of her figure. Her tranquil countenance expressed none of those petty passions which seek, and as it were exact, applause. There was something about her, solemn, mysterious, and elevated — at once lofty and affecting.

"Courage, my daughter!" said the professor in a low voice. "You are about to sing the music of a great master, and he is here to listen to you."

"Who? — Marcello?" said Consuelo, seeing the professor lay the Hymns of Marcello open on the desk.

"Yes — Marcello," replied he. "Sing as usual — nothing more and nothing less — and all will be well."

Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had in fact come once again to revisit Venice, his birthplace, where he had gained renown as composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy toward Porpora, who had requested him to be present in his school, intending to surprise him with the performance of Consuelo, who knew his magnificent "*I cieli immensi narrano*" by heart. Nothing could be better adapted to the religious glow that now animated the heart of this noble girl. So soon as the first words of this lofty and brilliant production shone before her eyes, she felt as if wafted into another sphere. Forgetting Count Zustiniani — forgetting the spiteful glances of her rivals — forgetting even Anzoleto — she thought only of God and of Marcello, who seemed to interpret those wondrous regions whose glory she was about to celebrate. What subject so beautiful! what conception so elevated!

I cieli immensi narrano
Del grandi Iddio la gloria
Il firmamento lucido
All' universo annunzia
Quanto sieno mirabili
Della sua destra le opere.

A divine glow overspread her features, and the sacred fire of genius darted from her large black eyes, as the vaulted roof rang with that unequalled voice, and with those lofty accents which could only proceed from an elevated intellect, joined to a good heart. After he had listened for a few instants, a torrent of delicious tears streamed from Marcello's eyes. The count, unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed: "By the Holy Rood, this woman is beautiful! She is Santa Cecilia, Santa Teresa, Santa Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As for Anzoleto, who had risen, and whose trembling knees barely sufficed to sustain him with the aid of his hands, which clung convulsively to the grating of the tribune, he fell back upon his seat ready to swoon, intoxicated with pride and joy.

It required all the respect due to the locality, to prevent the numerous *dilettanti* in the crowd from bursting into applause as if they had been in the theatre. The count would not wait till the close of the service to express his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. She was obliged to repair to the tribune of the count to receive the thanks and gratitude of Marcello. She found him so much agitated as to be hardly able to speak.

"My daughter," said he, with a broken voice, "receive the blessing of a dying man. You have caused me to forget for an instant the mortal sufferings of many years. A miracle seems exerted in my behalf, and the unrelenting, frightful malady appears to have fled forever at the sound of your voice. If the angels above sing like you, I shall long to quit the world in order to enjoy that happiness which you have made known to me. Blessings then be on you, oh my child, and may your earthly happiness correspond with your deserts! I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, and the rest; but they are not to be named along with you. It is reserved for you to let the world hear what it has never yet heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever yet felt."

Consuelo, overwhelmed by this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, and almost bending to the ground, kissed, without being able to utter a word, the livid finger of the dying man; then rising she cast a look upon Anzoleto which seemed to say, "Ungrateful one, you knew not what I was!"

SAPPHO.

Sappho, a Greek poetess who flourished about 600 B. C. Little is known of her life. She was a native of Eresos or of Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos, was left a widow at an early age, became noted for her unquestionable genius, and finally took up her residence on the island of Sicily. Sappho tried many styles of verse, even epics, but was especially famous for her lyrics, and was often designated as "the tenth Muse." She was also styled "the Poetess," just as Homer was styled "the Poet." Of her poems none are now extant, excepting a few which have been preserved by being quoted by others. These "Remains" consist of a "Hymn to Aphrodite" or Venus; part of an amatory poem cited by Longinus in his treatise on the Sublime, and a few fragments gathered in the "Greek Anthology." All told, not more than two hundred lines composed by Sappho are now extant. She is reputed to have originated a peculiar Greek metre, which goes by her name, and has frequently been imitated in English verse.

To Aphrodite.

Thou of the throne of many changing hues,
Immortal Venus, artful child of Jove, —
Forsake me not, O Queen, I pray! nor bruise
My heart with pain of love.

But hither come, if e'er from other home
Thine ear hath heard mine oft-repeated calls;
If thou hast yoked thy golden car and come,
Leaving thy father's halls;

If ever fair, fleet sparrows hastened forth,
And swift on wheeling pinions bore thee nigher,
From heights of heaven above the darkened earth,
Down through the middle fire.

Ah, swift they came; then, Blessèd One, didst thou
With countenance immortal smile on me,
And ask me what it was that ailed me now,
And why I called on thee;

SAPPHO

And what I most desired should come to pass,
To still my soul inspired: "Whom dost thou long
To have Persuasion lead to thine embrace?
Who, Sappho, does thee wrong?

"For if she flee, she quickly shall pursue;
If gifts she take not, gifts she yet shall bring;
And if she love not, love shall thrill her through,
Though strongly combating."

Then come to me even now, and set me free
From sore disquiet; and that for which I sigh
With fervent spirit, bring to pass for me:
Thyself be mine ally!

To the Beloved.

I hold him as the gods above,
The man who sits before thy feet,
And, near thee, hears thee whisper sweet,
And brighten with the smiles of love.

Thou smiledst: like a timid bird
My heart cowered fluttering in its place.
I saw thee but a moment's space,
And yet I could not frame a word.

My tongue was broken; 'neath my skin
A subtle flame shot over me;
And with my eyes I could not see;
My ears were filling with whirling din.

And then I feel the cold sweat pour,
Through all my frame a trembling pass;
My face is paler than the grass:
To die would seem but little more.

EPES SARGENT.

Sargent, Epes, an American journalist, critic, and miscellaneous writer; born at Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1813; died at Roxbury, Mass., December 31, 1880. He wrote several dramas: "The Bride of Genoa" (1836); "Velasco" (1837); "Change Makes Change," and "The Priestess." Among his other works are: "Wealth and Worth" (1840); "Fleetwood," a novel (1845); "Songs of the Sea, and other Poems" (1847); "Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land" (1857); "Peculiar" (1863); "The Woman Who Dared," and "Planchette," a work relating to Spiritualism (1869). His series of school-books is well known to the American schoolboy, and consists of several sets of Speakers, Readers and Spelling-books. The "Standard Speaker" is probably the most popular work of the kind in the country. Mr. Sargent also wrote a "Life of Henry Clay," and a "Memoir of Benjamin Franklin." Among Mr. Sargent's strictly original works are several well-known songs, of which may be mentioned "A Life on the Ocean Wave;" "The Calm;" "The Gale;" "Tropical Weather."

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

A life on the ocean wave,
  A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters wave,
  And the winds their revels keep:
Like an eagle caged I pine,
  On this dull unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
  The spray and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
  Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Let sail! farewell to the land!
  The gale follows far abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
  Like an ocean-bird set free —
Like the ocean-bird, our home
  We 'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We 'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

Webster.

Night of the Tomb! He has entered thy portal;
Silence of Death! He is wrapped in thy shade;
All of the gifted and great that was mortal,
In the earth where the ocean-mist weepeth, is laid.

Lips, whence the voice that held Senates proceeded,
Form, lending argument aspect august,
Brow, like the arch that a nation's weight needed,
Eyes, well unfathomed of thought — all are dust.

Night of the Tomb! Through thy darkness is shining
A light since the Star in the East never dim;
No joy's exultation, no sorrow's repining,
Could hide it in life or life's ending from him.

Silence of Death! There were voices from heaven,
That pierced to the quick ear of Faith through the gloom:
The rod and the staff he asked for were given,
And he followed the Saviour's own path to the tomb.

Beyond it, above in an atmosphere finer,
Lo, infinite ranges of being to fill!
In that land of the spirit, that region diviner,
He liveth, he loveth, he laboreth still.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

SAVAGE, MINOT JUDSON, an American clergyman; born at Norridgewock, Maine, June 10, 1841. He was graduated from the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1864, and was for some years pastor of a Congregational church at Hannibal, Missouri. He became a Unitarian in 1874, and from 1874 to 1896 was pastor of the Church of the Unity in Boston. Since the latter year he has been pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York City. He has long been known as an extremely radical thinker. His sermons from 1879 to 1896 have been collected in seventeen volumes entitled "Unity Pulpit." His other works include "Christianity the Science of Manhood" (1873); "Light on the Clouds" (1876); "The Religion of Evolution" (1876); "Bluffton: a Story of To-Day" (1878); "Life Questions" (1879); "The Morals of Evolution" (1880); "Talks about Jesus" (1880); "Belief in God" (1881); "Poems" (1882); "Beliefs about Man" (1882); "Beliefs about the Bible" (1883); "The Modern Sphinx" (1883); "Man, Woman, and Child" (1884); "The Religious Life" (1885); "Social Problems" (1886); "These Degenerate Days" (1887); "My Creed" (1887); "Religious Reconstruction;" "Psychics" (1893); "Religion for To-Day" (1897.)

A DEFENCE OF UNITARIANISM.

(From a Sermon Delivered in the Church of the Messiah, New York, in November, 1897.)

"WHAT do you give in place of what you take away?" This question is proposed to Unitarians over and over again. It is looked upon as an unanswerable criticism. We are supposed to be people who tear down but do not build; people who take away the dear hopes and traditional faiths of the past and leave the world desolate, without God, without hope. I propose to try to make clear what it is that the world has lost as the result of the advance of modern knowledge, and what, if anything, it has gained.

It is modern knowledge, increasing knowledge, larger, clearer light, that takes away old beliefs. But if these old beliefs are not true, it simply means that we are discovering what is true — that is, having a clearer view and vision of God's ways and methods of governing the world.

The late Henry Ward Beecher, in a review article published not long before his death, said frankly this which I am saying now, and which I had said a good many times before Mr. Beecher's article was written — that no belief at all is infinitely, unspeakably better than those horrible beliefs which have dominated and darkened the world. I would rather believe in no God than in a bad God, such as He has been painted, and if I had my choice of the future, what would it be?

I have, I trust, just over there, father, mother, two brothers, numberless dear ones, and I hope to see them with a hope dearer than any other which I cherish; but if I were standing on the threshold of Heaven itself, and these loved ones were beckoning me to come in, and I had the choice between an eternity of felicity in their presence and eternal sleep, I would take the sleep rather than take this endless joy at the cost of the unceasing and unrelieved torment of the meanest soul that ever lived.

Now let me raise the question as to what has been taken away. I have taken nothing away. Unitarianism has taken nothing away, but the advance of modern knowledge, the larger, clearer revelation of God has taken away no end of things. What are they? In the first place, the old universe is taken away. That is, that little, tiny, playhouse affair, not so large as our solar system, which, in the first chapter of Genesis, God is reported to have made — as a carpenter working from the outside makes a house — inside of six days. That little universe — that is, the story of creation as told in the early chapters of Genesis — is absolutely gone. I shall tell you pretty soon what has taken the place of it.

Secondly, the God of the Old Testament and the God of most of the creeds has been taken away. That God who was jealous, who was partial, who was angry, who built a little world, and called it good, and then inside of a few days saw it slip out of His control into the hands of the devil, either because He could not help it or did not wish to; who watched this world develop for a little while and then, because it did

not go as He wanted it to, had to drown it and start over again; the God who in the Old Testament told the people that slavery was right, provided they did not enslave the members of their own nation, but only those outside of it; the God who indorsed polygamy, telling a man that he was at liberty to have just as many wives as he wanted and could obtain, and that he was free to dispose of them by simply giving them a little notice and telling them to quit; the God who indorsed hypocrisy and lying on the part of His people; the God who sent a little light on one little people along one edge of the Mediterranean, and left all the rest of the world in darkness; the God who is to damn all of these people who were left in darkness because they did not know that of which they never had any chance to hear; the God who is to cast all His enemies into the pit, trampling them down, as Jonathan Edwards describes so horribly to us, in His hate forever and ever. This God has been taken away.

In the third place, the story of Eden, the creation of man, and then immediately the fall of man, and the resulting doctrine of total depravity — this has been taken away. Then the old theory of the Bible has been taken away — that theory which makes it a book without error or flaw, and makes us under the highest obligation to receive all its teachings as the veritable word of God, though they seem to us hideous, blasphemous, immoral, degrading or not — this is gone.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in an article published within a year, treats the belief, the continued holding to this old theory about the Bible, under the head of "Christianity's Millstone." He writes from the point of view of the old belief, but he says if Christianity is going to be saved this millstone must be taken off from about its neck and allowed to sink into the sea.

If we hold that theory, What? Why, then we must still believe that in order to help on the slaughter of His enemies on the part of a barbarian general God stopped the whole machinery of the universe for hours until He got through with His killing. We must believe the literal story of Jonah's being swallowed by the whale. We must believe no end of incredibilities, and then, if we dare to read with our eyes open, we must believe immoral things, cruel things, about man and about God; things which this civilization would not think of were it not for the power of tradition, which hallows that which used to be believed in the past. This conception about the Bible, then, is gone.

Then, in the next place, the blood of atonement is gone. What does that mean to the world? It means that the Eternal Father either will not or cannot receive back to His heart His own erring, mistaken, wandering children unless the only begotten Son of God is slaughtered, and we, as the old, awful hymn has it, are plunged beneath this ocean of blood! Revolting, terrible, if you stop to think of it for one reasoning moment, that God cannot forgive unless He takes agony out of somebody equal to that from which He releases His own children! That, though embodied still in all the creeds, has been taken away; it is gone, like a long, hideous dream of darkness.

Belief in the devil has been taken away. What does that mean? It means that Christendom has held and taught for nearly two thousand years that God is not really King of the Universe; that he holds only a divided power, and that here thousands and thousands of years go by, and the devil controls the destiny of this world, and ruins right and left millions and millions of human souls, and that God either cannot help it or does not wish to, one of the two. This belief is taken away.

And then, lastly, that which I have touched on by implication already, the belief in endless punishment, is taken away. Are you sorry? Does anybody wish something put in the place of this? The belief that all those, except the elect — church members — those who have been through a special process called conversion, these, including all the millions on millions outside of Christendom, and from the beginning until to-day, have gone down to the flame that is never quenched, the worm that never dies, to linger on in useless torture forever and ever! — simply a monument of what is monstrously called the judgment of God. This is gone.

Is there anything of value taken away? In the place of the little, petty universe of Hebrew dreams what have we now? This magnificent revelation of the Copernican students; a universe infinite in its reach and in its grandeur, a universe fit at last to be the home of an infinite God; a universe grand enough to clothe Him and express Him, to manifest and reveal Him; a universe boundless; a universe that has grown through the ages and is growing still, and is to unfold more and more of the Divine beauty and glory for evermore. Is there any loss in this exchange?

Now, as to God. What is our God to-day? The heart, the

life, the soul of this infinite universe; justice that means justice; power that means power; love that surpasses all our imagination of love. A God who is eternal goodness. A God not off somewhere in the heavens, to whom we must send a messenger; a God who knows better what we need than we know ourselves, and is more ready to give to us than fathers are to give good gifts to their children. Is there any loss here?

In the third place, the new man that has come into modern thought. Not the broken fragments of a perfect Adam, not a man so equipped intellectually that, as they have been telling us for centuries, it was impossible for him to find the truth, or to know it when he did find it. Not this kind of man, but a man who has been on the planet hundreds of thousands of years; who has been learning by experience, who has been animal, who has been cruel, but who at every step has been trying to find the right, has been becoming a little truer and better; a being who has evolved all that is sweetest and finest in the history of the world, who has made no end of mistakes, who has committed no end of crimes, but who has learned through these processes, and at last has given us some specimens of what is possible by way of development in Abraham and Moses and Elijah, and David and Isaiah, and a long line of prophets and seers of the Old Testament time, not perfect, but magnificent types of actual men.

In my old days, when I preached in the orthodox church, if I thought of Jesus at all I was obliged to think of Him as somehow a second God, who stood between me and the first one, and through whom I hoped for deliverance from the law and the justice of the first. I had to think of Him as a part of a scheme that seemed to me unjust and cruel, involving the torture of some and the loss of most of the race. But now I think of Jesus and His cross as the most natural, and, at the same time, the divinest thing in the history of man. Jesus reveals to me to-day the humanness of God and the divineness of man. And He takes His place in the long line of the world's redeemers, those who have wrought atonement. How? Through faithfulness even unto death.

There is faith and there is faithfulness, and He shares this with thousands of others. There are thousands of men who have suffered more than Jesus did dying for His own truth; thousands of martyrs who, with His name on their lips, have

gone through greater torture than He did. All these, whoever has been faithful, whoever has suffered for the right, whoever has been true, have helped to work out the atonement, the reconciliation of the world with God, showing the beauty of truth, and bringing men into that admiration of it that helps them to come into accord with the divine life.

Then, one more point. Instead of the wail of the damned that is never, through all eternity, for one moment hushed in silence, we place the song of the redeemed, an eternal hope for every child born of the race. We do not believe it is possible for a human soul ultimately to be lost. Why? Because we believe in God. God either can save all souls, or He cannot. If He can and will not, then He is not God. If He would, and cannot, then He is not God. Let us reverently say it. He is under an infinite obligation to His own self, to His own righteousness, to His own truth, His own power, His own love, His own character, to see to it that all souls, some time, are reconciled to Him.

Mystery.

O why are darkness and thick cloud
Wrapped close for ever round the throne of God?
Why is our pathway still in mystery trod?
None answers, though we call aloud.

The seedlet of the rose,
While still beneath the ground,
Think you it ever knows
The mystery profound
Of its own power of birth and bloom,
Until it springs above its tomb?

The caterpillar crawls
Its mean life in the dust,
Or hangs upon the walls
A dead aurelian crust:
Think you the larva ever knew
Its gold-winged flight before it flew?

When from the port of Spain
Columbus sailed away,
And down the sinking main
Moved toward the setting day,
Could any words have made him see
The new worlds that were yet to be?

The boy with laugh and play
Fills out his little plan,
Still lisping day by day
Of how he 'll be a man;
But can you to his childish brain
Make aught of coming manhood plain?

Let heaven be just above us,
Let God be e'er so nigh,
Yet howsoe'er He love us,
And howe'er much we cry,
There is no speech that can make clear
The thing "that doth not yet appear."

'T is not that God loves mystery:
The things beyond us we can never know,
Until up to their lofty height we grow,
And finite grasps infinity.

The Age of Gold.

The God that to the fathers
Revealed His holy will
Has not the world forsaken, —
He 's with the children still.
Then envy not the twilight
That glimmered on their way;
Look up and see the dawning,
That broadens into day.

'T was but far off, in vision,
The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the Kingdom,
The better time to be:
To-day, we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold.

With trust in God's free spirit,
The ever-broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way,
Let us to-day be faithful,
As were the brave of old;
Till we, their work completing,
Bring in the age of gold!

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE.

Savage, Philip Henry, an American poet, son of Rev. Minot Savage, was born at North Brookfield, Massachusetts, February 11, 1868. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating from there in 1893. Since 1896 he has been employed in the Boston Public Library. He has published "First Poems and Fragments" (1895); "Poems" (1898).

Silkweed.

Lighter than dandelion down,
  Or feathers from the white moth's wing,
Out of the gates of bramble-town
  The silkweed goes a-gypsying.

Too fair to fly in autumn's rout,
  All winter in the sheath it lay;
But now, when spring is pushing out,
  The zephyr calls, "Away! Away!"

Through mullein, bramble, brake, and fern,
  Up from their cradle-spring they fly,
Beyond the boundary wall to turn
  And voyage through the friendly sky.

Softly, as if instinct with thought,
  They float and drift, delay and turn;
And one avoids and one is caught
  Between an oak-leaf and a fern;

And one holds by an airy line
  The spider drew from tree to tree;
And if the web is light and fine,
  'T is not so light and fine as he!

By permission of Copeland & Day.

And one goes questing up the wall
  As if to find a door; and then,
As if he did not care at all,
  Goes over and adown the glen.

And all in airiest fashion fare
  Adventuring, as if, indeed,
'T were not so grave a thing to bear
  The burden of a seed!

Fagots.

In Autumn, as the year comes round
(The seasons fall without a sound),
  By slow and stealth an ashen hue
  Comes on the green, comes on the blue.

The sticks I burned beneath a larch
The first bright day of tawny March
  Gave out their heat and fell away
  Successive into rose and gray.

Thus covertly, and term by term,
Like as the year, I grow infirm;
  Thus spend my substance like the fire,
  And like the last cold ash expire.

October.

This cool white morning by the wall
How welcome does the sunlight fall
To the curled aster, with its blue
Close-folded petals, out of view.
They open shining to the sun,
As if their year had just begun;
Nor guess (prophetic in the blast),
That this warm day may be the last.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Saxe, John Godfrey, an American journalist and popular poet; born at Highgate, Vt., June 2, 1816; died at Albany, N. Y., March 31, 1887. He was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, became a lawyer, and practised successfully until 1850, when he became editor and proprietor of the "Burlington Sentinel." He conducted this journal until 1856, soon after which he came to New York, and entered upon lecturing and other literary work. He had in the meantime put forth several volumes of poems, mostly humorous or satirical. In 1872 he became editor of the "Albany Journal," and took up his residence in that city. Several collected editions of his works have appeared; they include "Progress," a satire (1846); "New Rape of the Lock" (1847); "The Proud Miss McBride" (1848); "The Money-King, and Other Poems" (1859); "The Flying Dutchman" (1862); "Clever Stories of Many Nations" (1864); "The Times, the Telegraph, and Other Poems" (1865); "The Masquerade" (1865); "Fables and Legends in Verse" (1872); "Leisure Day Rhymes" (1875).

Rhyme of the Rail.

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale —
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations" in the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly coming to the same.
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a constant level travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts, looming very tall;
Gentleman at large, talking very small;
Gentleman in tights, with a looseish mien;
Gentleman in gray, looking rather green.

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Gentleman quite old, asking for the news;
Gentleman in black, in a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret, sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed, dreadfully in liquor!

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis-à-vis;*
Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me,
Asks about the distance, says it 's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket,
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale —
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

The Puzzled Census-Taker.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"[1]

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband of course?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

[1] *Nein*, pronounced *nine*, is the German for "*No.*

"The devil you have!" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering, '*Nine?*'"
"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

I'm Growing Old.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to moan and weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet, of late, I often sigh —
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in my eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing — yes —
I'm growing old! . . .

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of her wings —
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL.

Scheffel, Joseph Victor von, a prominent German novelist and poet; born at Karlsruhe, February 16, 1826; died there, April 9, 1886. He studied law and philology at Munich, Heidelberg, and Berlin (1843–47), was referendary at Säckingen (1848–53), and travelled in Italy (1852–53). In 1859 and 1860 he visited Thuringia, and from 1866 his home alternated between Karlsruhe and his estate at Radolfzell on the borders of Lake Constance. It was at Sorrento and the isle of Capri, in 1853, that he wrote "Der Trompeter von Säckingen," which was followed by his masterpiece, "Ekkehard" (1857). "Frau Aventiure," a somewhat similar work, appeared in 1863, and "Juniperus," romanesque studies on the Middle Ages, in 1866. A collection of poems of the time of the Minnesinger Heinrich von Ofterdingen and "Berg Psalmen" were issued in 1870. Other books were "Der Brautwillkomm auf Wartburg" (The Bride's Welcome), written for the Wartburg festival of 1873; some rural poems entitled "Waldeinsamkeit" (Woodland Solitude) (1880); "Der Heini von Steier," other verses (1883); and a novel, "Hugideo" (1884). After his death appeared "Fünf Dichtungen," and "Reisebilder" (1887), and in 1888 another volume entitled merely "Gedichte" (poems). While in Italy in 1852 he collected student songs and humorous poems, which he published the following year under the title "Gaudeamus."

Rejection and Flight.[1]

(From "Ekkehard.")

Ekkehard remained long sitting in the garden bower; then he rushed out into the darkness. He knew not whither his feet were carrying him.

In the morning he found himself on the top of the Hohenkrähen, which had stood silent and deserted since the forest woman's departure. The remains of the burnt hut lay in a confused heap. Where the living-room had once been, the Roman stone with the Mithras was still to be seen. Grass and ferns

[1] By permission of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

grew over it, and a blindworm was stealthily creeping up on the old weather-beaten idol.

Ekkehard burst into a wild, scornful laugh.

"The chapel of St. Hadwig!" he cried, striking his breast with his clenched hand. "Thus it must be!"

He upset the old Roman stone, and then mounted the rocky crest of the hill. There he threw himself down and pressed his forehead against the cool ground, which had once been touched by Frau Hadwig's foot. There he remained for a long time. When the scorching rays of the midday sun fell upon him, he still lay there, and — slept.

Toward evening he came back to the Hohentwiel, hot and haggard, and with an unsteady gait. Blades of grass clung to the woollen texture of his cowl.

The people of the castle timidly stepped out of his way, as if before one on whose forehead ill-luck had set her seal. In other times they had been wont to come toward him to entreat his blessing.

The duchess had noticed his absence, but made no inquiries about him. He went up to his tower, and seized a parchment, as if he would read. It was Gunzo's attack upon him. "Willingly I would exhort you to aid him with healing medicine; but I fear, I sadly fear, that his disease is too deeply rooted," was what he read.

He laughed. The arched ceiling threw back an echo; he leaped to his feet as if he wanted to find out who had laughed at him. Then he went to the window, and looked down into the depths below. It was deep, deep down: a sudden giddiness came over him; he started back.

The small phial which the old Thieto had given him stood near his books. It made him melancholy. He thought of the blind old man! "The service of women is an evil thing for him who wishes to remain good," he had said when Ekkehard took leave.

He tore the seal off from the phial, and poured the Jordan water over his head and drenched his eyes. It was too late. Whole floods of holy water will not extinguish the inward fire, unless one plunges in never to rise again. . . . Yet a momentary feeling of quiet came over him.

"I will pray," said he. "It is a temptation."

He threw himself on his knees: but soon it seemed to him as if the pigeons were swarming round his head, as they did on

the day when he first entered the tower room; but now they had mocking faces, and wore a contemptuous look about their beaks.

He got up and slowly descended the winding staircase to the castle chapel. The altar below had been a witness of earnest devotions on many a happy day. The chapel was, as before, dark and silent. Six ponderous pillars, with square capitals adorned with leaf-work, supported the vault. A faint streak of daylight fell in through the narrow windows. The recesses of the niche where the altar stood were but faintly illuminated; the golden background of the mosaic picture of the Redeemer alone shone with a soft glitter. Greek artists had transplanted the forms of their church ornaments to the German rock. In a white flowing garment, with a gold-red aureole round his head, the Savior's emaciated figure stood there, with the fingers of the right hand extended in the act of blessing.

Ekkehard bowed before the altar steps; his forehead rested on the stone flags. Thus he remained, wrapt in prayer.

"O Thou who hast taken the sorrows of the world on thyself, send out one ray of thy grace on me unworthy."

He raised his head and gazed up, as if he expected the earnest figure to step down from the wall and hold out his hand to him.

"I am here at thy feet, like Peter, surrounded by tempest, and the waves will not bear me up! Save me, O Lord! save me as thou didst him when thou didst walk over the raging billows, extending thy hand to him and saying, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?'"

But no sign was given him.

Ekkehard's brain was giving way.

There was a rustling through the chapel like that of a woman's garments. He heard nothing.

Frau Hadwig had come down under the impulse of a strange mood. Since she had begun to bear a grudge against the monk, the image of her late husband recurred oftener to her mind. Naturally, as the one receded into the background, the other must come forward again. The later reading of Virgil had also been responsible for this, as there had been said so much about the memory of Sichæus.

The following day was the anniversary of Herr Burkhard's death. With his lance and shield by his side, the old duke lay buried in the chapel. His tomb at the right of the altar was

covered by a rough stone slab. The eternal lamp burned dimly over it. A sarcophagus of gray sandstone stood near it, resting on small clumsy pillars with Ionic capitals; and these again rested on grotesque stone animals. This stone coffin Frau Hadwig had had made for herself. Every year, on the anniversary of the duke's death, she had it carried up and filled with corn and fruits, which were distributed among the poor, — the means of living coming from the resting-place of the dead. It was a pious ancient custom.

To-day it was her purpose to pray on her husband's grave. The duskiness of the place concealed Ekkehard's kneeling figure. She did not see him.

Suddenly she was startled from her devotions. A laugh, subdued yet piercing, struck her ear. She knew the voice. Ekkehard had risen and recited the following words of the Psalms: —

> "Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
> From the wicked that oppress me,
> From my deadly enemies who compass me about.
> With their mouth they speak proudly."

He spoke it in an ominous tone. It was no more the voice of prayer.

Frau Hadwig bent down beside the sarcophagus: she would gladly have placed another on it to hide her from Ekkehard's view. She no longer cared to be alone with him. Her heart beat calmly now.

He went to the door.

Then suddenly he turned back. The everlasting lamp was softly swinging to and fro over Frau Hadwig's head. Ekkehard's eye pierced the twilight. . . . With one bound, — quicker than that which in later days St. Bernard made through the cathedral at Speier when the Madonna had beckoned to him, — he stood before the duchess. He gave her a long and penetrating look.

She rose to her feet, and seizing the edge of the stone sarcophagus with her right hand, she confronted him. The everlasting lamp over her head still gently swung to and fro on its silken cord.

"Blessed are the dead: prayers are offered for them," said Ekkehard, interrupting the silence.

Frau Hadwig made no reply.

"Will you pray for me also when I am dead?" continued

he. "Oh, you must not pray for me! Have a drinking-cup made out of my skull; and when you take another doorkeeper away from the monastery of St. Gallus, you must offer him the welcoming draught in it, — and give him my greeting! You may put your own lips to it also: it will not crack. But you must then wear the circlet with the rose in it."

"Ekkehard," said the duchess, "you are outrageous!"

He put his right hand to his forehead.

"Oh," said he, in a mournful voice, — "oh, yes! the Rhine is also outrageous. They stopped its course with giant rocks; but it gnawed through them, and now rushes and roars onward in foam and tumult and destruction! Bravo, thou free heart of youth! And God is outrageous also; for he has allowed the Rhine to be, and the Hohentwiel, and the Duchess of Suabia, and the tonsure on my head."

The duchess began to shiver. Such an outbreak of long-repressed feeling she had not expected. But it was too late: she remained indifferent.

"You are ill," said she.

"Ill?" asked he: "it is merely a requital. More than a year ago at Whitsuntide, when there was as yet no Hohentwiel for me, I carried the coffin of St. Gallus in solemn procession out of the cloister, and a woman threw herself on the ground before me. 'Get up,' cried I; but she remained prostrate in the dust. 'Walk over me with thy relic, priest, so that I may recover,' cried she; and my foot stepped over her. That woman was suffering from the heartache. Now it is reversed."

Tears interrupted his voice. He could not go on. Then he threw himself at Frau Hadwig's feet, and clasped the hem of her garment. The man was all of a tremble.

Frau Hadwig was touched, — touched against her will; as if from the hem of her garment, a feeling of unutterable woe thrilled up to her heart.

"Stand up," said she, "and think of other things. You still owe us a story. Overcome it!"

Then Ekkehard laughed through his tears.

"A story!" cried he; "oh, a story! But not told. Come, let us act the story! From the height of yonder tower one can see so far into the distance, and so deep into the valley below, — so sweet and deep and tempting. What right has the ducal castle to hold us back? No one who wishes to get down into the depth below need count more than three, and we flutter and

glide softly into the arms of death there. Then I should be no longer a monk; and I might wind my arms around you."

He struck Herr Burkhard's tombstone with his clenched hand.

"And he who sleeps here shall not prevent me! If he — the old man — comes, I will not let you go. And we will float up to the tower again, and sit where we sat before; and we will read Virgil to the end; and you must wear the rose in your circlet, as if nothing whatever had happened. We will keep the gate well locked against the duke, and we will laugh at all evil tongues; and folks will say, as they sit at their fire-places of a winter's evening: 'That is a pretty tale of the faithful Ekkehard, who slew the Emperor Ermanrich for hanging the Harlungen brothers, and who afterwards sat for many hundred years before Frau Venus's mountain, with his white staff in his hands, and meant to sit there until the Day of Judgment to warn off all pilgrims coming to the mountain. But at last he grew tired of this, and ran away, and became a monk at St. Gall; and he fell down an abyss and was killed; and he is sitting now beside a proud, pale woman, reading Virgil to her. And at midnight may be heard the words ring through the Hegau: "Thou commandest, O Queen, to renew the unspeakable sorrow." And then she will have to kiss him, whether she will or not; for death makes up for what life denies.'"

He had spoken with a wild, wandering look; and now his voice failed with low weeping. Frau Hadwig had stood immovably all this time. It was as if a gleam of pity shone in her cold eyes; she bent down her head.

"Ekkehard," said she, "you must not speak of death. This is madness. We live, you and I!"

He did not stir. Then she lightly laid her hand on his burning forehead. A wild thrill flashed through his brain. He sprang up.

"You are right!" cried he. "We live — you and I!"

A dizzy darkness clouded his eyes, he stepped forward, and winding his arms round her proud form, he fiercely pressed her to his heart; his kiss burned on her lips. Her protest died away unheard.

He raised her high up toward the altar, as if she were an offering he was about to make.

"Why dost thou hold out thy gold glittering fingers so quietly, instead of blessing us?" he cried out to the dark and solemn picture.

The duchess had started like a wounded deer. One moment, and all the passion of her hurt pride revolted within her. She pushed the frenzied man back with a strong hand, and tore herself out of his embrace.

He had one arm still round her waist, when the church door was suddenly opened, and a flaring streak of daylight broke through the darkness; they were no longer alone. Rudimann the cellarer, from Reichenau, stepped over the threshold; other figures became visible in the background of the court-yard.

The duchess had grown pale with shame and anger. A tress of her long dark hair had become loosened and was streaming down her back.

"I beg your pardon," said the man from the Reichenau, with grinning politeness. "My eyes have beheld nothing."

Then Frau Hadwig tore herself entirely free from Ekkehard's hold and cried out: —

"Yes, I say! Yes, yes, you have seen a madman, who has forgotten himself and God. I should be sorry for your eyes if they had beheld nothing, for I would have had them torn out!"

It was with an indescribably cold dignity that she pronounced these words.

Then Rudimann began to understand the strange scene.

"I had forgotten," said he scornfully, "that he who stands there is one of those to whom wise men have applied the words of St. Hieronymus, when he says: 'Their manners are more befitting dandies and bridegrooms than the elect of the Lord.'"

Ekkehard stood leaning against a pillar, with arms stretched out in the air, like Odysseus when he wanted to embrace his mother's shade. Rudimann's words roused him from his dreams.

"Who comes between her and me?" he cried threateningly.

But Rudimann, patting him on the shoulder with an insolent familiarity, said: —

"Calm yourself, my good friend: we have only come to deliver a note into your hands. St. Gallus can no longer allow the wisest of all his disciples to remain out in the capricious, malicious world. You are summoned home! — And don't forget the stick with which you are wont to ill-treat your confraters who like to snatch a kiss at vintage-time, you chaste moralist," he added in a low whisper.

Ekkehard stepped back. Wild longings, the pang of separation, burning passionate love, and the added insults, — all these

stormed up in him. He hastily advanced toward Frau Hadwig; but the chapel was already filling.

The abbot of Reichenau himself had come to have the pleasure of witnessing Ekkehard's departure. "It will be a difficult task to get him away," he had said to the cellarer. It was easy enough now. Monks and lay brothers came in after him.

"Sacrilege!" Rudimann called out to them. "He has laid his wanton hand on his mistress even before the altar!"

Then Ekkehard boiled over. To have the most sacred secret of his heart profaned by insolent coarseness, a pearl thrown before swine! He tore down the everlasting lamp, and swung the heavy vessel like a sling.

The light went out; a hollow groan was heard, — the cellarer lay with bleeding head on the stone flags. The lamp fell clattering beside him. A blow, fierce struggle, wild confusion — all was at an end with Ekkehard.

They had overpowered him; tearing off the girdle of his cowl, they bound him.

There he stood, the handsome youthful figure, now the very picture of woe, like the broken-winged eagle. He gave one mournful, troubled, appealing look at the duchess. She turned away.

"Do what you think right," she said to the abbot, and swept through the throng. . . .

It was a dreary, depressing evening. The duchess had locked herself up in her bow-windowed room, and refused admittance to every one.

Ekkehard had been hurried away into a dungeon by the abbot's men. In the same tower, in the airy upper story of which his chamber was situated, there was a damp, dark vault; fragments of old tombstones — deposited there long before when the castle chamber had been renovated — were scattered about in unsightly heaps. A bundle of straw had been thrown in for him, and a monk was sitting outside to guard the entrance.

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, ran up and down, wailing and wringing his hands. He could not understand the fate which had befallen his uncle. The servants were all putting their heads together, eagerly whispering and gossiping, as if the hundred-tongued Rumor had been sitting on the roof of the castle, spreading her falsehoods about.

"He tried to murder the duchess," said one.

"He has been practising the Devil's own arts with that big book of his," said another. "To-day is St. John's day, when the Devil has no power, and so he could not help him."

At the well in the court-yard stood Rudimann the cellarer, letting the clear water flow over his head. Ekkehard had given him a sharp cut; the blood obstinately and angrily trickled down into the water.

Praxedis came down looking pale and sad. She was the only soul who felt sincere pity for the prisoner. On seeing the cellarer, she ran into the garden, tore up a blue corn-flower with the roots, and brought it to him.

"Take that," said she, "and hold it in your right hand till it gets warm: that will stop the bleeding. Or shall I fetch you some linen to bind up the wound?"

He shook his head.

"It will stop of itself when the time comes," said he. "'Tis not the first time that I have been bled. Keep your corn-flowers for yourself."

But Praxedis was anxious to conciliate Ekkehard's enemy. She brought some linen: he allowed his wound to be dressed. Not a word of thanks did he proffer.

"Are you not going to let Ekkehard out to-day?" she asked.

"Today!" Rudimann repeated sneeringly. "Do you feel inclined to weave a garland for the standard-bearer of Antichrist, — the leading horse of Satan's car, whom you have petted and spoiled up here as if he were the darling son Benjamin? To-day! In a month ask again over there!"

He pointed toward the Helvetian mountains.

Praxedis was frightened. "What are you going to do with him?"

"What is right," replied Rudimann with a dark look. "Wantonness, deeds of violence, disobedience, haughtiness, sacrilege, blasphemy — there are scarcely names enough for all his nefarious acts; but thank God, there are yet means for their expiation!" He made a gesture with his hand like that of flogging. "Ah, yes, plenty of means of expiation, gentle mistress! We will write the catalogue of his sins on his skin."

"Have pity!" said Praxedis: "he is a sick man."

"For that very reason we are going to cure him. When he has been tied to the pillar, and half a dozen rods have been flogged to pieces on his bent back, then all his spleen and his devilries will vanish!"

"For God's sake!" exclaimed the Greek girl.

"Calm yourself: there are better things yet. A stray lamb must be delivered up to the fold it belongs to. There he will find good shepherds who will look after the rest. Sheep-shearing, little girl, sheep-shearing! There they will cut off his hair, which will make his head cooler; and if you feel inclined to make a pilgrimage to St. Gall a year hence, you will see on Sundays and holidays some one standing barefooted before the church door, and his head will be as bare as a stubble-field, and the penitential garb will become him very nicely. What do you think? The heathenish practices with Virgil are at an end now."

"He is innocent!" said Praxedis.

"Oh," said the cellarer sneeringly, "we shall never harm a single hair of innocence! He need only prove himself so by God's ordeal. If he takes the gold ring out of the kettle of boiling water with unburnt arm, our abbot himself will give him the blessing; and I will say that it was all a delusion of the Devil's own making when my eyes beheld his Holiness, Brother Ekkehard, clasping your mistress in his arms."

Praxedis wept.

"Cellarmaster, you are a wicked man!" she cried; and turned her back on him.

"Have you any further commands?" she asked, once more looking back.

"Yes, thou Greek insect! A jug of vinegar if you please. I want to lay my rods in it: the writing is clearer then, and does not fade away so soon. Never before have I flogged an interpreter of Virgil. He deserves particular attention."

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, was sitting under the linden-tree, still sobbing. Praxedis, as she passed, gave him a kiss. It was done to spite the cellarer.

She went up to the duchess, intending to prostrate herself and intercede for Ekkehard; but the door remained locked against her. Frau Hadwig was deeply irritated. If the monks of the Reichenau had not come in upon them, she might have pardoned Ekkehard's audacity, for she herself had indeed sowed the seeds of all that had grown to such portentous results; but now it had become a public scandal, it demanded punishment. The fear of evil tongues influences many an action.

The abbot had caused to be put into her hands the summons from St. Gall. St. Benedict's rules, said the letter, exacted not

only the outward forms of a monastic life, but also the actual conformity of body and soul to its discipline. Ekkehard was to return. Passages from Gunzo's diatribe were quoted against him.

It was all the same to her. What his fate would be in the hands of his antagonists, she knew quite well. Yet she was determined to do nothing for him.

Praxedis knocked at her door a second time, but it was not opened.

"O thou poor moth," said she sadly.

Ekkehard lay in his dungeon like one who had dreamt some wild dream. Four bare walls surrounded him; above there was a faint gleam of light. Often he trembled as if shivering with cold. After a while a melancholy smile of resignation began to hover round his lips, but it did not settle there; now and again he would clench his fists in a fit of fierce anger.

It is the same with the human mind as with the sea; though the tempest may have blown over for a long time, the billowing surge is even stronger and more impetuous than before; and some mighty chaotic breaker dashes wildly up and drives the sea-gulls away from the rocks.

But Ekkehard's heart was not yet broken. It was still too young for that. He began to reflect on his position. The view into the future was not very cheering. He knew the rules of his order, and monastic customs, and he knew that the men from Reichenau were his enemies.

With big strides he paced up and down the narrow room.

"Great God, whom we may invoke in the hour of affliction, how will all this end?"

He shut his eyes and threw himself on the bundle of straw. Confused visions passed before his soul, and he saw with his inward eye of the spirit how they would drag him out in the early morning. The abbot would be sitting on his high stone chair, holding the crosier as a sign that it was a court of judgment; and then they would read out a long bill of complaints against him. All this in the same court-yard in which he had once sprung out of the litter with such a jubilant heart, and in which he had preached his sermon against the Huns on that solemn Good Friday; and the men of the court would be gnashing their teeth against him!

"What shall I do?" thought he. "With my hand on my heart and my eyes raised toward heaven, I shall say, 'Ekkehard

is not guilty!' But the judges will say, 'Prove it!' The big copper kettle will be brought; the fire lighted beneath; the water will hiss and bubble up. The abbot draws off the golden ring from his finger. They push up the right sleeve of his habit; solemn penitential psalms resound. 'I conjure thee, spirit of the water, that the Devil quit thee, and that thou serve the Lord to make known the truth, like to the fiery furnace of the King of Babylon when he had the three men thrown into it!' — Thus the abbot addresses the boiling water; and 'Dip thy arm and fetch forth the ring,' says he to the accused. — Righteous God, what judgment will thy ordeal give?"

Wild doubts beset Ekkehard's soul. He believed in himself and his good cause, but his faith was less strong in the dreadful means by which priestcraft and church laws sought to arrive at God's decision.

In the library of his monastery there was a little book bearing the title, "Against the Inveterate Error of the Belief that through Fire, Water, or Single Combat, the Truth of God's Judgment can be Revealed."

This book he had once read; and he remembered it well. It was to prove that with these ordeals, which were an inheritance from the ancient heathen time, it was as the excellent Gottfried of Strassburg has expressed it in later days: —

"Der heilig Christ
Windschaffen wie ein Ärmel ist."[1]

"And if no miracle is performed?"

His thoughts were inclined to despondency and despair.

"With burnt arm and proclaimed guilty, condemned to be flogged, — while she perhaps would stand on the balcony looking on, as if it were done to an entire stranger! — Lord of heaven and earth, send down thy lightning!"

Yet hope does not entirely forsake even the most miserable.

Then again he imagined how, through all this shame and misery, a piercing "Stop!" would be heard: she comes rushing down with disheveled locks and in her rustling ducal mantle, and drives his tormentors away, as the Saviour drove out the usurers from the temple. And she presents him her hand and lips for the kiss of reconciliation.

Long and ardently his fantasy dwelt on that beautiful possibility; a breath of consolation came to him; he spoke in the

[1] "The good Lord is as much the sport of the wind as a sleeve."

words of the Preacher: "'As gold is purified from dross in the fire, so the heart of man is purified by sorrow.' We will wait and see what will happen."

He heard a slight noise in the antechamber of his dungeon. A stone jug was put down.

"You are to drink like a man," said a voice to the lay brother on guard; "for on St. John's night all sorts of unearthly visitors people the air and pass over our castle. So you must take care to keep your courage up. There's another jug for you too."

It was Praxedis who had brought the wine.

Ekkehard did not understand what she wanted. "Then she also is false," thought he. "God protect me!"

He closed his eyes and fell asleep. After a good while he was awakened. The wine had evidently been to the lay brother's taste: he was singing a song in praise of the four goldsmiths who once on a time had refused to make heathenish idols at Rome, and suffered martyrdom. With his heavy sandal-clad foot he was beating time on the stone flags. Ekkehard heard another jug of wine brought to the man. The singing became loud and uproarious. Then he held a soliloquy, in which he had much to say about Italy and good fare, and "Santa Agnese fuori le mura." Then he ceased talking. The prisoner could distinctly hear his snoring through the stone walls.

The castle was silent. It was about midnight. Ekkehard lay in a doze, when it seemed to him as if the bolts were softly drawn. He remained lying on his straw. A figure came in; a soft hand was laid on the slumberer's forehead. He jumped up.

"Hush!" whispered his visitor.

When all had gone to rest, Praxedis had kept awake. "The wicked cellarer shall not have the satisfaction of punishing our poor melancholy teacher," was her thought; and woman's cunning always finds ways and means to accomplish her schemes. Wrapping herself up in a gray cloak, she had stolen down. No special artifices were necessary: the lay brother was sleeping the sleep of the just. If he had been awake, the Greek girl would have frightened him by some ghost trickery. That was her plan.

"You must escape!" said she to Ekkehard. "They mean to do their worst to you."

"I know it," he replied sadly.

"Come, then."

He shook his head. "I prefer to endure it," said he.

"Don't be a fool," whispered Praxedis. "First you built your castle on the glittering rainbow; and now that it has all tumbled down, you will allow them to ill-treat you into the bargain? As if they had a right to flog you and drag you away! And you will let them have the pleasure of witnessing your humiliation? It would be a nice spectacle they would make of you! 'One does not see an honest man put to death every day,' said a man to me once in Constantinople, when I asked him why he was in such a hurry."

"Where should I go to?" asked Ekkehard.

"Neither to the Reichenau nor to your monastery," said Praxedis. "There is many a hiding-place left in the world."

She was getting impatient; and seizing Ekkehard by the hand, she dragged him on. "Come!" whispered she. He allowed himself to be led by her.

They glided past the sleeping watchman: now they stood in the court-yard; the fountain was splashing merrily. Ekkehard bent over the spout, and took a long draught of the cool water.

"All is over," said he. "And now away."

It was a stormy night. "You cannot go out by the doorway, —the bridge is drawn up," said Praxedis; "but you can get down between the rocks on the eastern side. Our shepherd boy has tried that path before."

They entered the little garden. A gust of wind went roaring through the branches of the maple-tree. Ekkehard scarcely knew what was happening to him.

He mounted the battlement. Steep and rugged fell the klinkstone precipices; a dark abyss yawned before him; black clouds were chasing each other across the dusky sky, — weird, uncouth shapes, as if two bears were pursuing a winged dragon. Soon the fantastic forms melted together; the wind whipped them onward toward the Bodensee, that glittered faintly in the distance. Indistinctly outlined lay the landscape.

"Blessings on your way!" said Praxedis.

Ekkehard sat motionless on the battlement; he still held the Greek girl's hand clasped in his. A mingled feeling of gratitude and melancholy surged through his storm-tossed brain. Then her cheek pressed against his, and a kiss trembled on his lips; he felt a pearly tear. Gently Praxedis drew away her hand.

"Don't forget," said she, "that you still owe us a story. May God lead your steps back again to this place some day, so that we may hear it from your own lips."

Ekkehard now let himself down. He waved his hand once more, then disappeared from her sight. The stillness of night was interrupted by a rattling and clattering down the cliff. The Greek girl peered down into the depths. A piece of rock had become loosened, and fell noisily down into the valley. Another followed somewhat slower; and on this Ekkehard was sitting, guiding it as a rider does his horse. So he went down the steep precipice into the blackness of the night.

Farewell!

She crossed herself and went back, smiling in spite of all her sadness. The lay brother was still fast asleep. As she crossed the court-yard, Praxedis spied a basket filled with ashes, which she seized; and softly stealing back to Ekkehard's dungeon, she poured out its contents in the middle of the room, as if this were all that was left of the prisoner's earthly remains.

"Why dost thou snore so heavily, most reverend brother?" she asked; and hurried away.

Song: Farewell.

(From "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen.")

This is the bitterness of life's long story, —
That ever near the rose the thorns are set;
Poor heart, that dwells at first in dreams of glory,
The parting comes, and eyes with tears are wet.
Ah, once I read thine eyes, thy spirit's prison,
And love and joy in their clear depths could see:
May God protect thee! 't was too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Long had I borne with envy, hate, and sorrow,
Weary and worn, by many a tempest tried;
I dreamed of peace and of a bright to-morrow,
And lo! my pathway led me to thy side.
I longed within thine arms to rest; then, risen
In strength and gladness, give my life to thee:
May God protect thee! 't was too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Winds whirl the leaves, the clouds are driven together,
Through wood and meadow beats a storm of rain:
To say farewell 't is just the fitting weather,
For like the sky, the world seems gray with pain.

FAREWELL TO SAKKINGEN

("The Trumpeter")

From a Painting by Robert Assmus

Yet good nor ill shall shake my heart's decision;
Thou slender maid, I still must dream of thee!
May God protect thee! 't was too fair a vision
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Songs of Hiddigeigei, the Tom-Cat.

(From "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen.")

I.

By the storms of fierce temptation
Undisturbed I long have dwelt;
Yet e'en pattern stars of virtue
Unexpected pangs have felt.

Hotter than in youth's hot furnace,
Dreams of yore steal in apace;
And the Cat's winged yearnings journey,
Unrestrained, o'er Time and Space.

Naples, land of light and wonder,
Cup of nectar never dry!
To Sorrento I would hasten,
On its topmost roof to lie.

Greets me dark Vesuvius; greets me
The white sail upon the sea;
Birds of spring make sweetest concert
In the budding olive-tree.

Toward the loggia steals Carmela, —
Fairest of the feline race, —
And she softly pulls my whiskers,
And she gazes in my face;

And my paw she gently presses; —
Hark! I hear a growling noise:
Can it be the Bay's hoarse murmur,
Or Vesuvius's distant voice?

Nay, Vesuvius's voice is silent,
For to-day he takes his rest.
In the yard, destruction breathing,
Bays the dog of fiendish breast, —

Bays Francesco the Betrayer,
Worst of all his evil race;
And I see my dream dissolving,
Melting in the sky's embrace.

II.

Earth once was untroubled by man, they say:
Those days are over and fled,
When the forest primeval crackling lay
'Neath the mammoth's mighty tread.

Ye may search throughout all the land in vain
For the lion, the desert's own;
In sooth we are settled now, 't is plain,
In a truly temperate zone.

The palm is borne, in life and in verse,
By neither the Great nor the Few:
The world grows weaker and ever worse,
'T is the day of the Small and the New.

When we Cats are silenced, ariseth the Mouse,
But she too must pack and begone;
And the Infusoria's Royal House
Shall triumph, at last, alone.

III.

Near the close of his existence
Hiddigeigei stands and sighs;
Death draws nigh with fell insistence,
Ruthlessly to close his eyes.

Fain from out his wisdom's treasure
Counsels for his race he 'd draw,
That amid life's changeful measure
They might find some settled law.

Fain their path through life he 'd soften:
Rough it lies and strewn with stones;
E'en the old and wise may often
Stumble there, and break their bones.

Life with many brawls is cumbered,
Useless wounds and useless pain;
Cats both black and brave unnumbered
Have for naught been foully slain.

Ah, in vain our tales of sorrow!
Hark! I hear the laugh of youth.
Fools to-day and fools to-morrow,
Woe alone will teach them truth.

All in vain is history's teaching:
Listen how they laugh again!
Hiddigeigei's lore and preaching
Locked in silence must remain.

IV.

Soon life's thread must break and ravel;
Weak this arm, once strong and brave;
In the scene of all my travail,
In the granary, dig my grave.

Warlike glory there I won me;
All the fight's fierce joy was mine:
Lay my shield and lance upon me,
As the last of all my line.

Ay, the last! The children's merit
Like their sires' can never grow:
Naught they know of strife of spirit;
Upright are they, dull and slow,

Dull and meagre; stiffly, slowly,
Move their minds, of force bereft;
Few indeed will keep as holy
The bequest their sires have left.

Yet once more, in days far distant,
When at rest I long have lain,
One fierce caterwaul insistent
Through your ranks shall ring again: —

"Flee, ye fools, from worse than ruin!"
Hark to Hiddigeigei's cry;
Hark, his wrathful ghostly mewing: —
"Flee from mediocrity!"

EDMOND HENRI ADOLPHE SCHÉRER.

Schérer, Edmond Henri Adolphe, a French essayist and critic of celebrity; born at Paris, April 8, 1815; died at Versailles, March 16, 1889. He entered upon the course of the Faculty of Theology at Strasbourg, where celebrated professors were among the instructors. When his theological studies were over, he retired for several years, and published his first writings. Owing to the reputation thus achieved, he was elected in 1845 professor in the School of Liberal Theology at Geneva. The instruction he gave at that time had no small renown. But one of the fundamental doctrines of the School of Liberal Theology was faith in the full inspiration of the Bible. He soon declared himself unable to accept it, and spoke of resigning his chair. In his remarkable article, the "Crisis of the Faith," he protested against the abuse of authority in religious things, and affirmed the duty of personal examination, of unrestricted investigation, of religion founded on criticism. He first attracted general attention in 1860 with a volume entitled "Miscellanies of Religious Criticism," containing studies of Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Le P. Gratry, Veuillot, Taine, Proudhon, Renan, and others. He has also written "Criticism and Belief" (1850); "Letters to my Pastor" (1853); "Miscellanies of Religious Criticism" (1860); "Miscellanies of Religious History" (1864); etc.

The Eighteenth Century.

(From Review of "Woman in the Eighteenth Century," by the Goncourts.)

This volume on the woman of the eighteenth century is to be followed by three others, dealing with man, the State, and Paris at the same epoch. To say truth, however, the woman is already the man, she is already the State itself, she is the whole century. The most striking characteristic of the period under consideration is, that it personifies itself in its women. This the brothers Goncourt have recognized. "The soul of this time," say they in their somewhat exuberant style, "the centre of the world, the point whence everything radiates, the summit whence all descends, the image after which all things

are modelled, is woman. Woman in the eighteenth century is the principle that governs, the reason that directs, the voice that commands. She is the universal and inevitable cause, the origin of events, the source of things. Nothing escapes her, and she holds everything in her hand: the king and France, the will of the sovereign and the power of opinion. She rules at court, she is mistress at the fireside. The revolutions of alliances and systems, peace, war, letters, arts, the fashions of the eighteenth century as well as its destinies, — all these she carries in her robe, she bends them to her caprice or her passions. She causes degradations and promotions. No catastrophes, no scandals, no great strokes, that cannot be traced to her, in this century, that she fills up with prodigies, marvels, and adventures, in this history into which she works the surprises of a novel." The book of the brothers Goncourt furnishes proof of these assertions on every page. It sets forth on a small scale, but in a complete way, that epoch of which they have so truly said that it is the French century *par excellence*, and that all our roots are found in it. This volume puts a finger on its meanness, its greatness, its vices and its virtues. It is the vices that are the most conspicuous. The corruption of the eighteenth century has become proverbial. To tell the truth, this corruption is the result of an historical situation. What is meant by the France of the eighteenth century is a particular class of society, the polite and brilliant world. The theme of history has always gone on enlarging. In old times there was no history save that of conquerors and lawgivers. Later we have that of the courts and of the nobility. After the French Revolution, it is the nations and their destinies who occupy the first plane. In the eighteenth century the middle class has already raised and enriched itself, the distinction of ranks is levelled; there is more than one plebeian name among those that adorn the salons: nevertheless, society is still essentially aristocratic; it is chiefly composed of people who have nothing to do in the world save to enjoy their hereditary privileges. The misfortune of the French nobility has always been thus to constitute a dignity without functions. It formed not so much an organic part of the State as a class of society. Confined within the limits of a narrow caste, it had reduced life to a matter of elegant and agreeable relations.

Hence the French salon, and all those graces of conversation, all those refinements of mind and manners, that make up

its inimitable character. Hence at the same time, something artificial and unwholesome. Life does not easily forego a serious aim. It offers this eternal contradiction: that, tending to happiness, it nevertheless cannot adopt that as its special object without in that very act destroying the conditions of it.

These men, these women, who seemed to exist only for those things that appear most enviable, — grace and honor, love and intelligence, — these people had exhausted in themselves the sources of intelligence and love. This consummate epicurism defeated its own object. These virtues, limited to the virtues of good-fellowship, were manifestly insufficient to uphold society. This activity, in which duty, effort, sacrifice, had no place, consumed itself. Extinguish the soul, the conscience, as useless lights, and lo, all is utter darkness! The intellect was to have taken the place of everything; and the intellect has succeeded only in blighting everything, and in blighting itself before all. Only one demand was made of human destiny, — pleasure; and it was ennui that responded.

That incurable evil of ennui — the eighteenth century betrays it everywhere. That was its essential element, I had almost said its principle. This explains its agitations, its antipathies, its furtive sadnesses, the boldness of its vices. It floats about, finding no object worth its constancy. It undertakes everything, always to fall back into a profounder disenchantment. Each fruit it gnaws can only leave a more bitter taste of ashes. It shakes itself in the vain effort to realize that it is alive. It is sorrowful, sorrowful as death, and has not even the dignity of melancholy. It finds all things spectacular; it watches itself live, and that experiment has ceased to interest it. Lassitude, spiritual barrenness, prostration of all the vital forces, — this is all that came of it. Then a well-known phenomenon makes its appearance. Man never pauses: he goes on digging, he scoops out the very void; no longer believing anything, he yet seeks an unknown good that escapes him. Dissipation, even, pursues a fleeting dream. It demands of the senses what they can never yield. Irritated by its miscalculations, it invents subtleties. It seasons libertinism with every kind of infamy. It becomes savage. It takes pleasure in bringing suffering upon the creatures it annihilates. It enjoys the remorse, the shame, of its victims. Its vanity is occupied with compromising women, with breaking their hearts, with corrupting them if it can. Thus gallantry

is converted into a cynicism of immorality. Men make a boast of cruelty and of calculation in their cruelty. Good style advertises villany. But even this is not enough. Insatiable appetites will demand of crime a certain savor that vice has lost for them. "There is," as the brothers Goncourt truly say, — "there is an inexorable logic that compels the evil passions of humanity to go to the end of themselves, and to burst in a final and absolute horror. This logic assigned to the voluptuous immorality of the eighteenth century its monstrous coronation. The habit of cruelty had become too strong to remain in the head and not reach the senses. Man had played too long with the suffering heart of woman not to feel tempted to make her suffer more surely and more visibly. Why, after exhausting tortures for her soul, should he not try them upon her body? Why not seek grossly in her blood the delights her tears had given? The doctrine sprang up, it took shape: the whole century went over to it without knowing it; it was, in its last analysis, nothing more than the materialization of their appetites: and was it not inevitable that this last word should be said, that the erethism of ferocity should establish itself as a principle, as a revelation; and that at the end of this polished and courtly decadence, after all these approaches to the supreme torture of woman, M. de Sade, with the blood of the guillotines, should set up the Terror in Love?"

This then is the eighteenth century: a century brilliant rather than delicate, pleasure-loving without passion, whose void forever goes on emptying itself, whose blunted vices seek a stimulus in crime, whose frivolity becomes in the end almost tragical; a century of impotence and of decline, a society that is sinking and putrefying.

Let us not forget, however, that judgments made wholly from one point of view are like general ideas: they can never do more than furnish incomplete notions. Things can always be considered on two sides, the unfavorable and the favorable. The eighteenth century is like everything else: it has its right side as well as its wrong. I am sorry for those who see in it only matter for admiration: its feet slipped in the mire. I am sorry for those who do not speak of it without crossing themselves: the eighteenth century had its noble aspects, nay, its grand aspects.

And in the first place, the eighteenth century is charming. Opinions may differ as to the worth of the elegance, but that

its elegance was perfect cannot be denied. The inadequacy of the *comme il faut*, and of what is called good society, may be deplored; but there is no gainsaying that the epoch in question was the grand model of this good society. France became in those days its universal school, as it were its native country. It makes of fine manners a new ethics, composed of horror for what is common, the desire to find means of pleasing, the art of attention, of delicacy in beauty, of the refinements of language, of a conversation that does not commit itself to anything, of a discussion that never degenerates into a dispute, of a lightness that is in reality only moderation and grace. The good-breeding of the eighteenth century does not destroy egoism, but it dissimulates it. Nor does it in the least make up for the lost virtues, but it vouchsafes an image of them. It gives a rule for souls. It acquires the dignity of an institution. It is the religion of an epoch that has no other.

This is not all. One feels a breath of art passing over this century. If it does not create, still it adorns. If it does not seek the beautiful, it finds the charming. Its character is not grand, but it has a character.

It has set a seal upon all that it has produced: buildings, furniture, pictures. When, two or three years ago, an exhibition brought together the works of the principal painters of the French school in the eighteenth century, the canvases of Greuze, of Boucher, of Watteau, of Fragonard, of Chardin, great was the astonishment to find so much frankness under all that affectation, originality in that mannerism, vitality in that conventional school of art. We should never lose sight of one thing: the epoch under consideration had what was lacking in some other epochs, — in the Empire, for example, — an art and a literature. That is not enough to make a great century, but it can aid a century to make a figure in history.

But observe what still better characterizes French society before the Revolution. That society is animated with intellectual curiosity. It has the taste for letters, and in letters the taste for new things, for adventures. It devours voyages, history, philosophy. It is concerned about the Chinese and the Hindus; it desires to know what Rome was, and what England is; it studies popular institutions and the faculties of the human understanding. The ladies have great quartos on their dressing-tables (that is the accepted size). Nothing discourages them. They read Raynal's "Philosophic History," Hume's

"Stuarts" [History of England], Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws." But it is with the sciences that they are most smitten. It is there that their trouble of mind is best diverted. Fontenelle discourses to them on the worlds, and Galiani on political economy. The new arts, the progress of industry, excite their enthusiasm. They wish to see all, to know all. They follow courses, they frequent laboratories, they assist at experiments, they discuss systems, they read memoirs. Run after these charming young women, — they go to the Jardin des Plantes to see a theriac put together; to the Abbé Mical to hear an automaton speak; to Rouelle to witness the volatilization of the diamond; to Réveillon, there to salute Pilâtre de Rozier, before an ascension. This morning they have paid a visit to the great cactus that only blossoms once in fifty years, this afternoon they will attend experiments upon inflammable air or upon electricity. Nothing even in medicine or anatomy is without attraction for their unfettered curiosity: the Countess de Voisenon prescribes for her friends; the Countess de Coigny is only eighteen, and she dissects!

This tendency to hyper-enthusiasm is a sign of mobility; and mobility is one of the distinguishing features of the eighteenth century. It has had a result that has not been fully noted. The eighteenth century had its crisis; or if you will, its conversion. A day came when it turned against itself. The change was perhaps not very profound, but it was very marked. From having the man of nature constantly preached to them, they wished to resemble him somewhat. The men gave up the French coat and ceased to carry the sword. The women laid down their hoops, they covered their bosoms, they substituted caps for towering head-dresses, low-heeled for high-heeled shoes, linen for brocade. Simplicity was pushed to pastoralism. Their dreams took the form of idyls. They had cottages, they played at keeping dairies, they made butter. But the true name of this new cult, whose prophet was Jean-Jacques, is sensibility. They talked now only of attraction, affinity, sympathy. It is the epoch of groups in bisque, symbols: hearts on fire, altars, doves. There are chains made of hair, bracelets with portraits. Madame de Blot wears upon her neck a miniature of the church where her brother is buried. Formerly beauty was piquant, now it aspires to be "touching." Its triumph is to "leave an emotion." The feelings should be *expansive*. Every woman is ambitious to love like Julie. Every mother will raise her son like Émile. And

since it is the Genevese philosopher who has revealed to the world the gospel of sensibility, upon him most of all will that gift be lavished with which he seems all at once to have endowed French society. His handwriting is kissed : things that belonged to him are converted into relics. " There is not a truly sympathetic woman living," exclaims the most virtuous of the beauties of those days, " who would not need an extraordinary virtue to keep her from consecrating her life to Rousseau, could she be certain of being passionately loved by him ! "

All this has the semblance of passion, but little depth. It would seem, in truth, that the eighteenth century was too frivolous ever to be truly moved. And nevertheless it has been moved, it has had a passion, perhaps the most noble of all — that of humanity. Pity, in the times that precede it, appears almost as foreign to polite society as the feeling for nature. Who, in the seventeenth century, was agitated if some some poor devil of a villager was crushed by the taxes, if a Protestant was condemned to his Majesty's galleys ? Who troubled himself about the treatment of the insane, about the régime of prisons, the barbarities of the rack and the wheel ? The eighteenth century, on the contrary, is seized with an immense compassion for all sufferings. It is kindled with generous ideas ; it desires tolerance, justice, equality. Its heroes are useful men, agriculturists, benefactors of the people. It embraces all the nations in its reforms. It rises to the conception of human solidarity. It makes itself a golden age where the philosopher's theories mingle with the reveries of the mere dreamer. Every one is caught by the glorious chimera. The author of " La Pucelle " has his hours of philanthropy. Turgot finds support in the salons. Madame de Genlis speaks like Madame Roland or Madame de Staël. Utopia, a Utopia at once rational as geometry and blind as enthusiasm, — the whole of the French Revolution is there already.

The eighteenth century has received the name of the philosophical century, and with good reason if an independent spirit of inquiry is the distinguishing feature of philosophy. It rejected everything in the nature of convention and tradition. It declared an implacable war on what is called prejudice. It desired truths that stand on their own legs. It sought in man, in the mere nature of things, the foundation of the true and the good. The doctrines of this epoch are not exalted, but they have that species of vigor that the absence of partiality gives. The problem of problems, for this century, is how to live ; and to the

solution of that problem it brings only natural methods. The men of those times, to use the expression of the brothers Goncourt, "keep themselves at the height of their own heart, without aid, by their own strength. Emancipated from all dogma and system of belief, they draw their lights from the recesses of their own hearts, and their powers from the same source." There are some who "afford in this superficial century the grand spectacle of a conscience at equilibrium in the void, a spectacle forgotten of humanity since the Antonines." The Countess de Boufflers, with whom M. Sainte-Beuve has lately made us acquainted, had maxims framed and hung in her chamber; among them might be read such words as the following: "In conduct, simplicity and sense. In methods, justice and generosity. In adversity, courage and self-respect. Sacrifice all for peace of mind. When an important duty is to be fulfilled, consider perils and death only as drawbacks, not as obstacles." See what thoughts made up the daily meditations of a woman of the world. Adversity was supported with cheerful courage. Old age was accepted without pride or effort, without surprise or consternation. One detached one's self little by little, composed one's self, conformed to the changed condition, extinguished one's self discreetly, quite simply, with decorum, and so to speak with spirit. Let us take care when we speak of the eighteenth century — let us take care not to forget the trials of the emigration and the prisons of the Terror!

I have spoken of the greatness and the debasement of the epoch that the brothers Goncourt set themselves to interpret. If there is some contradiction between the two halves of the picture, I am not far from thinking that this very contradiction might well be a proof of correctness. Human judgments are true only on the condition of perpetually putting the yes by the side of the no. The truth is, one can say of the eighteenth century what our authors somewhere say of the Duchess of Mirepoix: in default of esteem it inspires sympathy. The French century above all others, it has our defects and our qualities. Endowed with more intelligence than firmness, argumentative rather than philosophic, didactic rather than moral, it has given lessons rather than examples to the world, examples rather than models. It was not entirely fixed, either in good or in evil. However low it fell, it was far from making an utter failure. Carried to extremes, it showed its strength most of all in extremity. It is an assemblage of contradictions where all happens without precedent, and it is safest to take nothing in it too literally.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von, a German dramatist, lyric poet, and prose writer; born at Marbach, in the duchy of Würtemberg, November 10, 1759; died at Weimar, May 9, 1805. At the age of twenty-one he became a surgeon in the army. His drama, "The Robbers," was commenced at the age of nineteen, was acted in 1782, and was put upon the stage at Mannheim in 1782. In the autumn of 1783 he was invited by Dalberg to come to Mannheim, as poet to the theatre. While there he produced his translation of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and several other works, and began the composition of "Don Carlos," which was not, however, completed until 1786. After eighteen months at Mannheim he took up his residence for a time at Dresden. In 1788 appeared the first and only volume of his "Revolt of the United Netherlands," bringing the history down to the entrance of the Duke of Alva into Brussels, in 1567. This work procured for Schiller the appointment of Professor of History at the University of Jena, whither he removed in 1789, and where he remained for about ten years. During this period he wrote his principal prose work, the "History of the Thirty Years' War." To this period also belong most of his lyrics and ballads, and several of his dramas, including the trilogy, "Wallenstein's Camp," "The Piccolomini," and the "Death of Wallenstein." In 1799 he removed to Weimar, where the six remaining years of his life were mainly passed. "William Tell" — the last, and by many held to be the best of his tragedies — was produced in the last year of his life. Besides his dramas, ballads, lyrics, and historical works, the minor writings of Schiller are numerous. His principal dramas are "The Robbers," "The Conspiracy of Fiesco," "Cabal and Love," "Wallenstein's Camp," "The Piccolomini," "The Death of Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Bride of Messina," and "William Tell." The "Life" of Schiller has been written by several persons; the best in the English language are by Thomas Carlyle and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To Laura.

Laura, above this world methinks I fly,
And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,
When thy looks beam on mine!

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

From a Painting by G. Jaeger

And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,
When mine own shape I see reflected there
In those blue eyes of thine!

A lyre sound from the Paradise afar,
A harp note trembling from some gracious star,
Seems the wild ear to fill;
And my Muse feels the Golden Shepherd hours,
When from thy lips the silver music pours
Slow, as against its will.

I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—
Move the charmed trees, as when the Thracian's string
Wild life to forests gave;
Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,
When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,
Light as a happy wave.

Thy looks, when there Love's smiles their gladness wreathe,
Could life itself to lips of marble breathe,
Lend rocks a pulse divine;
Reading thine eyes, my veriest life but seems
Made up and fashioned from my wildest dreams,—
Laura, sweet Laura, mine!

The Knight Toggenburg.

"Knight, a sister's quiet love
Gives my heart to thee!
Ask me not for other love,
For it paineth me!
Calmly couldst thou greet me now,
Calmly from me go;
Calmly ever,—why dost thou
Weep in silence so?"

Sadly—not a word he said—
To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasped he once the maid,
On his steed he sprung!
"Up, my men of Switzerland!"
Up, awake the brave!
Forth they go—the Red-Cross band—
To the Saviour's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
  Heroes of the tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
  Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
  Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy!
  Oh, heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
  For a twelvemonth bore;
Never can his trouble rest!
  And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
  Breeze and billow fair, —
On to that belovèd land
  Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at the castle gate
  Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the grate!
  Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives — a Nun!
  To the world she died
When, with yester-morning's sun,
  Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day his father's hall
  Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
  Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownèd height
  Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit knight,
  In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,
  Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
  Dusky lindens through.
There when dawn was in the skies,
  Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
  Sate he there — alone!

Looking to the cloister still,
Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice till
Clinked the lattice bar.
Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er;
Then, consoled awhile,
Down he lay, to greet once more
Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
Looks he forth afar.
Uncomplaining, hoping — till
Clinks the lattice bar;

Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.
So upon that lonely spot
Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not,
Towards the casement cast.

The Maiden's Lament.

The wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er;
The maiden sits lonely
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
And her eyes are dim with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.
Thou Holy One, call now thy child from below;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow —
I have lived and have loved." —

"In vain, oh how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!
Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanished love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear:
Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanished love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's sorrows and tears.

The Maiden from Afar.

Within a vale each infant year,
When earliest larks first carol free,
To humble shepherds doth appear
A wondrous maiden fair to see.

Not born within that lowly place;
From whence she wandered, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessèd was her presence there:
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.

From fairy gardens known to none
She brought mysterious fruits and flowers;
The products of a brighter sun,
Of nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared, —
To some the fruits, the flowers to some:
Alike the young, the aged, fared;
Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
Yet some the maiden held more dear;
And culled her rarest sweets whene'er
She saw two loving hearts draw near.

Worth of Women.

Honor to Woman! To her it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven!
All blessed, she linketh the Loves in their choir, —
In the veil of her Graces her beauty concealing,
She tends on each altar that 's hallowed to Feeling,
And keeps ever living the fire!

From the bounds of Truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each hasty impulse veering,
Down to Passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Greeds to grapple with the far,
Chasing his own dream forever
On through many a distant Star!

But Woman, with looks that can charm and enchain,
Lureth back at her beck that wild truant again
By the spell of her presence beguiled;
In the home of the Mother her modest abode,
And modest the manners by Nature bestowed
On Nature's most exquisite child.

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
Foe to foe, the angry strife, —
Man the Wild One, never resting,
Roams along the troubled life:
What he planneth, still pursuing;
Vainly as the hydra bleeds,
Crest the severed crest renewing,
Wish to withered wish succeeds.

But Woman at peace with all being reposes,
And seeks from the Moment to gather the roses,
Whose sweets to her culture belong.
Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
The mighty dominion of Genius and Lore,
And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong and proud and self-depending,
Man's cold bosom beats alone:
Heart with heart divinely blending
In the love that Gods have known,

Soul's sweet interchange of feeling,
Melting tears, — he never knows;
Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
Arms against a world of foes.

Alive as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
If wooed by the Zephyr, to music will quiver,
Is Woman to Hope and to Fear;
Ah, tender one! still at the shadow of grieving,
How quiver the chords — how thy bosom is heaving;
How trembles thy glance through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labor,
Might to right the Statute gave;
Laws are in the Scythian's sabre;
Where the Mede reigned, see the Slave!
Peace and Meekness grimly routing,
Prowls the War lust, rude and wild;
Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
Where the vanished Graces smiled.

But Woman, the Soft One, persuasively prayeth;
Of the mild realm of manners the sceptre she swayeth;
She lulls, as she looks from above,
The Discord whose hell for its victims is gaping,
And blending awhile the forever-escaping,
Whispers Hate to the Image of Love.

Riddles.

I.

THE RAINBOW.

From pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
A gray sea arching proudly over;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold her hover!

Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas;
No burthen e'er the bridge may know,
And as thou seek'st to near — it flees!

First with the floods it came, to fade
As rolled the waters from the land;
Say where that wondrous arch is made,
And whose the artist's plastic hand?

II.

THE MOON AND STARS.

O'er a spacious pasture go
Sheep in thousands, silver-white;
As to-day we see them, so
In the oldest grandsire's sight.

They drink, never waxing old,
Life from an unfailing brook;
There's a shepherd to their fold,
With a silver-hornèd crook.

From a gate of gold let out,
Night by night he counts them over;
Wide the field they rove about,
Never hath he lost a rover.

True the *Dog* that helps to lead them,
One gay *Ram* in front we see:
What the flock, and who doth heed them,
Sheep and shepherd, — tell to me?

The Power of Song.

A rain-flood from the mountain riven,
It leaps in thunder forth to-day;
Before its rush the crags are driven,
The oaks uprooted whirled away!
Awed — yet in awe all wildly gladdening —
The startled wanderer halts below;
He hears the rock-born waters maddening,
Nor wits the source from whence they go:
So, from their high, mysterious founts, along,
Stream on the silenced world the waves of song!

Knit with the threads of life forever,
By those dread powers that weave the woof, —
Whose art the singer's spell can sever?
Whose breast has mail to music proof?
Lo, to the bard a wand of wonder
The herald of the gods has given;
He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
Or lifts it breathless up to heaven, —
Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.

As when in hours the least unclouded,
Portentous, strides upon the scene
Some fate before from wisdom shrouded,
And awes the startled souls of men, —
Before that stranger from *another*,
Behold how *this* world's great ones bow;
Mean joys their idle clamor smother,
The mask is vanished from the brow:
And from truth's sudden, solemn flag unfurled
Fly all the craven falsehoods of the world!

So Song — like Fate itself — is given
To scare the idler thoughts away,
To lift the earthly up to heaven,
To wake the spirit from the clay!
One with the gods the bard: before him
All things unclean and earthly fly;
Hushed are all meaner powers, and o'er him
The dark fate swoops unharming by:
And while the soother's magic measures flow,
Smoothed every wrinkle on the brows of woe!

Even as a child, that after pining
For the sweet absent mother, hears
Her voice, and round her neck entwining
Young arms, vents all its soul in tears:
So by harsh custom far estranged,
Along the glad and guileless track,
To childhood's happy home unchanged
The swift song wafts the wanderer back. —
Snatched from the cold and formal world, and prest
By the great mother to her glowing breast!

Hymn to Joy.

Spark from the fire that gods have fed —
Joy — thou elysian child divine,
Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
O Holy One! thy holy shrine.
Strong custom rends us from each other,
Thy magic altogether brings;
And man in man but hails a brother,
Wherever rest thy gentle wings.

Chorus — Embrace, ye millions — let this kiss,
Brothers, embrace the earth below!
Yon starry worlds that shine on this,
One common Father know!

He who this lot from fate can grasp, —
Of one true friend the friend to be,
He who one faithful maid can clasp, —
Shall hold with us his jubilee;
Yes, each who but one single heart
In all the earth can claim his own!
Let him who cannot, stand apart,
And weep beyond the pale, alone!

Chorus — Homage to holy Sympathy,
Ye dwellers in our mighty ring;
Up to yon star pavilions — she
Leads to the Unknown King!

All being drinks the mother dew
Of joy from Nature's holy bosom;
And Vice and Worth alike pursue
Her steps that strew the blossom.
Joy in each link: to *us* the treasure
Of Wine and Love; beneath the sod,
The worm has instincts fraught with pleasure;
In heaven the Cherub looks on God!

Chorus — Why bow ye down — why down — ye millions?
O World, thy Maker's throne to see,
Look upward — search the star pavilions:
There must his mansion be!

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation;
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Timepiece of Creation;
Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
Joy beckons — suns come forth from heaven;
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar, —
Ne'er to thy glass, dim Wisdom, given!

Chorus — Joyous as suns careering gay
Along their paths on high,
March, brothers, march your dauntless way,
As chiefs to victory!

Joy from Truth's pure and lambent fires,
Smiles out upon the ardent seeker;
Joy leads to virtue man's desires,
And cheers as Suffering's step grows weaker.

High from the sunny slopes of Faith,
The gales her waving banners buoy;
And through the shattered vaults of Death,
Lo, 'mid the choral Angels — Joy!

Chorus — Bear this life, millions, bravely bear —
Bear this life for the better one!
See the stars! a life is there,
Where the reward is won.

Men like the Gods themselves may be,
Though men may not the Gods requite;
Go soothe the pangs of Misery,
Go share the gladness with delight.
Revenge and hatred both forgot,
Have naught but pardon for thy foe;
May sharp repentance grieve him not,
No curse one tear of ours bestow!

Chorus — Let all the world be peace and love,
Cancel thy debt-book with thy brother;
For God shall judge of *us* above,
As we shall judge each other!

Joy sparkles to us from the bowl:
Behold the juice whose golden color
To meekness melts the savage soul,
And gives Despair a hero's valor.
Up, brothers! Lo, we crown the cup!
Lo, the wine flashes to the brim!
Let the bright fount spring heavenward! Up!
To the Good Spirit this glass! *To him!*

Chorus — Praised by the ever-whirling ring
Of stars, and tuneful Seraphim, —
To the Good Spirit, the Father-King
In heaven! This glass to him!

Firm mind to bear what fate bestows;
Comfort to tears in sinless eyes;
Faith kept alike with friends and foes;
Man's oath eternal as the skies;
Manhood, — the thrones of Kings to girth,
Though bought by life or limb the prize;
Success to merit's honest worth;
Perdition to the brood of lies!

Chorus — Draw closer in the holy ring;
Swear by the wine-cup's golden river,
Swear by the stars, and by their King,
To keep this vow forever.

The Gods of Greece.

Ye in the age gone by,
Who ruled the world — a world how lovely then!
And guided still the steps of happy men
In the light-leading strings of careless joy!
Ah, flourished then your service of delight!
How different, oh how different, in the day
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
O Venus Amathusia!

Then, through a veil of dreams
Woven by song, truth's youthful beauty glowed,
And life's redundant and rejoicing streams
Gave to the soulless, soul — where'er they flowed.
Man gifted Nature with divinity
To lift and link her to the breast of love;
All things betrayed to the initiate eye
The track of gods above!

Where lifeless — fixed afar —
A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,
Phœbus Apollo in his golden car
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
On yonder hill the Oread was adored;
In yonder tree the Dryad held her home;
And from her urn the gentle Naiad poured
The wavelet's silver foam.

Yon bay chaste Daphne wreathed;
Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell;
Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,
And through those groves wailed the sweet Philomel,
The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill —
Shed for Proserpina to Hades born;
And for her lost Adonis, yonder hill
Heard Cytherea mourn!

Heaven's shapes were charmed unto
The mortal race of old Deucalion:
Pyrrha's fair daughter humanly to woo,
Came down, in shepherd's guise, Latona's son;

Between men, heroes, gods, harmonious then,
Love wove sweet links and sympathies divine,
Blest Amathusia, — heroes, gods, and men,
Equals before thy shrine!

Not to that culture gay,
Stern self-denial or sharp penance wan!
Well might each heart be happy in that day,
For gods, the happy ones, were kin to man!
The beautiful alone the holy there!
No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race;
So that the chaste Camenæ favoring were,
And the subduing Grace!

A palace every shrine;
Your very sports heroic; — yours the crown
Of contests hallowed to a power divine,
As rushed the chariots thundering to renown.
Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,
Moved your melodious dance inspired; and fair
Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed
Sweet leaves round odorous hair!

The lively Thyrsus-swinger,
And the wild car the exulting panthers bore,
Announced the presence of the rapture-bringer;
Bounded the satyr and blithe faun before;
And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,
Hymned in their madding dance the glorious wine,
As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl
The ruddy host divine!

Before the bed of death
No ghastly spectre stood; but from the porch
Of life — the lip — one kiss inhaled the breath,
And the mute graceful genius lowered a torch.
The judgment balance of the realms below,
A judge himself of mortal lineage held;
The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe,
Were moved and music-spelled.

In the Elysian grove
The shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:
The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
And rushed along the meads the charioteer;

There Linus poured the old accustomed strain;
Admetus there Alcestis still could greet; won
Orestes hath his faithful friend again,
His arrows Pœas's son.

More glorious then the meeds
That in their strife with labor nerved the brave,
To the great doer of renownèd deeds,
The Hebe and the heaven the Thunderer gave,
Before the rescued rescuer of the dead,
Bowed down the silent and immortal host;
And the twin stars their guiding lustre shed
On the bark tempest-tost!

Art thou, fair world, no more?
Return, thou virgin bloom on nature's face; —
Ah, only on the minstrel's magic shore,
Can we the footstep of sweet fable trace!
The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;
Vainly we search the earth, of gods bereft;
Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,
Shadows alone are left!

Song of the Bell.

Fastened deep in firmest earth
Stands the mould of well-burnt clay,
Now we'll give the bell its birth.
Quick, my friends, without delay!
From the heated brow
Sweat must freely flow
If to your Master praise be given;
But the blessing comes from heaven. . . .

With splinters of the driest pine
Now feed the fire below,
Then the rising flame shall shine,
And the melting ore shall flow.
Boils the melting brass within,
Quickly add the tin,
That the thick, metallic mass
Rightly to the mould shall pass.

What with the aid of fire's dread power,
We in the dark, deep pit now hide,
Shall on some lofty, sacred tower
Tell of our skill, and form our pride;
And it shall last to days remote;
Shall thrill the ear of many a race;
Shall sound with sonorous, mournful note,
And call to pure devotion's grace.
Whatever to the sons of earth
Their changing destiny brings down,
To the deep, solemn clang gives birth
That rings from out the metal crown. . . .

Now we may begin to cast.
All is right and well prepared;
Yet, ere the anxious moment 's past,
A pious hope by all be shared.
Strike the stopper clear;
God preserve us here!
Sparkling to the rounded mould
It rushes hot, like liquid gold.
How useful is the power of flame
If human skill control and tame;
And much of all that man can boast,
Without that child of Heaven were lost.
But frightful is her changing mien
When bursting from her bonds, she 's seen
To quit the safe and quiet hearth,
And wander lawless o'er the earth.
Woe to those whom then she meets!
Against her fury who can stand?
Along the thickly peopled streets
She madly hurls her fearful brand.
Then the elements, with joy,
Man's best handiwork destroy.
From the clouds
Falls amain
The blessed rain:
From the clouds alike
Lightnings strike.
Ringing loud, the fearful knell
Sounds the bell;
Dark, blood-red
Are all the skies;
But no dawning light is spread.

What wild cries
From the street arise!
Smoke dims the eyes.
Thicker mounts the fiery glow
Along the street's extended row;
Fast as the fiercest winds can blow;
Bright, as with a furnace glare,
And scorching is the heated air,
Beams are falling, children crying,
Windows breaking, mothers flying,
Creatures many, crushed and dying;
All is uproar, hurry, flight;
And light as day the dreadful night.
Along the eager, living lane —
Though all in vain —
Speeds the bucket; the engine's power
Sends the artificial shower.
But see, the heavens threatening lower!
The winds rush roaring to the flame,
Cinders on the storehouse-frame
And the driest stores fall thick;
While kindling, blazing, mounting quick,
As though it would, at one fell sweep,
All that on earth is found
Scatter wide in ruin round.
Swells the flame to heaven's blue deep,
With giant size.
Hope now dies:
Man must yield to Heaven's decrees:
Submissive, yet appalled, he sees
His fairest works in ashes sleep. . . .

To the earth it 's now committed;
With success the mould is filled.
To skill and care alone 's permitted
A perfect work with love to build.
Is the casting right?
Is the mould yet tight?
Ah! while now with hope we wait
Mischance, perhaps, attends its fate.

To the dark lap of Mother Earth
We now confide what we have made;
As in earth, too, the seed is laid,
In hope the seasons will give birth
To fruits that soon may be displayed.

And yet more precious seed we sow
With sorrow in the world's wide field;
And hope, though in the grave laid low,
A flower of heavenly hue 't will yield.

Till the Bell is safely cold
May our heavy labors rest;
Free as the bird, by none controlled,
Each may do what pleases best.
With approaching night
Twinkling stars are bright.
Vespers call the boys to play;
The Master's toils end not with day.

Now break up the useless mould,
Its only purpose is fulfilled.
May our eyes, well pleased, behold
A work to prove us not unskilled.
Wield the hammer well
Till the frame shall yield!
That the Bell to light may rise,
The form in thousand fragments flies. . . .

God has given us joy to-night!
See, how like the golden grain
From the husk, all smooth and bright,
The shining metal now is ta'en.
From lip to well-formed rim,
Not a spot is dim:
E'en the motto, neatly raised,
Shows a skill may well be praised.

Around, around,
Companions all, take your ground,
And name the bell with joy profound!
Concordia is the word we 've found
Most meet to express the harmonious sound
That calls to those in friendship bound.

Be this henceforth the destined end
To which the finished work we send
High over every meaner thing,
In the blue canopy of heaven,
Near to the thunder let it swing,
A neighbor to the stars be given.

Let its clear voice above proclaim,
With brightest troops of distant suns,
The praise of our Creator's name,
While round each circling season runs.
To solemn thoughts of heartfelt power
Let its deep note full oft invite,
And tell, with every passing hour,
Of hastening time's unceasing flight.
Still let it mark the course of fate;
Its cold, unsympathizing voice
Attend on every changing state
Of human passions, griefs, and joys.
And as the mighty sound it gives
Dies gently on the listening ear,
We feel how quickly all that lives
Must change, and fade, and disappear.

Now, lads, join your strength around!
Lift the bell to upper air!
And in the kingdom wide of sound
Once placed, we 'll leave it there.
All together! heave!
Its birthplace see it leave!—
Joy to all within its bound!
Peace its first, its latest sound!

Haste not — Rest not.

Without haste, without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom —
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not: Let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right;
Forward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not: Years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not: Time is sweeping by;
Do and dare before thou die.

Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer Time;
Glorious 't is to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not — rest not: Calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide.
Haste not — rest not: Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

The Division of the Earth.

"Take the world!" Zeus exclaim'd from his throne in the skies
To the children of man — "take the world I now give;
It shall ever remain as your heirloom and prize.
So divide it as brothers, and happily live."

Then all who had hands sought their share to obtain,
The young and the agèd made haste to appear;
The husbandman seiz'd on the fruits of the plain,
The youth thro' the forest pursued the fleet deer.

The merchant took all that his warehouse could hold,
The abbot selected the last year's best wine,
The king barr'd the bridges, the highways controll'd,
And said, "Now remember, the tithes shall be mine!"

But when the division long settled had been,
The poet drew nigh from a far distant land;
But alas! not a remnant was now to be seen,
Each thing on the earth own'd a master's command.

"Alas! shall then I, of thy sons the most true —
Shall I, 'mongst them all, be forgotten alone?"
Thus loudly he cried in his anguish, and threw
Himself in despair before Jupiter's throne.

"If thou in the region of dreams didst delay,
Complain not of me," the Immortal replied;
"When the world was apportioned, where then wert thou, pray?"
"I was," said the poet, "I was by thy side!

"Mine eye was then fixed on thy features so bright,
Mine ear was entranced by thy harmony's power;
Oh, pardon the spirit that, aw'd by thy light,
All things of the earth could forget in that hour!"

"What to do?" Zeus exclaim'd — "for the world has been given;
The harvest, the market, the chase, are not free;
But if thou with me wilt abide in my heaven,
Whenever thou com'st 't will be open to thee!"

The Longing.

From this valley's lowly plain,
Where but chilly mists I see,
Could I but the pathway gain,
Oh, how happy I should be!
Lovely mountains greet mine eye,
Ever verdant, young and fair,
To the mountains I would fly
Had I wings to cleave the air.

In my ear sweet music rings,
Tones of Heaven's lulled repose;
Borne upon the zephyr's wings
Balmy odor round me flows.
Golden glows the fruit so fair,
Nodding on the dark green spray,
And the flowers blooming there
Winter marks not for his prey.

To the sun's eternal light
Ah, how sweet it were to flee!
And the air on yonder height
How refreshing must it be!
But a torrent bars my way,
Angrily its billows roll,
And the menace of its spray
With a shudder fills my soul.

Lo! a boat reels to and fro,
But, alas, the pilot fails!
Bold and fearless in it go!
Life breathes on its swelling sails.
Gods ne'er give a pledge to man.
Strong in faith, then, thou must dare;
Thee naught but a wonder can
To the Land of Wonders bear.

KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL.

Schlegel, Karl Wilhelm Friedrich, a German historian and critic; born at Hanover, March 10, 1772; died at Dresden, January 12, 1829. He studied at Göttingen and Leipsic, and in 1797 published "The Greeks and Romans," followed the next year by his "History of the Poetry of the Greeks and Romans." He afterward went to Jena, became a private teacher, lectured upon philosophy, and edited the "Athenæum." From Jena he went to Dresden, and thence to Paris, where he edited "Europa," a monthly journal, and studied Sanskrit and the languages of Southern Europe. In 1808 he became a Roman Catholic and went to Vienna. Here he lectured and wrote history, philosophy, and the history of literature. His works, other than historical, include "Lucinda," an early novel of questionable character; "Alarcos," a tragedy; and numerous "Essays" and "Poems." Most of his writings have been translated into English; among these are "Lectures on Modern History" (1811), translated by Purcell; "Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern" (1815), translated by Lockhart; "Lectures on the Philosophy of Life and the Philosophy of Language" (1828), translated by Morrison; "Lectures on the Philosophy of History" (1829), translated by Robertson; "Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Works," translated by Millington.

Bacon and his Philosophy.

The sixteenth century was the age of ferment and of strife, and it was not until the close of it that the human mind began to recover from the violent shock it had sustained. With the seventeenth century new paths of thinking and investigation were opened, owing to the rivival of classical learning, the extension given to the natural sciences and geography, and the general commotion and difference in religious belief occasioned by Protestantism. The first name suggested by the mention of these several features is Bacon. This mighty genius ranks as the father of modern physics, inasmuch as he brought back the spirit of investigation from the barren verbal subtleties of the

schools to nature and experience. He made and completed many important discoveries himself, and seems to have had a dim and imperfect foresight of others. Stimulated by his capacious and stirring intellect, experimental science extended her boundaries in every direction; intellectual culture — nay, the social organization of modern Europe generally — assumed new shape and complexion.

The ulterior consequences of this mighty change became objectionable, dangerous, and even terrible in their tendency, at the time when Bacon's followers and admirers in the eighteenth century attempted to wrest from mere experience and the senses what he had never assumed them to possess, — namely, the law of life and conduct, and the essentials of faith and hope, while they rejected with cool contempt as fanaticism every exalted hope and soothing affection which could not be practically proved. All this was quite contrary, however, to the spirit and aim of the founder of this philosophy. In illustration, I would only refer here to that well-known sentence of his, deservedly remembered by all: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion."

Both in religion and in natural philosophy this great thinker believed many things that would have been regarded as mere superstition by his partisans and admirers in later times. Neither is it to be supposed that this was a mere conventional acquiescence in an established belief, or some prejudice not yet overcome of his education and age. His declarations on these very topics relating to a supernatural world are, most of all, stamped with the characteristics of his clear and penetrating spirit. He was a man of feeling, as well as of invention, and though the world of experience had appeared to him in quite a new light, the higher and divine region of the spiritual world, situated far above common sensible experience, was not viewed by him obscurely or remotely. How little he partook, I will not say of the crude materialism of some of his followers, but even of the more refined deification of nature which, during the eighteenth century, was transported from France to Germany, like some dark offshoot of natural philosophy, is proved by his views of the substantial essence of a correct physical system.

The natural philosophy of the ancients was, according to a judgment pronounced by himself, open to the following censure: "They held nature to constitute an image of Divinity,

whereas it is in conformity with truth, as well as Christianity, to regard man as the sole image and likeness of his Creator, and to look upon nature as His handiwork."

In the term Natural Philosophy of the Ancients, Bacon evidently includes — as may be seen from the general results attributed to it — no mere individual theory or system, but altogether the best and most excellent fruits of their research within the boundaries not only of physical science, but also of mythology and natural religion. And when he claims for man exclusively the high privilege, according to the Christian doctrine, of being the likeness and image of God, he is not to be understood as deriving this dignity purely from the high position of constituting the most glorious and most complex of all natural productions; but, in the literal sense of the Bible, that this likeness and image is the gift of God's love and inspiration. The figurative expression that nature is not a mirror or image of the Godhead, but his handiwork — if comprehended in all its profundity — will be seen to convey a perfect explanation of the relation of the sensible and supersensible world of nature and of divinity. It pre-eminently declares the fact that nature has not an independent self-existence, but was created by God for an especial purpose. In a word — Bacon's plain and easy discrimination between ancient philosophy and his own Christian ideas is an intelligible and clear rule for fixing the right medium between profane and nature worship on the one hand, and gloomy hatred of nature on the other — to which latter one-sided reason is peculiarly prone; when intent only upon morality, it is perplexed in its apprehensions of nature, and has only imperfect and confused notions of divinity.

But a right appreciation of the difference between nature and God is the most important point, both of thought and belief, of life and conduct. Bacon's views on this head are the more fittingly introduced here because the philosophy of our own time is for the most part distracted between the two extremes indicated above; the reprehensible nature-worship of some, who do not distinguish between the Creator and His works — God and the world; or, on the other, the hatred and blindness of those despisers of nature whose reason is exclusively directed to their personal destiny. The just medium between the opposite errors — that is to say, the only correct consideration of nature — is that involved in a sense of intimate connection, of our immeasurable superiority morally, and to a proper awe of those of

her elements that significantly point to matters of higher import than herself. All such vestiges, exciting either love or fear, as a silent awe, or a prophetic declaration, reveal the hand that formed them and the purpose they are designed to accomplish.

Spenser and Shakespeare.

(From "Lectures on the History of Literature.")

The chivalrous poem of Spenser, the "Fairy Queen," presents us with a complete view of the spirit of romance which yet lingered in England among the subjects of Elizabeth; that maiden queen who saw herself, with no ordinary delight, deified while yet alive by such playful fancies of mythology and the Muse. Spenser is a perfect master of the picturesque: in his lyrical pieces there breathes all the tenderness of the idyl, the very spirit of the Troubadours. Not only in the species and manner of his poetry, but even in his language, he bears the most striking resemblance to our old German poets of love and chivalry. The history of the English literature was indeed quite the reverse of ours. Chaucer is not unlike our poets of the sixteenth century; but Spenser is the near kinsman of the tender and melodious poets of our older time. In every language which is, like the English, the product of the blending of two different dialects, there must always be two ideals, according as the poet shall lean more to the one or the other of the elements whereof his language is composed. Of all the English poets the most Teutonic is Spenser; while Milton, on the contrary, has an evident partiality to the Latin part of the English tongue. The only unfortunate part of Spenser's poetry is its form. The allegory which he has selected and made the groundwork of his chief poem is not one of that lively kind which prevails in the elder chivalrous fictions, wherein the idea of a spiritual hero, and the mysteries of his higher vocation, are concealed under the likeness of external adventures and tangible events. It is only a dead allegory, a mere classification of all the virtues of an ethical system; in short, such a one that but for the proper names of the personages, we should never suspect any part of their history to contain "more than meets the ear."

The admiration with which Shakespeare regarded Spenser, and the care with which he imitated him in his lyrical and idyllic poems, are circumstances of themselves sufficient to make us study, with the liveliest interest, the poem of the "Fairy Queen."

It is in these minor pieces of Shakespeare that we are first introduced to a personal knowledge of the great poet and his feelings. When he wrote sonnets, it seems as if he had considered himself as more a poet than when he wrote plays: he was the manager of a theatre, and he viewed the drama as his business; on it he exerted all his intellect and power: but when he had feelings intense and secret to express, he had recourse to a form of writing with which his habits had rendered him less familiar. It is strange but delightful to scrutinize, in his short effusions, the character of Shakespeare. In them we see that he who stood like a magician about the world, penetrating with one glance into all the depths and mysteries and perplexities of human character, and having power to call up into open day the darkest workings of human passions,—that this great being was not deprived of any portion of his human sympathies by the elevation to which he was raised, but preserved amidst all his stern functions a heart overflowing with tenderness, purity, and love. His feelings are intense, profound, acute, almost to selfishness; but he expresses them so briefly and modestly as to form a strange contrast with most of those poets who write concerning themselves. For the right understanding of his dramatic works, these lyrics are of the greatest importance. They show us that in his dramas he very seldom speaks according to his own feelings or his own thoughts, but according to his knowledge. The world lay clear and distinct before his eyes, but between him and it there was a deep gulf fixed. He gives us a portrait of what he saw, without flattery or ornament, having the charm of unrivalled accuracy and truth. Were understanding, acuteness, and profoundness of thought (in so far as these are necessary for the characterizing of human life), to be considered as the first qualities of a poet, there is none worthy to be compared with Shakespeare. Other poets have endeavored to transport us, at least for a few moments, into another and an ideal condition of mankind. But Shakespeare is the master of reality; he sets before us, with a truth that is often painful, man in his degraded state, in this corruption which penetrates and contaminates all his being, all that he does and suffers, all the thoughts and aspirations of his fallen spirit. In this respect he may not unfrequently be said to be a satirical poet; and well indeed may the picture which he presents of human debasement, and the enigma of our being, be calculated to produce an effect far more deep and abiding than the whole body of splenetic and passionate

revilers whom we commonly call by the name of satiric poets. In the midst of all the bitterness of Shakespeare we perceive continual glimpses of thoughts and recollections more pure than satirists partake in: meditation on the original height and elevation of man; the peculiar tenderness and noble-minded sentiment of a poet. The dark world of his representation is illuminated with the most beautiful rays of patriotic inspiration, serene philanthropy, and glowing love.

But even the youthful glow of love appears in his Romeo as the mere inspiration of death; and is mingled with the same sceptical and melancholy views of life which in Hamlet give to all our being an appearance of more than natural discord and perplexity, and which in Lear carry sorrow and passion into the utmost misery of madness. This poet, who externally seems to be most calm and temperate, clear and lively; with whom intellect seems everywhere to preponderate; who, as we at first imagine, regards and represents everything almost with coldness, — is found, if we examine into the internal feelings of his spirit, to be above all others the most deeply sorrowful and tragic.

Shakespeare regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people, and at first treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it; and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors and of the audience in London. Even in the earliest of his tragic attempts, he takes possession of the whole superstitions of the vulgar; and mingles in his poetry not only the gigantic greatness of their rude traditions, but also the fearful, the horrible, and the revolting. All these, again, are blended with such representations and views of human debasement as passed, or still pass, with common spectators for wit; but were connected in the depths of his reflective and penetrating spirit with the very different feelings of bitter contempt or sorrowful sympathy. He was not in knowledge, far less in art, such as since the time of Milton it has been usual to represent him. But I believe that the inmost feelings of his heart, the depths of his peculiar, concentrated, and solitary spirit, could be agitated only by the mournful voice of nature. The feeling by which he seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality. He has represented the heroic and glorious period of English history, during the conquests in France, in a series of dramatic pieces which possess all the simplicity and liveliness

of the ancient chronicles, but approach in their ruling spirit of patriotism and glory to the most dignified and effective productions of the epic Muse.

In the works of Shakespeare a whole world is unfolded. He who has once comprehended this, and been penetrated with its spirit, will not easily allow the effect to be diminished by the form, or listen to the cavils of those who are incapable of understanding the import of what they would criticise. The form of Shakespeare's writings will rather appear to him good and excellent because in it his spirit is expressed and clothed, as it were, in a convenient garment. The poetry of Shakespeare is near of kin to the spirit of the Germans; and he is more felt and beloved by them than any other foreign — I had almost said than any vernacular — poet. Even in England, the understanding of Shakespeare is rendered considerably more difficult in consequence of the resemblance which many very inferior writers bear to him in those points which come most immediately before the eye. In Germany we admire Shakespeare and are free from this disadvantage; but we should beware of adopting either the form or the sentiment of this great poet's writings as the exclusive model of our own. They are indeed, in themselves, most highly poetical; but they are far from being the only poetical ones, and the dramatic art may attain perfection in many other ways besides the Shakespearean.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

Schneckenburger, Max, a German verse-writer, author of "The Watch on the Rhine;" born at Thalheim, February 17, 1819; died at Burgdorf, near Bern, May 3, 1849. In the Franco-Prussian war "The Watch on the Rhine" attained the rank of a national song and melody; and when the war was over, an annual pension of 3000 marks ($750) was settled on his surviving family, and also on the composer of the melody, Karl Wilhelm.

The Watch on the Rhine.

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel: —
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

Chorus.

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They 'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand, —
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

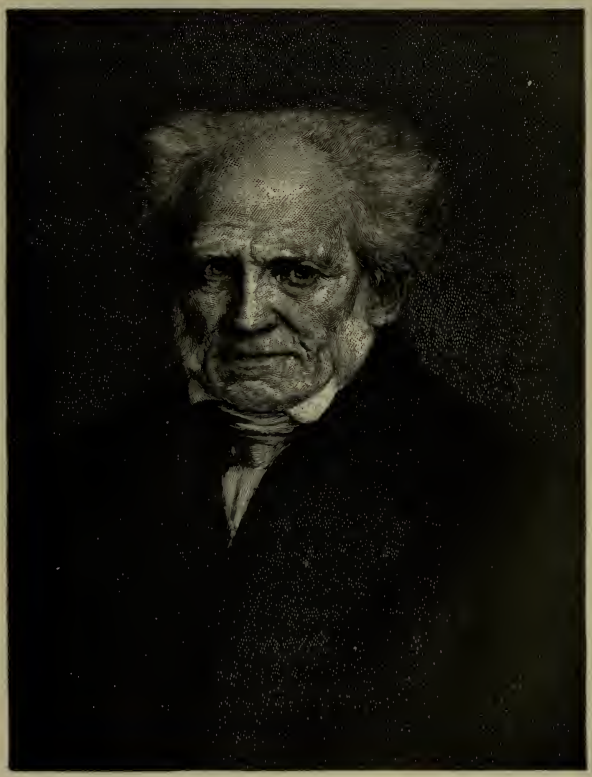
ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

Schopenhauer, Arthur, a celebrated German philosopher; born at Dantzic, February 22, 1788; died at Frankfort, September 21, 1860. While a youth he spent some months at an English school; then studied at Göttingen and Berlin; resided awhile at Weimar. His first work was "On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason" (1813). After travelling in Italy he returned to Berlin; then, about 1831, he took up his residence at Frankfort, where for his last thirty years he led the life of a gloomy recluse. His principal work, "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" (The World considered as Will and Idea) (1819), was written before he was thirty. He published nothing more for sixteen years, after which he wrote "The Will in Nature" (1836); "The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics" (1841); "Parerga and Paralipomena" (1851), a collection of his minor writings. His "MS. Remains," and his "Correspondence with Johann August Becker," appeared posthumously in 1883.

The Vanity of Life.

(From "The World as Will and Idea.")

As far as the life of the individual is concerned, every biography is the history of suffering; for every life is, as a rule, a continual series of great and small misfortunes, which each one conceals as much as possible because he knows that others can seldom feel sympathy or compassion, but almost always satisfaction at the sight of the woes from which they are themselves for the moment exempt. But perhaps at the end of life, if a man is sincere and in full possession of his faculties, he will never wish to have it to live over again; but rather than this, he will much prefer absolute annihilation. The essential content of the famous soliloquy in "Hamlet" is briefly this: Our state is so wretched that absolute annihilation would be decidedly preferable. If suicide really offered us this, — so that the alternative "to be or not to be," in the full sense of the word, was placed before us, — then it would be unconditionally to be chosen as "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But there



SCHOPENHAUER

is something in us which tells us that this is not the case; suicide is not the end; death is not absolute annihilation. In like manner, what was said by the Father of History has not since him been contradicted, — that no man has ever lived who has not wished more than once that he had not to live the following day. According to this, the brevity of life, which is so constantly lamented, may be the best quality it possesses.

If, finally, we should bring clearly to a man's sight the terrible sufferings and miseries to which his life is constantly exposed, he would be seized with horror: and if we were to conduct the confirmed optimist through the hospitals, infirmaries, and surgical operating-rooms, through the prisons, torture chambers, and slave kennels, over battle-fields and places of execution; if we were to open to him all the dark abodes of misery, where it hides itself from the glance of cold curiosity, and finally allow him to glance into Ugolino's dungeon of starvation, — he too would understand at last the nature of this "best of possible worlds." For whence did Dante take the materials for his hell, but from this our actual world? And yet he made a very proper hell of it. And when, on the other hand, he came to the task of describing heaven and its delights, he had an insurmountable difficulty before him; for our world affords no materials at all for this. Therefore there remained nothing for him to do, but, instead of describing the joys of Paradise, to repeat to us the instruction given him there by his ancestor, by Beatrice, and by various saints.

But from this it is sufficiently clear what manner of world it is. Certainly human life, like all bad ware, is covered over with a false lustre. What suffers always conceals itself. On the other hand, whatever pomp or splendor any one can get, he openly makes a show of: and the more his inner contentment deserts him, the more he desires to exist as fortunate in the opinion of others, — to such an extent does folly go; and the opinion of others is a chief aim of the efforts of every one, although the utter nothingness of it is expressed in the fact that in almost all languages vanity, *vanitas*, originally signifies emptiness and nothingness. But under all this false show, the miseries of life can so increase — and this happens every day — that the death which hitherto has been feared above all things is eagerly seized upon. Indeed, if fate will show its whole malice, even this refuge is denied to the sufferer; and in the hands of enraged enemies, he may remain exposed to terrible and slow

tortures without remedy. In vain the sufferer then calls on his gods for help: he remains exposed to his fate without grace.

But this irremediableness is only the mirror of the invincible nature of his will, of which his person is the objectivity. As little as an external power can change or suppress this will, so little can a foreign power deliver it from the miseries which proceed from the life which is the phenomenal appearance of that will. In the principal matter, as in everything else, a man is always thrown back upon himself. In vain does he make to himself gods, in order to get from them by prayers and flattery what can only be accomplished by his own will-power. The Old Testament made the world and man the work of a god; but the New Testament saw that in order to teach that holiness, and salvation from the sorrows of this world, can only come from the world itself, it was necessary that this god should become man. It is and remains the will of man upon which everything depends for him. Fanatics, martyrs, saints of every faith and name, have voluntarily and gladly endured every torture, because in them the will to live had suppressed itself; and then even the slow destruction of its phenomenon was welcome to them. But I do not wish to anticipate the later exposition. For the rest, I cannot here avoid the statement that to me, optimism, when it is not merely the thoughtless talk of such as harbor nothing but words under their low foreheads, appears not merely as an absurd, but also as a really wicked way of thinking; as a bitter mockery of the unspeakable suffering of humanity. Let no one think that Christianity is favorable to optimism; for on the contrary, in the Gospels, "world" and "evil" are used as almost synonymous. . . .

All suffering, since it is a mortification and a call to resignation, has potentially a sanctifying power. This is the explanation of the fact that every great misfortune or deep pain inspires a certain awe. But the sufferer only really becomes an object of reverence, when, surveying the course of his life as a chain of sorrows, or mourning some great and incurable misfortune, he does not really look at the special combination of circumstances which has plunged his own life into suffering, nor stop at the single great misfortune that has befallen him: — for in so doing, his knowledge still follows the principle of sufficient reason, and clings to the particular phenomenon; he still wills life, only not under the conditions which have happened to him; — but only then, I say, is he truly worthy of reverence when he raises his

glance from the particular to the universal, when he regards his suffering as merely an example of the whole, and for him — since in a moral regard he partakes of genius — one case stands for a thousand; so that the whole of life, conceived as essentially suffering, brings him to resignation. Therefore it inspires reverence, when in Goethe's "Torquato Tasso" the princess speaks of how her own life and that of her relations has always been sad and joyless, and yet regards the matter from an entirely universal point of view.

A very noble character we always imagine with a certain trace of quiet sadness, which is anything but a constant fretfulness at daily annoyances (this would be an ignoble trait, and lead us to fear a bad disposition), but is a consciousness derived from knowledge of the vanity of all possessions, — of the suffering of all life, not merely of his own. But such knowledge may primarily be awakened by the personal experience of suffering, especially some one great sorrow; as a single unfulfilled wish brought Petrarch to that state of resigned sadness concerning the whole of life which appeals to us so pathetically in his works, — for the Daphne he pursued had to flee from his hands in order to leave him, instead of herself, the immortal laurel. When through some such great and irrevocable denial of fate the will is to some extent broken, almost nothing else is desired; and the character shows itself mild, just, noble, and resigned. Finally, when grief has no definite object, but extends itself over the whole of life, then it is to a certain extent a going into itself; a withdrawal, a gradual disappearance of the will, whose visible manifestation, the body, it imperceptibly but surely undermines, — so that a man feels a certain loosening of his bonds, a mild foretaste of that death which promises to be the abolition at once of the body and of the will. Therefore a secret pleasure accompanies this grief; and it is this, as I believe, which the most melancholy of all nations has called "the joy of grief." But here also lies the danger of *sentimentality*, both in life itself and in the representation of it in poetry; when a man is always mourning and lamenting without courageously rising to resignation. In this way we lose both earth and heaven, and retain merely a watery sentimentality. Only if suffering assumes the form of pure knowledge — and this, acting as a *quieter of the will*, brings about resignation — is it worthy of reverence.

In this regard, however, we feel a certain respect at the sight of every great sufferer, which is akin to the feeling excited by

virtue and nobility of character, and also seems like a reproach of our own happy condition. We cannot help regarding every sorrow — both our own and those of others — as at least a potential advance towards virtue and holiness; and on the contrary, pleasures and worldly satisfactions as a retrogression from them. This goes so far that every man who endures a great bodily or mental suffering, — indeed, every one who merely performs some physical labor which demands the greatest exertion, in the sweat of his brow and with evident exhaustion, yet with patience and without murmuring, — every such man, I say, if we consider him with close attention, appears to us like a sick man who tries a painful cure; and who willingly, and even with satisfaction, endures the suffering it causes him, because he knows that the more he suffers the more the cause of his disease is affected, and that therefore the present suffering is the measure of his cure.

According to what has been said, the denial of the will to live — which is just what is called absolute, entire resignation, or holiness — always proceeds from that quieter of the will which the knowledge of its inner conflict and essential vanity, expressing themselves in the suffering of all living things, becomes. The difference — which we have represented as two paths — consists in whether that knowledge is called up by suffering which is merely and purely *known*, and is freely appropriated by means of the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, or by suffering which is directly *felt* by a man himself. True salvation — deliverance from life and suffering — cannot even be imagined without complete denial of the will. Till then, every one is simply this will itself; whose manifestation is an ephemeral existence, a constantly vain and empty striving, and the world full of suffering we have represented, to which all irrevocably and in like manner belong. For we found above that life is always assured to the will to live; and its one real form is the present, from which they can never escape, since birth and death reign in the phenomenal world. The Indian mythus expresses this by saying "they are born again." The great ethical difference of character means this: that the bad man is infinitely far from the attainment of the knowledge from which the denial of the will proceeds, and therefore he is in truth *actually* exposed to all the miseries which appear in life as *possible;* for even the present fortunate condition of his personality is merely a phenomenon produced by the *principium*

individuationis, and a delusion of Maya, — the happy dream of a beggar. The sufferings which in the vehemence and ardor of his will he inflicts upon others are the measure of the suffering, the experience of which in his own person cannot break his will, and plainly lead it to the denial of itself. All true and pure love, on the other hand, and even all free justice, proceed from the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, which, if it appears with its full power, results in perfect sanctification and salvation, the phenomenon of which is the state of resignation described above, the unbroken peace which accompanies it, and the greatest delight in death.

If, however, it should be absolutely insisted upon that in some way or other a positive knowledge should be attained of that which philosophy can only express negatively as the denial of the will, there would be nothing for it but to refer to that state which all those who have attained to complete denial of the will have experienced, and which has been variously denoted by the names ecstasy, rapture, illumination, union with God, and so forth; a state, however, which cannot properly be called knowledge, because it has not the form of subject and object, and is moreover only attainable in one's own experience and cannot be further communicated.

We, however, who consistently occupy the standpoint of philosophy, must be satisfied here with negative knowledge, — content to have reached the utmost limit of the positive. We have recognized the inmost nature of the world as will, and all its phenomena as only the objectivity of will; and we have followed this objectivity from the unconscious working of obscure forces of nature up to the completely conscious action of man. Therefore we shall by no means evade the consequence, that with the free denial, the surrender of the will, all those phenomena are also abolished: that constant strain and effort, without end and without rest, at all the grades of objectivity in which and through which the world consists; the multifarious forms succeeding each other in graduation; the whole manifestation of the will; and finally also the universal forms of this manifestation, time and space, and also its last fundamental form, subject and object, — all are abolished. No will no idea — no world.

Before us there is certainly only nothingness. But that which resists this passing into nothing — our nature — is indeed just the will to live which we ourselves are, as it is our world. That we abhor annihilation so greatly, is simply another ex-

pression of the fact that we so strenuously will life, and are nothing but this will, and know nothing besides it. But if we turn our glance from our own needy and embarrassed condition to those who have overcome the world; in whom the will, having attained to perfect self-knowledge, found itself again in all, and then freely denied itself, and who then merely wait to see the last trace of it vanish with the body which it animates: then instead of the restless striving and effort, instead of the constant transition from wish to fruition and from joy to sorrow, instead of the never-satisfied and never-dying hope which constitutes the life of the man who wills, — we shall see that peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable confidence and serenity, the mere reflection of which in the countenance, as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the will has vanished. We look with deep and painful longing upon this state, beside which the misery and wretchedness of our own is brought out clearly by the contrast. Yet this is the only consideration which can afford us lasting consolation, when on the one hand we have recognized incurable suffering and endless misery as essential to the manifestation of will, the world; and on the other hand, see the world pass away with the abolition of will, and retain before us only empty nothingness. Thus, in this way, by contemplation of the life and conduct of saints, — whom it is certainly rarely granted us to meet with in our own experience, but who are brought before our eyes by their written history, and with the stamp of inner truth, by art, — we must banish the dark impression of that nothingness which we discern behind all virtue and holiness as their final goal, and which we fear as children fear the dark; we must not even evade it like the Indians, through myths and meaningless words, such as re-absorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of the Buddhists. Rather do we freely acknowledge that what remains after the entire abolition of will is, for all those who are still full of will, certainly nothing; but conversely, to those in whom the will has turned and has denied itself, this our world which is so real, with all its suns and Milky Ways, is nothing.

On Books and Reading.

It is in literature as in life: wherever you turn, you stumble at once upon the incorrigible mob of humanity, swarming in

all directions, crowding and soiling everything, like flies in summer. Hence the number, which no man can count, of bad books; those rank weeds of literature, which draw nourishment from the corn and choke it. The time, money, and attention of the public, which rightfully belong to good books and their noble aims, they take for themselves: they are written for the mere purpose of making money or procuring places. So they are not only useless: they do positive mischief. Nine-tenths of the whole of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end author, publisher, and reviewer are in league.

Let me mention a crafty and wicked trick, albeit a profitable and successful one, practiced by littérateurs, hack writers, and voluminous authors. In complete disregard of good taste and the true culture of the period, they have succeeded in getting the whole of the world of fashion into leading-strings, so that they are all trained to read in time, and all the same thing, — viz., *the newest books;* and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who were once celebrated, — as Spindler, Bulwer-Lytton, Eugene Sue. What can be more miserable than the lot of a reading public like this, — always bound to peruse the latest works of extremely commonplace persons who write for money only, and who are therefore never few in number? And for this advantage they are content to know only by name the works of the few superior minds of all ages and all countries. Literary newspapers too are a singularly cunning device for robbing the reading public of the time which, if culture is to be attained, should be devoted to the genuine productions of literature, instead of being occupied by the daily bungling of commonplace persons.

Hence, in regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain. Skill in doing so consists in not taking into one's hands any book merely because at the time it happens to be extensively read, — such as political or religious pamphlets, novels, poetry, and the like, which make a noise, and may even attain to several editions in the first and last year of their existence. Consider, rather, that the man who writes for fools is always sure of a large audience; be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to the works of those great minds of all times and countries who

o'ertop the rest of humanity, — those whom the voice of fame points to as such. These alone really educate and instruct. You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much. Bad books are intellectual poison: they destroy the mind. Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire.

There are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other: the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry: its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow, and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by people who live *on* science or poetry: it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelvemonth puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamor? This kind may be called fleeting, and the other permanent literature.

On Criticism.

The source of all pleasure and delight is the feeling of kinship. Even with the sense of beauty, it is unquestionably our own species in the animal world, and then again our own race, that appears to us the fairest. So too in intercourse with others: every man shows a decided preference for those who resemble him; and a blockhead will find the society of another blockhead incomparably more pleasant than that of any number of great minds put together. Every man must necessarily take his chief pleasure in his own work, because it is the mirror of his own mind, — the echo of his own thought; and next in order will come the work of people like him. That is to say, a dull, shallow, and perverse man, a dealer in mere words, will give his sincere and hearty applause only to that which is dull, shallow, perverse, or merely verbose: on the other hand, he will allow merit to the work of great minds only on the score of authority, — in other words, because he is ashamed to speak his opinion, for in reality they give him no pleasure at all; they do not appeal to him, — nay, they repel him: and he

will not confess this even to himself. The works of genius cannot be fully enjoyed except by those who are themselves of the privileged order. The first recognition of them, however, when they exist without authority to support them, demands considerable superiority of mind.

When the reader takes all this into consideration, he should be surprised, not that great work is so late in winning reputation, but that it wins it at all. And as a matter of fact, fame comes only by a slow and complex process. The stupid person is by degrees forced, and as it were tamed, into recognizing the superiority of one who stands immediately above him; this one in his turn bows before some one else; and so it goes on until the weight of the votes gradually prevails over their number: and this is just the condition of all genuine — in other words, deserved — fame. But until then, the greatest genius, even after he has passed his time of trial, stands like a king amidst a crowd of his own subjects who do not know him by sight, and therefore will not do his behests, unless indeed his chief ministers of State are in his train. For no subordinate official can be the direct recipient of the royal commands, as he knows only the signature of his immediate superior; and this is repeated all the way up into the highest ranks, where the under-secretary attests the minister's signature, and the minister that of the king. There are analogous stages to be passed before a genius can attain wide-spread fame. This is why his reputation most easily comes to a standstill at the very outset, — because the highest authorities, of whom there can be but few, are most frequently not to be found; but the further down he goes in the scale, the more numerous are those who take the word from above, so that his fame is no more arrested.

We must console ourselves for this state of things by reflecting that it is really fortunate that the greater number of men do not form a judgment on their own responsibility, but merely take it on authority. For what sort of criticism should we have on Plato and Kant, Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe, if every man were to form his opinion by what he really has and enjoys of these writers, instead of being forced by authority to speak of them in a fit and proper way, however little he may really feel what he says? Unless something of this kind took place, it would be impossible for true merit, in any high sphere, to attain fame at all. At the same time, it is also fortunate that every man has just so much critical power of his own as

is necessary for recognizing the superiority of those who are placed immediately over him, and for following their lead. This means that the many come in the end to submit to the authority of the few; and there results that hierarchy of critical judgments, on which is based the possibility of a steady and eventually wide-spreading fame.

The lowest class in the community is quite impervious to the merits of a great genius; and for these people there is nothing left but the monument raised to him, which, by the impression it produces on their senses, awakens in them a dim idea of the man's greatness.

Literary journals should be a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age, and the ever-increasing deluge of bad and useless books. Their judgments should be uncorrupted, just, and rigorous; and every piece of bad work done by an incapable person, every device by which the empty head tries to come to the assistance of the empty purse, — that is to say, about nine-tenths of all existing books, — should be mercilessly scourged. Literary journals would then perform their duty; which is to keep down the craving for writing, and put a check upon the deception of the public, instead of furthering these evils by a miserable toleration which plays into the hands of author and publisher, and robs the reader of his time and his money.

If there were such a paper as I mean, every bad writer, every brainless compiler, every plagiarist from others' books, every hollow and incapable place-hunter, every sham philosopher, every vain and languishing poetaster, would shudder at the prospect of the pillory in which his bad work would inevitably have to stand soon after publication. This would paralyze his twitching fingers, to the true welfare of literature; in which what is bad is not only useless but positively pernicious. Now, most books are bad and ought to have remained unwritten. Consequently praise should be as rare as is now the case with blame; which is withheld under the influence of personal considerations, coupled with the maxim, "Accedas socius, laudes lauderis ut absens."

It is quite wrong to try to introduce into literature the same toleration as must necessarily prevail in society towards those stupid, brainless people who everywhere swarm in it. In literature such people are impudent intruders; and to disparage the bad is here duty towards the good, for he who thinks

nothing bad will think nothing good either. Politeness, which has its source in social relations, is in literature an alien and often injurious element; because it exacts that bad work shall be called good. In this way the very aim of science and art is directly frustrated.

This ideal journal could, to be sure, be written only by people who joined incorruptible honesty with rare knowledge and still rarer power of judgment: so that perhaps there could at the very most be one, and even hardly one, in the whole country; but there it would stand, like a just Areopagus, every member of which would have to be elected by all the others. Under the system that prevails at present, literary journals are carried on by a clique, and secretly perhaps also by booksellers for the good of the trade; and they are often nothing but coalitions of bad heads to prevent the good ones succeeding. As Goethe once remarked to me, nowhere is there so much dishonesty as in literature.

But above all, anonymity, that shield of all literary rascality, would have to disappear. It was introduced under the pretext of protecting the honest critic, who warned the public, against the resentment of the author and his friends. But where there is one case of this sort, there will be a hundred where it merely serves to take all responsibility from the man who cannot stand by what he has said; or possibly to conceal the shame of one who has been cowardly and base enough to recommend a book to the public for the purpose of putting money into his own pocket. Often enough it is only a cloak for covering the obscurity, incompetence, and insignificance of the critic. It is incredible what impudence these fellows will show, and what literary trickery they will venture to commit, as soon as they know they are safe under the shadow of anonymity. Let me recommend a general *Anticriticism*, a universal medicine or panacea, to put a stop to all anonymous reviewing, whether it praises the bad or blames the good: *Rascal, your name!* For a man to wrap himself up and draw his hat over his face, and then fall upon people who are walking about without any disguise, — this is not the part of a gentleman: it is the part of a scoundrel and a knave.

An anonymous review has no more authority than an anonymous letter; and one should be received with the same mistrust as the other. Or shall we take the name of the man who consents to preside over what is, in the strict sense of the word,

une société anonyme, as a guarantee for the veracity of his colleagues?

Even Rousseau, in the preface to the "Nouvelle Héloïse," declares, "Tout honnête homme doit avouer les livres qu'il publie;" which in plain language means that every honorable man ought to sign his articles, and that no one is honorable who does not do so. How much truer this is of polemical writing, which is the general character of reviews! Riemer was quite right in the opinion he gives in his "Reminiscences of Goethe:" "An overt enemy," he says, "an enemy who meets you face to face, is an honorable man, who will treat you fairly, and with whom you can come to terms and be reconciled: but an enemy who conceals himself is a base, cowardly scoundrel, who has not courage enough to avow his own judgment; it is not his opinion that he cares about, but only the secret pleasure of wreaking his anger without being found out or punished." This must also have been Goethe's opinion, as he was generally the source from which Riemer drew his observations. And indeed, Rousseau's maxim applies to every line that is printed. Would a man in a mask ever be allowed to harangue a mob, or speak in any assembly, and that too when he was going to attack others and overwhelm them with abuse?

Anonymity is the refuge for all literary and journalistic rascality. It is a practice which must be completely stopped. Every article, even in a newspaper, should be accompanied by the name of its author; and the editor should be made strictly responsible for the accuracy of the signature. The freedom of the press should be thus far restricted: so that what a man publicly proclaims through the far-sounding trumpet of the newspaper, he should be answerable for — at any rate with his honor, if he has any; and if he has none, let his name neutralize the effect of his words. And since even the most insignificant person is known in his own circle, the result of such a measure would be to put an end to two thirds of the newspaper lies, and to restrain the audacity of many a poisonous tongue.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

Schreiner, Olive, an English South-African novelist; born at Capetown, in 1863. Her father was a German clergyman, who went to Africa as a missionary, and her mother is English. She was married in 1890 to Mr. Cronwright, an English minister. She early began to write stories, among which was "The Story of an African Farm." She went to England in 1882 and published this book, under the pseudonym "Ralph Iron." Her more recent works include "Dreams" (1890–93); "Dream Life and Real Life" (1893); and "Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland" (1897).

Shadows from Child Life.

(From "The Story of an African Farm.")

THE WATCH.

The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk-bushes with their long, finger-like leaves, all were touched by a weird and an almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain broken. Near the centre a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round ironstones piled one upon another, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones; and on the very summit a clump of prickly pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moonlight on their broad fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled sheep kraals and Kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling-house, — a square red brick building with thatched roof. Even on its bare red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty; and quite etherealized the low brick wall that

ran before the house, and which inclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers. On the zinc roof of the great open wagon-house, on the roofs of the outbuildings that jutted from its side, the moonlight glinted with a quite peculiar brightness, till it seemed that every rib in the metal was of burnished silver.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farm-house, on her great wooden bedstead, Tant' Sannie, the Boer-woman, rolled heavily in her sleep.

She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes; and the night was warm, and the room close: and she dreamed bad dreams, — not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich camps, nor of her first, the young Boer, but only of the sheep's trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side and snorted horribly.

In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter, the white moonlight fell in in a flood, and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow-haired child, with a low forehead and a freckled face; but the loving moonlight hid defects here as elsewhere, and showed only the innocent face of a child in its first sweet sleep.

The figure in the companion bed belonged of right to the moonlight, for it was of quite elfin-like beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs. Presently she opened her eyes, and looked at the moonlight that was bathing her.

"Em!" she called to the sleeper in the other bed, but received no answer. Then she drew the cover from the floor, turned her pillow, and pulling the sheet over her head, went to sleep again.

Only in one of the outbuildings that jutted from the wagon-house there was some one who was not asleep. The room was dark; door and shutter were closed; not a ray of light entered anywhere. The German overseer, to whom the room belonged, lay sleeping soundly on his bed in the corner, his great arms folded, and his bushy gray-and-black beard rising and falling on his breast. But one in the room was not asleep. Two large eyes looked about in the darkness, and two small hands were

OLIVE SCHREINER

smoothing the patchwork quilt. The boy, who slept on a box under the window, had just awakened from his first sleep. He drew the quilt up to his chin, so that little peered above it but a great head of silky black curls, and the two black eyes. He stared about in the darkness. Nothing was visible; not even the outline of one worm-eaten rafter, nor of the deal table on which lay the Bible from which his father had read before they went to bed. No one could tell where the tool-box was, and where the fireplace. There was something very impressive to the child in the complete darkness.

At the head of his father's bed hung a great silver hunting-watch. It ticked loudly. The boy listened to it, and began mechanically to count. Tick — tick — tick! one, two, three, four. He lost count presently, and only listened. Tick — tick — tick — tick!

It never waited; it went on inexorable; and every time it ticked, *a man died!* He raised himself a little on his elbow and listened. He wished it would leave off.

How many times had it ticked since he came to lie down! A thousand times, a million times, perhaps.

He tried to count again, and sat up to listen better.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He heard it distinctly. Where were they going to, all those people?

He lay down quickly, and pulled the cover up over his head; but presently the silky curls reappeared.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He thought of the words his father had read that evening: "*For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.*"

"Many, many, many!" said the watch.

"*Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*"

"Few, few, few!" said the watch.

The boy lay with his eyes wide open. He saw before him a long stream of people, a great dark multitude, that moved in one direction; then they came to the dark edge of the world, and went over. He saw them passing on before him, and there was nothing that could stop them. He thought of how that stream had rolled on through all the long ages of the past—

how the old Greeks and Romans had gone over; the countless millions of China and India, they were going over now. Since he had come to bed, how many had gone!

And the watch said, "Eternity, eternity, eternity!"

"Stop them! stop them!" cried the child.

And all the while the watch kept ticking on; just like God's will, that never changes or alters, you may do what you please.

Great beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead. He climbed out of bed, and lay with his face turned to the mud floor.

"O God, God! save them!" he cried in agony. "Only some; only a few! Only, for each moment I am praying here, one!" He folded his little hands upon his head. "God! God! save them!"

He grovelled on the floor.

Oh, the long, long ages of the past, in which they had gone over! Oh, the long, long future, in which they would pass away! O God! the long, long, long eternity, which has no end!

The child wept, and crept closer to the ground.

THE SACRIFICE.

The farm by daylight was not as the farm by moonlight. The plain was a weary flat of loose red sand, sparsely covered by dry karroo bushes, that cracked beneath the tread like tinder, and showed the red earth everywhere. Here and there a milk-bush lifted its pale-colored rods, and in every direction the ants and beetles ran about in the blazing sand. The red walls of the farmhouse, the zinc roofs of the outbuildings, the stone walls of the kraals, all reflected the fierce sunlight, till the eye ached and blenched. No tree or shrub was to be seen far or near. The two sunflowers that stood before the door, outstared by the sun, drooped their brazen faces to the sand; and the little cicada-like insects cried aloud among the stones of the "kopje."

The Boer-woman seen by daylight was even less lovely than when, in bed, she rolled and dreamed. She sat on a chair in the great front room, with her feet on a wooden stove, and wiped her flat face with the corner of her apron, and drank coffee, and in Cape Dutch swore that the beloved weather was damned. Less lovely, too, by daylight was the dead Englishman's child, her little stepdaughter, upon whose freckles and low wrinkled forehead the sunlight had no mercy.

"Lyndall," the child said to her little orphan cousin, who sat with her on the floor threading beads, "how is it your beads never fall off your needle?"

"I try," said the little one gravely, moistening her tiny finger, "That is why."

The overseer, seen by daylight, was a huge German, wearing a shabby suit, and with a childish habit of rubbing his hands and nodding his head prodigiously when pleased at anything. He stood out at the kraals, in the blazing sun, explaining to two Kaffir boys the approaching end of the world. The boys, as they cut the cakes of dung, winked at each other, and worked as slowly as they possibly could; but the German never saw it.

Away beyond the "kopje," Waldo, his son, herded the ewes and lambs, — a small and dusty herd, — powdered all over from head to foot with red sand, wearing a ragged coat, and shoes of undressed leather, through whose holes the toes looked out. His hat was too large, and had sunk down to his eyes, concealing completely the silky black curls. It was a curious small figure. His flock gave him little trouble. It was too hot for them to move far; they gathered round every little milk-bush as though they hoped to find shade, and stood there motionless in clumps. He himself crept under a shelving rock that lay at the foot of the "kopje," stretched himself on his stomach, and waved his dilapidated little shoes in the air.

Soon, from the blue bag where he kept his dinner, he produced a fragment of slate, an arithmetic, and a pencil. Proceeding to put down a sum with solemn and earnest demeanor, he began to add it up aloud: "Six and two is eight, and four is twelve, and two is fourteen, and four is eighteen." Here he paused. "And four is eighteen — and — four — is — eighteen." The last was very much drawled. Slowly the pencil slipped from his fingers, and the slate followed it into the sand. For a while he lay motionless; then began muttering to himself, folded his little arms, laid his head down upon them, and might have been asleep but for a muttering sound that from time to time proceeded from him. A curious old ewe came to sniff at him; but it was long before he raised his head. When he did, he looked at the far-off hills with his heavy eyes.

"Ye shall receive, ye shall receive, — *shall, shall, shall*," he muttered.

He sat up then. Slowly the dullness and heaviness melted from his face; it became radiant. Midday had come now, and

the sun's rays were poured down vertically; the earth throbbed before the eye.

The boy stood up quickly, and cleared a small space from the bushes which covered it. Looking carefully, he found twelve small stones of somewhat the same size; kneeling down, he arranged them carefully on the cleared space in a square pile, in shape like an altar. Then he walked to the bag where his dinner was kept; in it was a mutton chop and a large slice of brown bread. The boy took them out, and turned the bread over in his hand, deeply considering it. Finally he threw it away, and walked to the altar with the meat, and laid it down on the stones. Close by, in the red sand, he knelt down. Sure, never since the beginning of the world was there so ragged and so small a priest. He took off his great hat and placed it solemnly on the ground, then closed his eyes and folded his hands. He prayed aloud: —

"O God, my Father, I have made thee a sacrifice. I have only twopence, so I cannot buy a lamb. If the lambs were mine I would give thee one: but now I have only this meat; it is my dinner-meat. Please, my Father, send fire down from heaven to burn it. Thou hast said, Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou cast into the sea, nothing doubting, it shall be done. I ask for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

He knelt down with his face upon the ground, and he folded his hands upon his curls. The fierce sun poured down its heat upon his head and upon his altar. When he looked up he knew what he should see, — the glory of God! For fear, his very heart stood still, his breath came heavily; he was half suffocated. He dared not look up. Then at last he raised himself. Above him was the quiet blue sky, about him the red earth; there were the clumps of silent ewes and his altar — that was all.

He looked up: nothing broke the intense stillness of the blue overhead. He looked round in astonishment; then he bowed again, and this time longer than before.

When he raised himself the second time, all was unaltered. Only the sun had melted the fat of the little mutton-chop, and it ran down upon the stones.

Then the third time he bowed himself. When at last he looked up, some ants had come to the meat on the altar. He stood up, and drove them away. Then he put his hat on his hot curls, and sat in the shade. He clasped his hands about his

knees. He sat to watch what would come to pass. The glory of the Lord God Almighty! He knew he should see it.

"My dear God is trying me," he said; and he sat there through the fierce heat of the afternoon. Still he watched and waited when the sun began to slope; and when it neared the horizon and the sheep began to cast long shadows across the karroo, he still sat there. He hoped when the first rays touched the hills, till the sun dipped behind them and was gone. Then he called his ewes together, and broke down the altar, and threw the meat far, far away into the field.

He walked home behind his flock. His heart was heavy. He reasoned so: "God cannot lie. I had faith. No fire came. I am like Cain, — I am not his. He will not hear my prayer. God hates me."

The boy's heart was heavy. When he reached the kraal gate the two girls met him.

"Come," said the yellow-haired Em, "let us play 'coop.' There is still time before it gets quite dark. You, Waldo, go and hide on the 'kopje;' Lyndall and I will shut eyes here, and we will not look."

The girls hid their faces in the stone wall of the sheep kraal, and the boy clambered half-way up the "kopje." He crouched down between two stones, and gave the call. Just then the milk-herd came walking out of the cow kraal with two pails. He was an ill-looking Kaffir.

"Ah!" thought the boy, "perhaps he will die to-night, and go to hell! I must pray for him, I must pray!"

Then he thought, "Where am *I* going to?" and he prayed desperately.

"Ah! this is not right at all," little Em said, peeping between the stones, and finding him in a very curious posture. "What *are* you doing, Waldo? It is not the play, you know. You should run out when we come to the white stone. Ah, you do not play nicely."

"I — I will play nicely now," said the boy, coming out and standing sheepishly before them; "I — I only forgot; I will play now."

"He has been to sleep," said freckled Em.

"No," said beautiful little Lyndall, looking curiously at him; "he has been crying."

She never made a mistake.

THE CONFESSION.

One night, two years after, the boy sat alone on the "kopje." He had crept softly from his father's room, and came there. He often did, because when he prayed or cried aloud his father might awake and hear him; and none knew his great sorrow, and none knew his grief but he himself, and he buried them deep in his heart.

He turned up the brim of his great hat, and looked at the moon, but most at the leaves of the prickly pear that grew just before him. They glinted, and glinted, and glinted, just like his own heart, — cold, so hard, and very wicked. His physical heart had pain also; it seemed full of little bits of glass that hurt. He had sat there for half an hour, and he dared not go back to the close house.

He felt horribly lonely. There was not one thing so wicked as he in all the world, and he knew it. He folded his arms and began to cry — not aloud; he sobbed without making any sound, and his tears left scorched marks where they fell. He could not pray: he had prayed night and day for so many months; and to-night he could not pray. When he left off crying, he held his aching head with his brown hands. If one might have gone up to him and touched him kindly — poor ugly little thing! Perhaps his heart was almost broken.

With his swollen eyes he sat there on a flat stone at the very top of the "kopje;" and the tree, with every one of its wicked leaves, blinked, and blinked, and blinked at him. Presently he began to cry again, and then stopped his crying to look at it. He was quiet for a long while, then he knelt slowly and bent forward. There was a secret he had carried in his heart for a year. He had not dared to look at it; he had not whispered it to himself; but for a year he had carried it. "I hate God!" he said. The wind took the words and ran away with them, among the stones, and through the leaves of the prickly pear. He thought it died away half down the "kopje." He had told it now.

"I love Jesus Christ, but I hate God."

The wind carried away that sound as it had done the first. Then he got up, and buttoned his old coat about him. He knew he was certainly lost now; he did not care. If half the world were to be lost, why not he too? He would not pray for mercy

any more. Better so — better to know certainly. It was ended now. Better so.

He began scrambling down the sides of the "kopje" to go home.

Better so, — but oh, the loneliness, the agonized pain, for that night, and for nights on nights to come! The anguish that sleeps all day on the heart like a heavy worm, and wakes up at night to feed!

There are some of us who in after years say to Fate, "Now deal us your hardest blow, give us what you will; but let us never again suffer as we suffered when we were children."

The barb in the arrow of childhood's suffering is this: its intense loneliness, its intense ignorance.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Scollard, Clinton, a popular American poet; born at Clinton, New York, September 18, 1860. He was graduated from Hamilton College, in his native town, in 1881, and for several years subsequently was a graduate student at Harvard University. He became Professor of English Literature in Hamilton College in 1888, but resigned his position in 1894. He has travelled abroad extensively, but his home has always been at Clinton. His first volume of verse, "Pictures in Song," appeared in 1884, and has been followed by "With Reed and Lyre" (1887); "Old and New World Lyrics" (1888); "Giovio and Giulia" (1891); "Songs of Sunrise Lands" (1892); "Hills of Song" (1895); "Skenandoa" (1896); "A Boy's Book of Rhyme" (1896); "A Christmas Garland" (1897). His prose comprises two volumes of travel, "Under Summer Skies" (1892); "On Sunny Shores" (1894); "A Man at Arms," a romance (1898); "A Son of a Tory" (1897).

A Venetian Sunset.[1]

On the bright bosom of the broad lagoon
  Rocked by the tide we lay;
And watched the fading of the afternoon
  In golden calm away.

The water caught the fair faint hues of rose,
  Then flamed to ruby fire
That touched and lingered on the marble snows
  Of wall and dome and spire.

A graceful bark, with saffron sails outflung,
  Swept toward the ancient mart,
And poised a moment like a bird, and hung
  Full in the sunset's heart.

A dull gun boomed, and, as the echo ceased,
  O'er the low dunes afar,
Lambent and large from out the darkened east,
  Leaped night's first star.

[1] Poems used by permission of Copeland & Day.

A Bell.

Had I the power
To cast a bell that should from some grand tower,
At the first Christmas hour,
Outring,
And fling
A jubilant message wide,
The forgèd metals should be thus allied;—
No iron Pride,
But soft Humility, and rich-veined Hope
Cleft from a sunny slope;
And there should be
White Charity,
And silvery Love, that knows not Doubt nor Fear,
To make the peal more clear;
And then to firmly fix the fine alloy,
There should be Joy!

The Bowers of Paradise.

O traveller, who hast wandered far
'Neath southern sun and northern star,
Say where the fairest regions are!

Friend, underneath whatever skies
Love looks in love-returning eyes,
There are the bowers of paradise.

My May.

Hark to the joyful sound! to the revel of rills!
The buds have leaped into leaf on a thousand hills;
The only snow is the snow of the orchard spray;
She cometh across the land, my May, my May!

There springeth a fire at the root of growing things;
There stirreth desire at the heart that awakes and sings;
The breast of the blue is shot with a brighter ray;
She cometh across the land, my May, my May!

MICHAEL SCOTT.

Scott, Michael, a Scottish descriptive writer; born in Glasgow, October 30, 1789; died in 1835. He was educated at the high school and at the university of his native city. In 1806, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to Jamaica, where he was employed in the management of several estates until 1810, when he joined a mercantile house in Kingston. With the exception of a visit to his native country in 1817–18, when he married, he remained in Jamaica until 1822, when he finally returned home and became permanently resident in his native city, where he died at the age of forty-six. He is known to the literary world as the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," begun in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1829, and afterward published as a separate work in two volumes. This work was published *incognito* "by a native of Glasgow;" and it was not until after his death that the secret was fully made known even to his publishers.

The Chase of the Smuggler.

(From "Tom Cringle's Log.")

The crib in which I was confined was as dark as pitch, and, as I soon found, as hot as the Black Hole in Calcutta. I don't pretend to be braver than my neighbors, but I would pluck any man by the beard who called me coward. In my small way I had in my time faced death in various shapes; but it had always been above-board, with the open heaven overhead, and generally I had a goodly fellowship in danger, and the eyes of others were upon me. No wonder, then, that the sinking of the heart within me, which I now experienced for the first time, was bitter exceedingly, and grievous to be borne. Cooped up in a small suffocating cabin, scarcely eight feet square, and not above four feet high, with the certainty of being murdered, as I conceived, were I to try to force my way on deck; and the knowledge that all my earthly prospects, all my dreams of promotion, were likely to be blasted, and forever ruined by my sudden spiriting away, not to take into the heavy tale the misery which my poor mother

and my friends must suffer, when they came to know it — and "Who will tell this to thee, Mary?" rose to my throat, but could get no further for a cursed bump that was like to throttle me. Why should I blush to own it — when the gypsy, after all, jinked an old rich goutified coffee-planter at the eleventh hour, and married me, and is now the mother of half-a-dozen little Cringles or so? However, I made a strong effort to bear my misfortunes like a man, and, folding my arms, I sat down on a chest to abide my fate, whatever that might be, with as much composure as I could command, when half-a-dozen cockroaches flew flicker, flicker against my face.

For the information of those who have never seen this delicious insect, I take leave to mention here, that, when full grown, it is a large dingy brown-colored beetle, about two inches long, with six legs, and two feelers as long as its body. It has a strong antihysterical flavor, something between rotten cheese and assafœtida, and seldom stirs abroad when the sun is up, but lies concealed in the most obscure and obscene crevices it can creep into; so that, when it is seen, its wings and body are thickly covered with dust and dirt of various shades, which any culprit who chances to fall asleep with his mouth open is sure to reap the benefit of, as it has a great propensity to walk into it, partly for the sake of the crumbs adhering to the masticators, and also, apparently, with a scientific desire to inspect by accurate admeasurement, with the aforesaid antennæ, the state and condition of the whole potato-trap.

At the same time I felt something gnawing the toe of my boot, which I inferred to be a rat — another agreeable customer for which I had a special abhorrence; but, as for beetles of all kinds, from my boyhood up, they had been an abomination unto me, and a cockroach is the most abominable of all beetles; so between the two I was speedily roused from my state of supine, or rather dogged endurance; and, forgetting the geography of my position, I sprang to my feet, whereby I nearly fractured my skull against the low deck above. I first tried the skylight; it was battened down — then the companion hatch; it was locked — but the ladder leading up to it being cooler than the noisome vapor bath I had left, I remained standing on it, trying to catch a mouthful of fresh air through the joints of the door. All this while we had been slipping along shore with the land-wind on our beam, at the rate of five or six knots, but so gently and silently, that I could distinctly hear the roar of the surf, as the

long smooth swell broke on the beach, which, from the loudness of the noise, could not be above a mile to windward of us. I perceived at the same time that the schooner, although going free, did not keep away nor take all the advantage of the land-wind to make his easting, before the sea-breeze set down, that he might have done, so that it was evident that he did not intend to beat up, so as to fetch the Crooked Island Passage, which would have been his course, had he been bound for the States; but was standing over to the Cuba shore, at that time swarming with pirates.

It was now good daylight, and the *terral* gradually died away, and left us rolling gunwale under, as we rose and fell on the long seas, with our sails flapping, bulkheads creaking and screaming, and mainboom jig-jigging, as if it would have torn everything to pieces. I could hear my friend Obed walking the deck, and whistling manfully for the sea-breeze, and exclaiming from time to time in his barbarous lingo, "Souffle, souffle, San Antonio." But the saint had no bowels, and there we lay roasting until ten o'clock in the forenoon. During all this period, Obed, who was shortsighted, as I learned afterwards, kept desiring his right arm, Paul Brandywine, to keep a bright look-out for the sea-breeze to windward, or rather to the eastward, for there was no wind — "because he knowed it oftentimes tumbling down right sudden and dangerous at this season about the corner of the island hereabouts; and the pride of the morning often brought a shower with it fit to level a maize plat smooth as his hands."

"No black clouds to windward yet, Paul?"

Paul could see nothing, and the question was repeated three or four times.

"There is a small black cloud about the size of my hand to windward, sir, right in the wake of the sun, just now, but it won't come to anything; I sees no signs of any wind."

"And Elijah said to his servant, Go up and now look towards the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand."

I knew what this foreboded, which, as I thought, was more than friend Obed did; for he shortened no sail, and kept all his kites abroad, for no use as it struck me, unless he wished to wear them out by flapping against the masts. He was indeed a

strange mixture of skill and carelessness ; but when fairly stirred up, one of the most daring and expert and self-possessed seamen I had ever seen, as I very soon had an ugly opportunity of ascertaining.

The cloud on the horizon continued to rise rapidly, spreading over the whole eastern sky, and the morning began to lower very ominously : but there was no sudden squall, the first of the breeze coming down as usual in cat's-paws, and freshening gradually ; nor did I expect there would be, although I was certain it would soon blow a merry capful of wind, which might take in some of the schooner's small sails, and pretty considerably bother us, unless we could better our offing speedily, for it blew right on shore, which, by the setting in of the sea-breeze, was now clear under our lee.

At length the sniffler reached us, and the sharp little vessel began to *speak*, as the rushing sound through the water is called; while the wind sang like an Eolian harp through the taut weather rigging. Presently I heard the word given to take in the two gaff-topsails and flying jib, which was scarcely done, when the moaning sound roughened into a roar, and the little vessel began to yerk at the head seas, as if she would have cut through them, in place of rising to them, and to lie over, as if Davy Jones himself had clapperclawed the most heads, and was in the act of using them as levers to capsize her, while the sails were tugging at her, as if they would have torn the spars out of her, so that I expected every moment either that she would turn over, keel up, or that the masts would snap short off by the deck.

All this, which I would without the smallest feeling of dread, on the contrary with exhilaration, have faced cheerily on deck in the course of duty, proved at the time, under my circumstances, most alarming and painful to me; a fair-strae death out of the maintop, or off the weather-yardarm, would to my imagination have been an easy exit comparatively ; but to be choked in this abominable hole, and drowned darkling like a blind puppy — the very thought made me frantic, and I shouted and tumbled about, until I missed my footing and fell backwards down the ladder, from the bottom of which I scuttled away to the lee-side of the cabin, quiet, through absolute despair and exhaustion from the heat and closeness.

I had remarked that from the time the breeze freshened, the everlasting Yankee drawling of the crew, and the endless con-

fabulation of the captain and his mate, had entirely ceased, and nothing was now heard on deck but the angry voice of the raging elements, and at intervals a shrill piercing word or two from Obed, in the altered tone of which I had some difficulty in recognizing his pipe, which rose clear and distinct above the roar of the sea and wind, and was always answered by a prompt, sharp, "Ay, ay, sir," from the men. There was no circumlocution, nor calculating, nor guessing now, but all hands seemed to be doing their duty energetically and well. "Come, the vagabonds are sailors after all, we shan't be swamped this turn;" and I resumed my place on the companion ladder, with more ease of mind, and a vast deal more composure, than when I was pitched from it when the squall came on. In a moment after I could hear the captain sing out, loud even above the howling of the wind and rushing of the water, "There it comes at last — put your helm hard a-port — down with it, Paul, down with it, man — luff, and shake the wind out of her sails, or over we goes, clean and forever." Everything was jammed, nothing could be let go, nor was there any axe at hand, to make short work with the sheets and halyards; and for a second or two I thought it was all over, the water rushing half way up her decks, and bubbling into the companion through the crevices; but at length the lively little craft came gayly to the wind, shaking her plumage like a wild duck; the sails were got in, all to the foresail, which was set with the bonnet off, and then she lay-to like a sea-gull, without shipping a drop of water. In the comparative stillness I could now distinctly hear every word that was said on deck.

"Pretty near it; rather close shaving that same, captain," quoth Paul, with a congratulatory chuckle; "but I say, sir, what is that wreath of smoke rising from Annotta Bay over the headland?"

"Why should I know, Paul? Negroes burning brush, I guess."

"The smoke from brushwood never rose and flew over the bluff with that swirl, I calculate; it is a gun, or I mistake."

And he stepped to the companion for the purpose, as I conceived, of taking out the spy-glass, which usually hangs there in brackets fitted to hold it; he undid the hatch and pushed it back, when I popped my head out, to the no small dismay of the mate; but Obed was up to me, and while with one hand he seized the glass, he ran the sliding top sharp up against my neck,

till he pinned me into a kind of pillory, to my great annoyance; so I had to beg to be released, and once more slunk back into my hole. There was a long pause; at length Paul, to whom the skipper had handed the spy glass, spoke.

"A schooner, sir, is rounding the point."

As I afterward learned, the negroes who had witnessed my capture, especially the old man who had taken me for his infernal majesty, had raised the alarm, so soon as they could venture down to the overseer's house, which was on the smuggling boat shoving off, and Mr. Fyall immediately dispatched an express to the lieutenant commanding the "Gleam," then lying in Annotta Bay, about ten miles distant, when she instantly slipped and shoved out.

"Well, I can't help it if there be," rejoined the captain.

Another pause.

"Why, I don't like her, sir; she looks like a man-of-war — and that must have been the smoke of the gun she fired on weighing."

"Eh?" sharply answered Obed, "if it be, it will be a hanging matter if we are caught with this young splice on board; he may belong to her for what I know. Look again, Paul."

A long, long look.

"A man-of-war schooner, sure enough, sir; I can see her ensign and pennant now that she is clear of the land."

"Oh Lord, oh Lord!" cried Obed, in great perplexity, "what shall we do?"

"Why, pull foot, captain," promptly replied Paul; "the breeze has lulled, and in light winds she will have no chance with the tidy little 'Wave.'"

I could now perceive that the smugglers made all sail, and I heard the frequent swish-swish of the water, as they threw bucketfuls on the sails, to thicken them and make them hold more wind, while we edged away, keeping as close to the wind, however, as we could, without stopping her way.

"Starboard," quoth Obed — "rap full, Jem — let her walk through it, my boy — there, main and foresail, flat as boards; why, she will stand the main-gaff-topsail yet — set it, Paul, set it;" and his heart warmed as he gained confidence in the qualifications of his vessel. "Come, weather me now, see how she trips it along — pooh, I was an ass to quail, wan't I, Paul?"

"No chance, now," thought I, as I descended once more; "I may as well go and be suffocated at once." I knocked my foot

against something, in stepping off the ladder, which, on putting down my hand, I found to be a tinder-box, with steel and flint. I had formerly ascertained there was a candle in the cabin, on the small table, stuck into a bottle; so I immediately struck a light, and as I knew that meekness and solicitation, having been tried in vain, would not serve me, I determined to go on the other tack, and to see how far an assumption of coolness and self-possession, or, it might be, a dash of bravado, whether true of feigned, might at least insure me some consideration and better treatment from the lawless gang into whose hands I had fallen.

So I set to and ransacked the lockers, where, amongst a vast variety of miscellaneous matters, I was not long in finding a bottle of very tolerable rum, some salt junk, some biscuit, a *goglet* or porous earthen jar of water, with some capital cigars. By this time I was like to faint with the heat and smell; so I filled a tumbler with good half-and-half, and swigged it off. The effect was speedy; I thought I could eat a bit, so I attacked the salt junk and made a hearty meal, after which I replenished my tumbler, lighted a cigar, pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and, with a sort of desperate glee, struck up at the top of my pipe, "Ye mariners of England." My joviality was soon noticed on deck.

"Eh, what be that?" quoth Obed, — "that be none of our ditties, I guess? who is singing below there?"

"We be all on deck, sir," responded Paul.

"It can't be the spy, eh? — sure enough, it must be he, and no one else; the heat and choke must have made him mad."

"We shall soon see," said Paul, as he removed the skylight, and looked down into the cabin.

Obed looked over his shoulder, peering at me with his little shortsighted pig's eyes, into which, in my pot valiancy, I immediately chucked half a tumbler of very strong grog, and under cover of it attempted to bolt through the scuttle, and thereby gain the deck; but Paul, with his shoulder of mutton fist, gave me a very unceremonious rebuff, and down I dropped again.

"You make yourself at home, I sees, and he hanged to you," said Obed, laying the emphasis on the last word, pronouncing it "yoo—oo" in two syllables.

"I do, indeed, and be d—d to yoo—oo," I replied; "and why should I not? the visit was not volunteered, you know; so come down, you long-legged Yankee smuggling scoundrel,

or I'll blow your bloody buccaneering craft out of the water like the peel of an onion. You see I have got the magazine scuttle up, and *there* are the barrels of powder, and here is the candle, so — "

Obed laughed like the beginning of the bray of a jackass before he swings off into his " heehaw, heehaw," — " Smash my eyes, man, but them barrels be full of pimento, all but that one with the red mark, and that be crackers fresh and sharp from the Brandywine mills."

" Well, well, gunpowder or pimento, I 'll set fire to it if you don't be civil."

" Why, I *will* be civil ; you are a curious chap, a brave slip, to carry it so, with no friend near ; so civil I will be."

He unlocked the companion hatch and came down to the cabin, doubling his long limbs up like foot rules, to suit the low roof.

" Free and easy, my man," continued the captain, as he entered. " Well I forgive you — we are quits now — and if we were not beyond the Island Craft, I would put you ashore, but I can't stand back now."

" Why, may I ask ? "

" Simply, because one of your men-of-war schooners ain't more than hull down astarn of me at this moment ; she is working up in shore, and has not chased me as yet ; indeed, she may save herself the trouble, for ne'er a schooner in your blasted service has any chance with the tidy little ' Wave.' "

I was by no means so sure of this.

" Well, Master Obediah, it may turn up as you say, and in a light wind, I know you will either sail or sweep away from any one of them ; but, to be on the square with you, if it comes on to blow, that same hooker, which I take to be his Britannic Majesty's schooner ' Gleam,' will, from his greater beam, and superior length, outcarry and forereach on you, ay, and weather on you too, hand over hand ; so this is my compact — if he nails you, you will require a friend, and I will stand that friend ; if you escape — and I will not interfere either by advice or otherwise, either to get you taken or to get you clear — will you promise to put me on board of the first English merchant vessel we fall in with, or, at the longest, to land me at St. Jago de Cuba, and I will promise you, on my honor, notwithstanding all that has been said or done, that I will never hereafter inform against you, or in any way get you into trouble

if I can help it. Is it done? Will you give me your hand upon it?"

Obed did not hesitate a moment; he clenched my hand, and squeezed it till the blood nearly spouted from my finger-ends; one might conceive of Norwegian bears greeting each other after this fashion, but I trust no Christian will ever, in time coming, subject my digits to a similar species of torture.

"Agreed, my boy, I *have* promised, and you may depend on me; smuggler though I be, and somewhat worse on occasion mayhap, I never breaks my word."

There was an earnestness about the poor fellow, in which I thought there could be no deception, and from that moment we were on what I may call a very friendly footing for a prisoner and his gaoler.

"Well, now, I believe you, so let us have a glass of grog, and —"

Here the mate sung out, "Captain, come on deck, if you please; quickly, sir, quickly."

By this time it had begun to breeze up again, and as the wind *rose*, I could see the spirits of the crew *fell*, as if conscious they had no chance if it freshened. When we went on deck, Paul was still peering through the telescope.

"The schooner has tacked, sir." A dead silence; then giving the glass a swing, and driving the joints into each other with such vehemence as if he would have broken them in pieces, he exclaimed, "She is after us, so sure as I be n't a niger."

"No! is she, though!" eagerly inquired the captain, as he at length seized the spy-glass, twisting and turning it about and about, as he tried to hit his own very peculiar focus. At length he took a long, long, breathless look, while the eyes of the whole crew, some fifteen hands or so, were riveted upon him with the most intense anxiety.

"What a gaff-topsail she has got — my eye! — and a ringtail with more cloths in it than our squaresail — and the breeze comes down stronger and stronger!"

All this while I looked out equally excited, but with a very different interest. "Come, this will do," thought I, "she *is* after us; and if old Dick Gasket brings that fiery sea-breeze he has now along with him, we shall puzzle the smuggler, for all his long start."

"There 's a gun, sir," cried Paul, trembling from head to foot.

"Sure enough," said the skipper; "and it must be a signal. And there go three flags at the fore. — She must, I 'll bet a hundred dollars, have taken our tidy little 'Wave' for the Admiral's tender that was lying in Morant Bay."

"Blarney," thought I; "tidy as your little 'Wave' is, she won't deceive old Dick — he is not the man to take a herring for a horse; she *must* be making signals to some man-of-war in sight."

"A strange sail right ahead," sung out three men from forward all at once.

"Did n't I say so?" — I had only *thought* so. "Come, Master Obediah, it thickens now, you 're in for it," said I.

But he was not in the least shaken; as the matter grew serious, he seemed to brace up to meet it. He had been flurried at the first, but he was collected and cool as a cucumber *now*, when he saw everything depending on his seamanship and judgment. Not so Paul, who seemed to have made up his mind that they must be taken.

"Jezebel Brandywine, you are but a widowed old lady, I calculate. I shall never see the broad, smooth Chesapeake again, — no more peach brandy for Paul;" and folding his arms, he sat himself doggedly down on the low tafferel.

Little did I think at the time how fearfully the poor fellow's foreboding was so soon to be fulfilled.

"There again," said I, "a second puff to windward." This was another signal gun, I knew; and I went forward to where the captain was reconnoitring the sail ahead through the glass. "Let me see," said I, "and I will be honest with you, and tell you if I know her."

He handed me the glass at once, and the instant I saw the top of her courses above the water, I was sure, from the red cross in her foresail, that she was the "Firebrand" the very corvette to which I was appointed. She was so well to windward, that I considered it next to impossible that we should weather her, but Obediah seemed determined to try it. After seeing his little vessel snug under mainsail, foresail, and jib, which was as much as she could stagger under, and everything right and tight, and all clear to make more sail should the breeze lull, he ordered the men below, and took the helm himself. What queer animals sailors are! We were rising the corvette fast; and on going aft again from the bows, where I had been looking at her, I cast my eye down the hatchway into the men's berth, and there were the

whole crew at breakfast, laughing and joking, and enjoying themselves, as heartily, apparently, nay, I verily believe in reality, as if they had been in a yacht on a cruise of pleasure, in place of having one enemy nearly within gunshot astern, and another trying to cut them off a head.

At this moment the schooner in chase luffed up in the wind, and I noticed the foot of the foresail lift. "You 'll have it now, friend Obed; there 's at you in earnest." While I spoke, a column of thick white smoke spouted over the bows of the "Gleam," about twenty yards to windward, and then blew back again amongst the sails and rigging, as if a gauze veil had for an instant been thrown over the little vessel, rolling off down the wind to leeward, in whirling eddies, growing thinner and thinner, until it disappeared altogether. I heard the report this time, and the shot fell close alongside of us.

"A good mark with that apple," coolly observed the captain; "the Long Tom must be a tearer, to pitch its mouthful of iron this length."

Another succeeded; and if I had been still pinned up in the companion, there would have been no log now, for it went crash through into the hold.

"Go it, my boys," shouted I; "a few more as well aimed, and heigh for the 'Firebrand's' gun-room!"

At the mention of the "Firebrand" I thought Obed started, but he soon recovered himself, and looking at me with all the apparent composure in the world, he smiled as he said, "Not so fast, lieutenant; you and I have not drank our last glass of swizzle yet, I guess. If I can but weather that chap ahead, I don't fear the schooner."

The corvette had by this time answered the signal from the "Gleam," and had hauled his wind also, so that I did not conceive it possible that the "Wave" could scrape clear, without coming under his broadside.

"You won't try it, Obed, surely?"

"Answer me this, and I'll tell you," rejoined he. "Does that corvette *now* carry long 18's or 32-pound carronades?"

"She carries 32-pound carronades."

"Then you 'll not sling your cot in her gun-room this cruise."

All this time the little "Wave" was carrying to it gallantly, her jib-boom bending like a whalebone, and her long slender topmasts whipping about like a couple of fishing-rods, as she thrashed at it, sending the spray flashing over her mastheads at

every pitch; but notwitstanding her weatherly qualities, the heavy cross sea, as she drove into it, headed her off bodily, and she could not prevent the "Gleam" from creeping up on her weather quarter, where she peppered away from her long 24-pounder, throwing the shot over and over us.

To tack, therefore, would have been to run into the lion's mouth, and to bear up was equally hopeless, as the corvette, going free, would have chased her under water; the only chance remaining was to stand on, and trust to the breeze taking off, and try to weather the ship, now about three miles distant on our lee bow, braced sharp on the opposite tack, and evidently quite aware of our game.

As the corvette and the "Wave" neared each other, he threw a shot at us from the boat gun on his topgallant forecastle, as if to ascertain beyond all doubt the extent of our insanity, and whether we were serious in our attempt to weather him and escape.

Obed held right on his course, like grim Death. Another bullet whistled over our mastheads, and, with the aid of the glass, I could see by the twinkling of feet, and here and there a busy peering face through the ports, that the crew were at quarters fore and aft, while fourteen marines or so were all ready rigged on the poop, and the nettings were bristling through the whole length of the ship, with fifty or sixty small-arm men.

All this I took care to communicate to Obediah. "I say, my good friend, I see little to laugh at in all this. If you do go to windward of him at all, which I greatly doubt, you will have to crass his fore-foot within pistol-shot at the farthest, and then you will have to rasp along his whole broadside of great and small, and they are right well prepared and ready for you, *that* I can tell you; the skipper of that ship has had some hedication, I guess, in the war on your coast, for he seems up to your tricks, and I don't doubt but he will tip you the stem, if need be, with as little compunction as I would kill a cockroach, devil confound the whole breed! There, — I see his marines and small-arm men handling their firelocks, as thick as sparrows under the lee of the hedge in a snowstorm, and the people are training their bull-dogs fore and aft. Why, this is downright, stark staring lunacy, Obed; we shall be smashed like an egg shell, and all hands of us whipped off to Davy from your cursed foolhardiness."

I had made several pauses in my address, expecting an answer, but Obed was as mute as a stone. At length I took the

glass from my eye, and turned round to look at him, startled by his silence.

I might have heard of such things, but I had never before seen the working of the spirit so forcibly and fearfully demonstrated by the aspect of the outward man. With the exception of myself, he was the only man on deck, as before mentioned, and by this time he was squatting down on it, with his long legs and thighs thrust down into the cabin, through the open skylight. The little vessel happened to carry a weather helm, so that his long sinewy arms, with their large veins and leaders strained to cracking, covered but a small way below the elbow by his jacket, were stretched as far as they could clutch the tiller to windward, and his enormous head, supported on his very short trunk, that seemed to be countersunk into the deck, gave him a most extraordinary appearance. But this was not all; his complexion, usually sallow and sunburnt, was now ghastly and blue, like that of the corpse of a drowned man; the muscles of the neck, and the flesh of the cheeks and chin, were rigid and fixed, and shrunk into one-half of their usual compass; the lips were so compressed that they had almost entirely disappeared, and all that marked his mouth was a black line; the nostrils were distended, and thin and transparent, while the forehead was shrivelled into the most minute and immovable wrinkles, as if done with a crimping instrument, while over his eyes, or rather his eye, for he kept one closed as if it had been hermetically sealed, he had lashed with half a dozen turns of spun-yarn a wooden socket, like the butt-end of an opera glass, fitted with some sort of magnifier, through which he peered out ahead most intensely, stooping down, and stretching his long bare neck to its utmost reach, that he might see under the foot of the foresail.

I had scarcely time to observe all this, when a round shot came through the head of the mainsail, grazing the mast, and the very next instant a bushel of grape, from one of the bow guns, a 32-pound carronade, was crushed in on us amidships. I flung down the glass, and dived through the companion into the cabin — I am not ashamed to own it; and any man who would undervalue my courage in consequence can never, taking into consideration the peculiarities of my situation, have known the appalling sound or infernal effect of a discharge of grape. Round shot in broadsides is a joke to it; musketry is a joke to it; but only conjure up, in your imagination, a shower of iron

bullets, of the size of well-grown plums, to the number of from sixty to one hundred and twenty, taking effect within a circle not above ten feet in diameter, and that all this time there was neither honor nor glory in the case, for I was a miserable captive, and I fancy I may save myself the trouble of farther enlargement.

I found that the crew had by this time started and taken up the planks of the cabin floor, and had stowed themselves well down into the run, so as to be as much out of harm's way as they could manage, but there was neither fear nor flinching amongst them; and although totally devoid of all gasconade — on the contrary, they had taken all the precautions men could do in their situation, to keep out of harm's way, or at least to lessen the danger — there they sat, silent, and cool, and determined. "I shall never undervalue an American as an enemy again," thought I. I lay down on the side of the little vessel, now nearly level as she lay over, alongside of Paul Brandywine, in a position that commanded a view of Obed's face through the small scuttle. Ten minutes might have elapsed — a tearing crash — and a rattling on the desk overhead, as if a shower of stones had been thrown from aloft on it.

"That 's through the mainmast, I expect," quoth Paul.

I looked from him to the captain; a black thick stream of blood was trickling down behind his ear. Paul had noticed it also.

"You are hurt by one of them splinters, I see; give me the helm now, captain;" and, crushed down as the poor fellow appeared to be under some fearful and mysterious consciousness of impending danger, he nevertheless addressed himself to take his captain's place.

"Hold your blasted tongue!" was the polite rejoinder.

"I say, captain," — shouted your humble servant, "you may as well eat pease with a pitchfork, as try to weather him. You are hooked, man, flounder as you will. Old Nick can't shake you clear — so I won't stand this any longer;" and making a spring, I jammed myself through the skylight, until I sat on the deck, looking aft, and confronting him, and there we were, stuck up like the two kings of Brentford, or a couple of *smiling cherries* on one stalk. I have often laughed over the figure we must have cut, but at the time there was that going on that would have made Comus himself look grave. I had at length fairly aroused the sleeping devil within him.

"Look out *there*, lieutenant — look out there," — and he pointed with his sinister claw down to leeward. I did so — whew! — what a sight for poor Master Thomas Cringle! "You are booked for an outside place, Master Tommy," thought I to myself — for *there* was the corvette in very truth — she had just tacked, and was close aboard of us on our lee quarter, within musket-shot at the farthest, bowling along upon a wind, with the green, hissing, multitudinous sea surging along her sides and washing up in foam, like snowflakes, through the midship ports, far aft on the quarterdeck, to the glorification of Jack, who never minds a wet jacket, so long as he witnesses the discomfiture of his ally, Peter Pipeclay. The press of canvas she was carrying laid her over, until her copper sheathing, clear as glass, and glancing like gold, was seen high above the water throughout her whole length, above which rose her glossy jet black bends, surmounted by a milk-white streak, broken at regular intervals into eleven goodly ports, from which the British cannon, ugly customers at the best, were grinning, tompion out, open-mouthed at us; and above all, the clean, well-stowed white hammocks filled the nettings, from tafferel to cathead — oh! that I had been in one of them, snug on the berth deck! Aloft, a cloud of white sail swelled to the breeze, till the cloth seemed inclined to say good-by to the bolt ropes, bending the masts like willow-wands (as if the devil, determined to beat Paganini himself, was preparing fiddlesticks to play a spring with, on the cracking and straining weather shrouds and backstays), and tearing her sharp wedge-like bows out of the bowels of the long swell, until the cutwater, and ten yards of the keel next to it, were hove clean out of the sea, into which she would descend again with a roaring plunge, burying everything up to the hawse-holes, and driving the brine into mist, over the foretop, like vapor from a waterfall, through which, as she rose again, the bright red copper on her bows flashed back the sunbeams in momentary rainbows. We were so near, that I could with a naked eye distinctly see the faces of the men. There were at least 150 determined fellows at quarters, and clustered with muskets in their hands, wherever they could be posted to most advantage.

There they were in groups about the ports (I could even see the captains of the guns, examining the locks), in their clean white frocks and trousers, the officers of the ship, and the marines, clearly distinguishable by their blue or red jackets. *I could discern the very sparkle of the epaulets.*

High overhead, the red cross, that for a thousand years "has braved the battle and the breeze," blew out strong from the peak, like a sheet of flickering white flame, or a thing instinct with life, struggling to tear away the ensign halyards, and to escape high into the clouds; while, from the main-royal-masthead, the long white pennant streamed upwards into the azure heavens, like a ray of silver light. Oh! it was a sight "most beautiful to see," as the old song hath it, — but I confess I would have preferred that pleasure from t'other side of the hedge.

There was no hailing nor trumpeting, although, as we crossed on opposite tacks when we first weathered her, just before she hove in stays, I had heard a shrill voice sing out, "Take good aim, men — Fire;" but *now* each cannon in thunder shot forth its glance of flame, without a word being uttered, as she kept away to bring them to bear in succession, while the long feathery cloud of whirling white smoke, that shrouded her sides from stem to stern, was sparkling brilliantly throughout with crackling musketry, for all the world like fire-flies in a bank of night fog from the hills, until the breeze blew it back again through the rigging, and once more unveiled the lovely craft in all her pride and glory.

"You see all that?" said Obed.

"To be sure I do, and I feel something, too;" for a sharp rasping jar was repeated in rapid succession three or four times, as so many shot struck our hull, and made the splinters glance about merrily; and the musket-balls were mottling our top sides and spars, plumping into the timber, *whit*, *whit*, as thick as ever you saw schoolboys plastering a church door with clay pellets. There was a heavy groan, and a stir amongst the seamen in the run.

"And pray, do you see and hear all that yourself, Master Obed? The iron has clenched some of your chaps down there. — Stay a bit, you shall have a better dose presently, you obstinate old — "

He waved his hand, and interrupted me with great energy — "I *dare* not give in, I cannot give in; all I have in the world swims in the little hooker, and strike I will not so long as two planks stick together."

"Then," quoth I, "you are simply a damned, cold-blooded, calculating scoundrel — brave I will never call you." I saw he was now stung to the quick.

"Lieutenant, smuggler as I am, don't goad me to what worse I may have been; there are some deeds done in my time, which at a moment like this I don't much like to think upon. I am a desperate man, Master Cringle; don't, for your own sake, as well as mine, try me too far."

"Well, but — " persisted I. He would hear nothing.

"Enough said, sir, enough said; there was not an honester trader nor a happier man in all the Union, until your infernal pillaging and burning squadron in the Chesapeake captured and ruined me; but I paid it off on the prize-master, although we were driven on the rocks after all. I paid it off, and, God help me, I have never thriven since, enemy although he was. I see the poor fellow's face yet, as I — " He checked himself suddenly, as if aware that he might say more than could be conveniently retracted. "But I *dare* not be taken; let that satisfy you, Master Cringle, so go below — below with you, sir" — I saw he had succeeded in lashing himself into a fury — "or, by the Almighty God, who hears me, I shall be tempted to do another deed, the remembrance of which will haunt me till my dying day."

All this passed in no time, as we say, much quicker than one can read it; and I now saw that the corvette had braced up sharp to the wind again, on the same tack that we were on; so I slipped down like an eel, and once more stretched myself beside Paul, on the lee side of the cabin. We soon found that she was indeed after us in earnest, by the renewal of the cannonade, and the breezing up of the small arms again. Two round shot now tore right through the deck, just beneath the larboard coamings of the main hatchway; the little vessel's deck, as she lay over, being altogether exposed to the enemy's fire, they made her whole frame tremble again, smashing everything in their way to shivers, and going right out through her bottom on the opposite side, within a dozen streaks of her keel, while the rattling of the clustered grapeshot every now and then made us start, the musketry all the while peppering away like a hail shower. Still the skipper, who I expected every moment to see puffed away from the tiller like smoke, held upon deck as if he had been bullet-proof, and seemed to escape the hellish tornado of missiles of all sorts and sizes by a miracle.

"He is in league with the old one, Paul," said I; "howsoever, you must be nabbed, for you see the ship is forereaching

on you, and you can't go on t'other tack, surely, with these pretty eyelet holes between wind and water on the weather side there? Your captain is mad — why *will you*, then, and all these poor fellows, go down, because *he dare* not surrender, for some good deed of his own, eh?"

The roar of the cannon and noise of the musketry made it necessary for me to raise my voice, here, which the small scuttle, like Dionysius's ear, conveyed unexpectedly to my friend, the captain, on deck.

"Hand me up my pistols, Paul."

It had struck me before, and I was now certain, that from the time he had become so intensely excited, as he was now, he spoke with a pure English accent, without the smallest dash of Yankeeism.

"So, so; I see — no wonder they won't strike, you renegade," cried I.

"You have tampered with my crew, sir, and abused me," he announced, in a stern, slow tone, much more alarming than his former fierceness, "so take that, to quiet you;" and deuce take me if he did not, the moment he received the pistols from his mate, fire slap at me, the ball piercing the large muscle of my neck on the right side, missing the artery by the merest accident. Thinking I was done for, I covered my face with my hands, and commended myself to God, with all the resignation that could be expected from a poor young fellow in my grievous circumstances, expecting to be cut off in the *prima vera* of his days, and to part forever from —. Poo, that there line is not my forte. However, finding the hemorrhage by no means great, that the wound was in fact slight, I took the captain's rather strong hint to be still, and lay quiet until a 32-pound shot struck us bang on the quarter. The subdued force with which it came showed that we were widening our distance, for it did not drive through and through with a crash but lodged in a timber; nevertheless it started one of the planks across which Paul and I lay, and pitched us both with extreme violence bodily into the run amongst the men, three of them lying amongst the ballast, which was covered with blood, two badly wounded, and one dead. I came off with some slight bruises, however; not so the poor mate. He had been nearest the end or *butt* that was started, which thereby struck him so forcibly, that it fractured his spine, and dashed him amongst his shipmates, shrieking piercingly in his great agony, and

clutching whatever he could grasp with his hands, and tearing whatever he could reach with his teeth, while his limbs below his waist were dead and paralyzed.

"Oh, Christ! water, water," he cried, "water, for the love of God, water!" The crew did all they could; but his torments increased — the blood began to flow from his mouth — his hands became clay-cold and pulseless — his features sharp, blue, and death-like — his respiration difficult — the choking death-rattle succeeded, and in ten minutes he was dead.

This was the last shot that told — every report became more and more faint, and the musketry soon ceased altogether.

The breeze had taken off, and the "Wave," resuming her superiority in light winds, *had escaped.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From a Painting by P. Krämer

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Scott, Sir Walter, the famous Scottish poet, novelist, and historian; born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771; died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832. After studying at the Edinburgh High School and the University, he entered his father's law-office as a clerk, and was called to the bar in 1792. Owing to an accident in infancy he was rendered lame for life; but he grew up to be of uncommon physical strength and endurance. In 1799 he was made Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire. He had already made his appearance as an author in several translations from the German. He now abandoned strictly professional practice and devoted himself to poetical composition. The "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" appeared in 1802; this was followed by "The Lay of the Last Minstrel;" "Marmion;" "The Lady of the Lake;" "The Vision of Don Roderick" (1811); "Rokeby," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Lord of the Isles." Scott's career as a poet lasted from his thirty-second year to his forty-fourth; his career as a novelist, from his forty-third to his fifty-fourth. "Waverley," his first novel, had been begun as early as 1805, and then thrown aside. In 1813, by accident, he came across the discarded manuscript, completed it, and sent it to the press, in the same year (1814) in which "The Lord of the Isles," the last of his great poems, appeared. It was published anonymously, and gave rise to much conjecture as to its authorship. "The Waverley Novels," as the whole series came to be called, are "Waverley" (1814); "Guy Mannering" (1815); "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," and "Old Mortality" (1816); "Rob Roy" and "The Heart of Midlothian" (1818); "The Bride of Lammermoor" and the "Legend of Montrose" (1819); "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery," and "The Abbot" (1820); "Kenilworth," and "The Pirate" (1821); "The Fortunes of Nigel" (1822); "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "St. Ronan's Well" (1823); "Red Gauntlet" (1824); "The Betrothed" and "The Talisman" (1825); "Woodstock" (1826); "The Two Drovers," "The Highland Widow," and "The Surgeon's Daughter" (1827); "The Fair Maid of Perth" (1828); "Anne of Geierstein, or the Maid of the Mist" (1829); "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" (1831).

The Archery Contest.

(From "Anne of Geierstein.")

The fair maiden approached with the half-bashful, half-important look which sits so well on a young housekeeper, when she is at once proud and ashamed of the matronly duties she is called upon to discharge, and whispered something in her uncle's ear.

"And could not the idle-pated boys have brought their own errand — what is it they want that they cannot ask themselves, but must send thee to beg it for them? Had it been anything reasonable, I should have heard it dinned into my ears by forty voices, so modest are our Swiss youths become now-a-days." She stooped forward, and again whispered in his ear, as he fondly stroked her curling tresses with his ample hand, and replied, "The bow of Buttisholz, my dear? why the youths surely are not grown stronger since last year, when none of them could bend it? But yonder it hangs with its three arrows. Who is the wise champion that is challenger at a game where he is sure to be foiled?"

"It is this gentleman's son, sir," said the maiden, "who, not being able to contend with my cousins in running, leaping, hurling the bar, or pitching the stone, has challenged them to ride, or to shoot with the English long-bow."

"To ride," said the venerable Swiss, "were difficult, where there are no horses, and no level ground to career upon if there were. But an English bow he shall have, since we happen to possess one. Take it to the young men, my niece, with the three arrows, and say to them from me, that he who bends it will do more than William Tell, or the renowned Stauffacher, could have done."

As the maiden went to take the weapon from the place where it hung amid the group of arms which Philipson had formerly remarked, the English merchant observed, "that were the minstrels of his land to assign her occupation, so fair a maiden should be bow-bearer to none but the little blind god Cupid." . . .

"We are too old to boast like boys," said Arnold Biederman, with something of a reproving glance at his companion. "Carry the bow to thy kinsmen, Anne, and let him who can bend it say he beat Arnold Biederman." As he spoke, he turned his eyes on the spare yet muscular figure of the Englishman, then again glanced down on his own stately person.

"You must remember, good my host," said Philipson, "that weapons are wielded not by strength, but by art and sleight of hand. What most I wonder at, is to see in this place a bow made by Matthew of Doncaster, a bowyer who lived at least a hundred years ago, remarkable for the great toughness and strength of the weapons which he made, and which are now become somewhat unmanageable, even by an English yeoman."

"How are you assured of the maker's name, worthy guest?" replied the Swiss.

"By old Matthew's mark," answered the Englishman, "and his initials cut upon the bow. I wonder not a little to find such a weapon here, and in such good preservation."

"It has been regularly waxed, oiled, and kept in good order," said the Landamman, "being preserved as a trophy of a memorable day. It would but grieve you to recount its early history, since it was taken in a day fatal to your country."

"My country," said the Englishman composedly, "has gained so many victories, that her children may well afford to hear of a single defeat. But I knew not that the English ever warred in Switzerland."

"Not precisely as a nation," answered Biederman; "but it was in my grandsire's days, that a large body of roving soldiers, composed of men from almost all countries, but especially Englishmen, Normans, and Gascons, poured down on the Argau, and the districts adjacent. They were headed by a great warrior called Ingelram de Couci, who pretended some claims upon the Duke of Austria; to satisfy which he ravaged indifferently the Austrian territory and that of our confederacy. His soldiers were hired warriors — Free Companions they called themselves — that seemed to belong to no country, and were as brave in the fight as they were cruel in their depredations. Some pause in the constant wars betwixt France and England had deprived many of those bands of their ordinary employment, and battle being their element, they came to seek it among our valleys. The air seemed on fire with the blaze of their armor, and the very sun was darkened at the flight of their arrows. They did us much evil, and we sustained the loss of more than one battle. But we met them at Buttisholz, and mingled the blood of many a rider (noble as they were called and esteemed) with that of their horses. The huge mound that covers the bones of man and steed is still called the English Barrow."

Philipson was silent for a minute or two, and then replied, "Then let them sleep in peace. If they did wrong, they paid for it with their lives; and that is all the ransom that mortal man can render for his transgressions. — Heaven pardon their souls!"

"Amen," replied the Landamman, "and those of all brave men! — My grandsire was at the battle, and was held to have demeaned himself like a good soldier; and this bow has been ever since carefully preserved in our family. There is a prophecy about it, but I hold it not worthy of remark."

Philipson was about to inquire further, but was interrupted by a loud cry of surprise and astonishment from without.

"I must out," said Biederman, "and see what these wild lads are doing. It is not now as formerly in this land, when the young dared not judge for themselves, till the old man's voice had been heard."

He went forth from the lodge, followed by his guest. The company who had witnessed the games were all talking, shouting, and disputing in the same breath; while Arthur Philipson stood a little apart from the rest, leaning on the unbent bow with apparent indifference. At the sight of the Landamman all were silent.

"What means this unwonted clamor?" he said, raising a voice to which all were accustomed to listen with reverence. "Rudiger," addressing the eldest of his sons, "has the young stranger bent the bow?"

"He has, father," said Rudiger; "and he has hit the mark. Three such shots were never shot by William Tell."

"It was chance — pure chance," said the young Swiss from Berne. "No human skill could have done it, much less a puny lad, baffled in all besides that he attempted among us."

"But what *has* been done?" said the Landamman. — "Nay, speak not all at once! — Anne of Geierstein, thou hast more sense and breeding than these boys — tell me how the game has gone." The maiden seemed a little confused at this appeal, but answered with a composed and downcast look : —

"The mark was, as usual, a pigeon to a pole. All the young men, except the stranger, had practised at it with the cross-bow and long-bow without hitting it. When I brought out the bow of Buttisholz, I offered it first to my kinsmen. None would accept of it, saying, respected uncle, that a task too great for you must be far too difficult for them."

"They said well," answered Arnold Biederman; "and the stranger, did he string the bow?"

"He did, my uncle; but first he wrote something on a piece of paper, and placed it in my hands."

"And did he shoot and hit the mark?" continued the surprised Switzer.

"He first," said the maiden, "removed the pole a hundred yards further than the post where it stood."

"Singular!" said the Landamman, "that is double the usual distance."

"He then drew the bow," continued the maiden, "and shot off, one after another, with incredible rapidity, the three arrows which he had stuck into his belt. The first cleft the pole, the second cut the string, the third killed the poor bird as it rose into the air.

"By Saint Mary of Einsiedlen," said the old man, looking up in amaze, "If your eyes really saw this, they saw such archery as was never before witnessed in the Forest States!"

"I say nay to that, my revered kinsman," replied Rudolph Donnerhugel, whose vexation was apparent; "it was mere chance, if not illusion or witchery."

"What say'st thou of it thyself, Arthur?" said his father, half smiling; "was thy success by chance or skill?"

"My father," said the young man, "I need not tell you that I have done but an ordinary feat for an English bowman. Nor do I speak to gratify that misproud and ignorant young man. But to our worthy host and his family I make answer. This youth charges me with having deluded men's eyes, or hit the mark by chance. For illusion, yonder is the pierced pole, the severed string, and the slain bird; they will endure sight and handling; and, besides, if that fair maiden will open the note which I put into her hand, she will find evidence to assure you, that even before I drew the bow, I had fixed upon the three marks which I designed to aim at."

"Produce the scroll, good niece," said her uncle, "and end the controversy."

"Nay, under your favor, my worthy host," said Arthur, "it is but some foolish rhymes addressed to the maiden's own eye."

"And under your favor, sir," said the Landamman, "whatsoever is fit for my niece's eyes may greet my ears."

He took the scroll from the maiden, who blushed deeply

when she resigned it. The character in which it was written was so fine, that the Landamman in surprise exclaimed, "No clerk of Saint Gall could have written more fairly. Strange," he again repeated, "that a hand which could draw so true a bow should have the cunning to form characters so fair." He then exclaimed anew, "Ha! verses, by Our Lady! What, have we minstrels disguised as traders?" He then opened the scroll, and read the following lines: —

> If I hit mast, and line, and bird,
> An English archer keeps his word.
> Ah! maiden, didst thou aim at me,
> A single glance were worth the three.

"Here is rare rhyming, my worthy guest," said the Landamman, shaking his head; "fine words to make foolish maidens vain. But do not excuse it; it is your country fashion, and we know how to treat it as such." And without further allusion to the concluding couplet, the reading of which threw the poet, as well as the object of the verses, into some discomposure, he added gravely, "You must now allow, Rudolph Donnerhugel, that the stranger has fairly attained the three marks which he proposed to himself."

"That he has attained them is plain," answered the party to whom the appeal was made; "but that he has done this fairly may be doubted, if there are such things as witchery and magic in this world."

"Shame, shame, Rudolph!" said the Landamman; "can spleen and envy have weight with so brave a man as you, from whom my sons ought to learn temperance, forbearance, and candor, as well as manly courage and dexterity?"

The Bernese colored high under this rebuke, to which he ventured not to attempt a reply.

"To your sports till sunset, my children," continued Arnold; "while I and my worthy friend occupy our time with a walk, for which the evening is now favorable."

"Methinks," said the English merchant, "I should like to visit the ruins of yonder castle, situated by the waterfall. There is something of melancholy dignity in such a scene which reconciles us to the misfortunes of our own time, by showing that our ancestors, who were perhaps more intelligent or more powerful, have nevertheless, in their days, encountered cares and distresses similar to those which we now groan under."

"Have with you, my worthy sir," replied his host; "there will be time also upon the road to talk of things that you should know."

The slow step of the two elderly men carried them by degrees from the limits of the lawn, where shout, and laugh, and halloo were again revived. Young Philipson, whose success as an archer had obliterated all recollection of former failure, made other attempts to mingle in the manly pastimes of the country, and gained a considerable portion of applause. The young men who had but lately been so ready to join in ridiculing him now began to consider him as a person to be looked up and appealed to; while Rudolph Donnerhugel saw with resentment that he was no longer without a rival in the opinion of his male cousins, perhaps of his kinswoman also. The proud young Swiss reflected with bitterness that he had fallen under the Landamman's displeasure, declined in reputation with his companions, of whom he had been hitherto the leader, and even hazarded a more mortifying disappointment, all, as his swelling heart expressed it, through the means of a stranger stripling, of neither blood nor fame, who could not step from one rock to another without the encouragement of a girl.

In this irritated mood, he drew near the young Englishman, and while he seemed to address him on the chances of the sports which were still proceeding, he conveyed, in a whisper, matter of a far different tendency. Striking Arthur's shoulder with the frank bluntness of a mountaineer, he said aloud: "Yonder bolt of Ernest whistled through the air like a falcon when she stoops down the wind!" And then proceeded in a deep low voice, "You merchants sell gloves — do you ever deal in single gauntlets, or only in pairs?"

"I *sell* no single glove," said Arthur, instantly apprehending him, and sufficiently disposed to resent the scornful looks of the Bernese champion during the time of their meal, and his having but lately imputed his successful shooting to chance or sorcery, — "I *sell* no single glove, sir, but never refuse to exchange one."

"You are apt, I see," said Rudolph; "look at the players while I speak, or our purpose will be suspected — You are quicker, I say, of apprehension than I expected. If we exchange our gloves, how shall each redeem his own?"

"With our good swords," said Arthur Philipson.

"In armor, or as we stand."

"Even as we stand," said Arthur. "I have no better garment of proof than this doublet — no other weapon than my sword; and these, Sir Switzer, I hold enough for the purpose. — Name time and place."

"The old castle-court at Geierstein," replied Rudolph; "the time sunrise; — but we are watched. — I have lost my wager, stranger," he added, speaking aloud, and in an indifferent tone of voice, "since Ulrick has made a cast beyond Ernest. — There is my glove, in token I shall not forget the flask of wine."

"And there is mine," said Arthur, "in token I will drink it with you merrily."

Thus, amid the peaceful though rough sports of their companions, did these two hot-headed youths contrive to indulge their hostile inclinations toward each other, by setting a meeting of deadly purpose.

The Duel.

(From "Anne of Geierstein.")

The elder of our two travellers, though a strong man and familiar with fatigue, slept sounder and longer than usual on the morning which was now beginning to dawn, but his son Arthur had that upon his mind which early interrupted his repose.

The encounter with the bold Switzer, a chosen man of a renowned race of warriors, was an engagement which, in the opinion of the period in which he lived, was not to be delayed or broken. He left his father's side, avoiding as much as possible the risk of disturbing him, though even in that case the circumstance would not have excited any attention, as he was in the habit of rising early, in order to make preparations for the day's journey, to see that the guide was on his duty, and that the mule had his provender, and to discharge similar offices which might otherwise have given trouble to his father. The old man, however, fatigued with the exertions of the preceding day, slept, as we have said, more soundly than his wont, and Arthur, arming himself with his good sword, sallied out to the lawn in front of the Landamman's dwelling, amid the magic dawn of a beautiful harvest morning in the Swiss mountains.

The sun was just about to kiss the top of the most gigantic of that race of Titans, though the long shadows still lay on the rough grass, which crisped under the young man's feet, with a strong intimation of frost. But Arthur looked not round on the landscape, however lovely, which lay waiting one flash from the orb of day to start into brilliant existence. He drew the belt of his trusty sword which he was in the act of fastening when he left the house, and ere he had secured the buckle, he was many paces on his way toward the place where he was to use it.

It was still the custom of that military period to regard a summons to combat as a sacred engagement, preferable to all others which could be formed; and stifling whatever inward feelings of reluctance Nature might oppose to the dictates of fashion, the step of a gallant to the place of encounter was required to be as free and ready as if he had been going to a bridal. I do not know whether this alacrity was altogether real on the part of Arthur Philipson; but, if it were otherwise, neither his look nor pace betrayed the secret.

Having hastily traversed the fields and groves which separated the Landamman's residence from the old castle of Geierstein, he entered the courtyard from the side where the castle overlooked the land; and nearly in the same instant his almost gigantic antagonist, who looked yet more tall and burly by the pale morning light than he had seemed the preceding evening, appeared ascending from the precarious bridge beside the torrent, having reached Geierstein by a different route from that pursued by the Englishman.

The young champion of Berne had hanging along his back one of those huge two-handed swords, the blade of which measured five feet, and which were wielded with both hands. These were almost universally used by the Swiss; for, besides the impression which such weapons were calculated to make upon the array of the German men-at-arms, whose armor was impenetrable to lighter swords, they were also well calculated to defend mountain passes, where the great bodily strength and agility of those who bore them enabled the combatants, in spite of their weight and length, to use them with much address and effect. One of these gigantic swords hung round Rudolph Donnerhugel's neck, the point rattling against his heel, and the handle extending itself over his left shoulder, considerably above his head. He carried another in his hand.

"Thou art punctual," he called out to Arthur Philipson in a voice which was distinctly heard above the roar of the waterfall, which it seemed to rival in sullen force. "But I judged thou wouldst come without a two-handed sword. There is my kinsman Ernest's," he said, throwing on the ground the weapon which he carried, with the hilt toward the young Englishman. "Look, stranger, that thou disgrace it not, for my kinsman will never forgive me if thou dost. Or thou mayst have mine if thou likest it better."

The Englishman looked at the weapon with some surprise, to the use of which he was totally unaccustomed.

"The challenger," he said, "in all countries where honor is known, accepts the arms of the challenged."

"He who fights on a Swiss mountain, fights with a Swiss brand," answered Rudolph. "Think you our hands are made to handle penknives?"

"Nor are ours made to wield scythes," said Arthur; and muttered betwixt his teeth, as he looked at the sword, which the Swiss continued to offer him — "*Usum non habeo*, I have not proved the weapon."

"Do you repent the bargain you have made?" said the Swiss; "if so, cry craven, and return in safety. Speak plainly, instead of prattling Latin like a clerk or a shaven monk."

"No, proud man," replied the Englishman, "I ask thee no forbearance. I thought but of a combat between a shepherd and a giant, in which God gave the victory to him who had worse odds of weapons than falls to my lot to-day. I will fight as I stand; my own good sword shall serve my need now as it has done before."

"Content! — But blame not me who offered the equality of weapons," said the mountaineer. "And now hear me. This is a fight for life or death — yon waterfall sounds the alarum for our conflict. — Yes, old bellower," he continued, looking back, "it is long since thou hast heard the noise of battle; — and look at it ere we begin, stranger, for if you fall, I will commit your body to its waters."

"And if thou fall'st, proud Swiss," answered Arthur, "as well I trust thy presumption leads to destruction, I will have thee buried in the church at Einsiedlen, where the priests shall sing masses for thy soul — thy two-handed sword shall be displayed above thy grave, and a scroll shall tell the passenger, Here lies a bear's cub of Berne, slain by Arthur the Englishman."

"The stone is not in Switzerland, rocky as it is," said Rudolph, scornfully, "that shall bear that inscription. Prepare thyself for battle."

The Englishman cast a calm and deliberate glance around the scene of action — a courtyard, partly open, partly encumbered with ruins, in less and larger masses.

"Methinks," said he to himself, "a master of his weapon, with the instruction of Bottaferma of Florence in his remembrance, a light heart, a good blade, a firm hand, and a just cause, might make up a worse odds than two feet of steel."

Thinking thus, and imprinting on his mind, as much as the time would permit, every circumstance of the locality around him which promised advantage in the combat, and taking his station in the middle of the courtyard where the ground was entirely clear, he flung his cloak from him and drew his sword.

Rudolph had first believed that his foreign antagonist was an effeminate youth, who would be swept from before him at the first flourish of a tremendous weapon. But the firm and watchful attitude assumed by the young man reminded the Swiss of the deficiences of his own unwieldy implement, and made him determined to avoid any precipitation which might give advantage to an enemy who seemed both daring and vigilant. He unsheathed his huge sword, by drawing it over the left shoulder, an operation which required some little time, and might have offered formidable advantage to his antagonist had Arthur's sense of honor permitted him to begin the attack ere it was completed. The Englishman remained firm, however, until the Swiss, displaying his bright brand to the morning sun, made three or four flourishes as if to prove its weight, and the facility with which he wielded it — then stood firm within sword-stroke of his adversary, grasping his weapon with both hands, and advancing it a little before his body, with the blade pointed straight upward. The Englishman, on the contrary, carried his sword in one hand, holding it across his face in a horizontal position, so as to be at once ready to strike, thrust or parry.

"Strike, Englishman!" said the Switzer, after they had confronted each other in this manner for about a minute.

"The longest sword should strike first," said Arthur; and the words had not left his mouth when the Swiss sword rose, and descended with a rapidity which, the weight and size of the weapon considered, appeared portentous. No parry, however dexterously interposed, could have baffled the ruinous descent of

that dreadful weapon, by which the champion of Berne had hoped at once to begin the battle and end it. But young Philipson had not over-estimated the justice of his own eye, or the activity of his limbs. Ere the blade descended, a sudden spring to one side carried him from beneath its heavy sway, and before the Swiss could again raise his sword aloft, he received a wound, though a slight one, upon the left arm. Irritated at the failure and at the wound, the Switzer heaved up his sword once more, and availing himself of a strength corresponding to his size, he discharged toward his adversary a succession of blows, downright, athwart, horizontal, and from left to right, with such surprising strength and velocity, that it required all the address of the young Englishman, by parrying, shifting, eluding, or retreating, to evade a storm, of which every individual blow seemed sufficient to cleave a solid rock. The Englishman was compelled to give ground, now backward, now swerving to the one side or the other, now availing himself of the fragments of the ruins, but watching all the while, with the utmost composure, the moment when the strength of his enraged enemy might become somewhat exhausted, or when by some improvident or furious blow he might again lay himself open to a close attack. The latter of these advantages had nearly occurred, for in the middle of his headlong charge, the Switzer stumbled over a large stone concealed among the long grass, and ere he could recover himself, received a severe blow across the head from his antagonist. It lighted upon his bonnet, the lining of which enclosed a small steel cap, so that he escaped unwounded, and springing up, renewed the battle with unabated fury, though it seemed to the young Englishman with breath somewhat short, and blows dealt with more caution.

They were still contending with equal fortune, when a stern voice, rising over the clash of swords, as well as the roar of waters, called out in a commanding tone, "On your lives, forbear!"

The two combatants sunk the points of their swords, not very sorry perhaps for the interruption of a strife which must otherwise have had a deadly termination. They looked round, and the Landamman stood before them, with anger frowning on his broad and expressive forehead.

"How now, boys?" he said; "are you guests of Arnold Biederman, and do you dishonor his house by acts of violence more becoming the wolves of the mountains, than beings to

whom the great Creator has given a form after his own likeness, and an immortal soul to be saved by penance and repentance?"

"Arthur," said the elder Philipson, who had come up at the same time with their host, "what frenzy is this? Are your duties of so light and heedless a nature, as to give time and place for quarrels and combats with every idle boor who chances to be boastful at once and bull-headed?"

The young men, whose strife had ceased at the entrance of these unexpected spectators, stood looking at each other, and resting on their swords.

"Rudolph Donnerhugel," said the Landamman, "give thy sword to me — to me, the owner of this ground, the master of this family, and magistrate of the canton."

"And which is more," answered Rudolph, submissively, "to you who are Arnold Biederman, at whose command every native of these mountains draws his sword or sheathes it."

He gave his two-handed sword to the Landamman.

"Now, by my honest word," said Biederman, "it is the same with which thy father Stephen fought so gloriously at Sempach, abreast with the famous De Winkelried! Shame, it is, that it should be drawn on a helpless stranger. — And you, young sir," continued the Swiss, addressing Arthur, while his father said at the same time, "Young man, yield up your sword to the Landamman."

"It shall not need, sir," replied the young Englishman, "since, for my part, I hold our strife at an end. This gallant gentleman called me hither, on a trial, as I conceive, of courage; I can give my unqualified testimony to his gallantry and swordmanship; and as I trust he will say nothing to the shame of my manhood, I think our strife has lasted long enough for the purpose which gave rise to it."

"Too long for me," said Rudolph, frankly; "the green sleeve of my doublet, which I wore of that color out of my love to the Forest Cantons, is now stained into as dirty a crimson as could have been done by any dyer in Ypres or Ghent. But I heartily forgive the brave stranger who has spoiled my jerkin, and given its master a lesson he will not soon forget. Had all Englishmen been like your guest, worthy kinsman, methinks the mound at Buttisholz had hardly risen so high."

"Cousin Rudolph," said the Landamman, smoothing his brow as his kinsman spoke, "I have ever thought thee as gen-

erous as thou are harebrained and quarrelsome; and you, my young guest, may rely, that when a Swiss says the quarrel is over, there is no chance of it being renewed. We are not like the men of the valleys to the eastward, who nurse revenge as if it were a favorite child. And now, join hands, my children, and let us forget this foolish feud."

"Here is my hand, brave stranger," said Donnerhugel; "thou hast taught me a trick of fence, and when we have broken our fast, we will, by your leave, to the forest, where I will teach you a trick of woodcraft in return. When your foot hath half the experience of your hand, and your eye hath gained a portion of the steadiness of your heart, you will not find many hunters to match you."

Arthur, will all the ready confidence of youth, readily embraced a proposition so frankly made, and before they reached the house, various subjects of sport were eagerly discussed between them, with as much cordiality as if no disturbance of their concord had taken place.

"Now this," said the Landamman, "is as it should be. I am ever ready to forgive the headlong impetuosity of our youth, if they will be but manly and open in their reconciliation, and bear their heart on their tongue, as a true Swiss should."

"These two youths had made but wild work of it, however," said Philipson, "had not your care, my worthy host, learned of their rendezvous, and called me to assist in breaking their purpose. May I ask how it came to your knowledge so opportunely?"

"It was e'en through means of my domestic fairy," answered Arnold Biederman, "who seems born for the good luck of my family, — I mean my niece Anne, who had observed a glove exchanged betwixt the two young braggadocios, and heard them mention Geierstein and break of day. O sir, it is much to see a woman's sharpness of wit! it would have been long enough ere any of my thick-headed sons had shown themselves so apprehensive."

"I think I see our propitious protectress peeping at us from yonder high ground," said Philipson; "but it seems as if she would willingly observe us without being seen in return."

"Ay," said the Landamman, "she has been looking out to see that there has been no hurt done; and now, I warrant me, the foolish girl is ashamed of having shown such a laudable degree of interest in a matter of the kind."

"Methinks," said the Englishman, "I would willingly return my thanks, in your presence, to the fair maiden to whom I have been so highly indebted."

"There can be no better time than the present," said the Landamman; and he sent through the groves the maiden's name, in one of those shrilly accented tones which we have already noticed.

Anne of Geierstein, as Philipson had before observed, was stationed upon a knoll at some distance, and concealed, as she thought, from notice, by a screen of brushwood. She started at her uncle's summons, therefore, but presently obeyed it; and avoiding the young men, who passed on foremost, she joined the Landamman and Philipson by a circuitous path through the woods.

"My worthy friend and guest would speak with you, Anne," said the Landamman, so soon as the morning greeting had been exchanged. The Swiss maiden colored over brow as well as cheek, when Philipson, with a grace which seemed beyond his calling, addressed her in these words: —

"It happens sometimes to us merchants, my fair young friend, that we are unlucky enough not to possess means for the instant defraying of our debts; but he is justly held amongst us as the meanest of mankind who does not acknowledge them. Accept, therefore, the thanks of a father, whose son your courage, only yesterday, saved from destruction, and whom your prudence has, this very morning, rescued from a great danger. And grieve me not, by refusing to wear these earrings," he added, producing a small jewel-case, which he opened as he spoke; "they are, it is true, only of pearls, but they have not been thought unworthy the ears of a countess — "

"And must, therefore," said the old Landamman, "show misplaced on the person of a Swiss maiden of Unterwalden; for such and no more is my niece Anne while she resides in my solitude. Methinks, good Master Philipson, you display less than your usual judgment in matching the quality of your gifts with the rank of her on whom they are bestowed — as a merchant, too, you should remember that large guerdons will lighten your gains."

"Let me crave your pardon, my good host," answered the Englishman, "while I reply, that at least I have consulted my own sense of the obligation under which I labor, and have chosen, out of what I have at my free disposal, that which I

thought might best express it. I trust the host whom I have found hitherto so kind will not prevent this young maiden from accepting what is at least not unbecoming the rank she is born to; and you will judge me unjustly if you think me capable of doing either myself or you the wrong of offering any token of a value beyond what I can well spare." The Landamman took the jewel-case into his own hand.

"I have ever set my countenance," he said, "against gaudy gems, which are leading us daily further astray from the simplicity of our fathers and mothers. — And yet," he added with a good-humored smile, and holding one of the ear-rings close to his relation's face, "the ornaments do set off the wench rarely, and they say girls have more pleasure in wearing such toys than gray-haired men can comprehend. Wherefore, dear Anne, as thou hast deserved a dearer trust in a greater matter, I refer thee entirely to thine own wisdom, to accept of our good friend's costly present, and wear it or not as thou thinkest fit."

"Since such is your pleasure, my best friend and kinsman," said the young maiden, blushing as she spoke, "I will not give pain to our valued guest, by refusing what he desires so earnestly that I should accept; but, by his leave, good uncle, and yours, I will bestow these splendid ear-rings on the shrine of Our Lady of Einsiedlen, to express our general gratitude to her protecting favor, which has been around us in the terrors of yesterday's storm, and the alarms of this morning's discord."

"By Our Lady, the wench speaks sensibly!" said the Landamman; "and her wisdom has applied the bounty well, my good guest, to bespeak prayers for thy family and mine, and for the general peace of Unterwalden. — Go to, Anne, thou shalt have a necklace of jet at next shearing feast, if our fleeces bear any price in the market."

Roswal the Hound.

(From "The Talisman.")

The reader can now have little doubt who the Ethiopian slave really was, with what purpose he had sought Richard's camp, and wherefore and with what hope he now stood close to the person of that monarch, as, surrounded by his valiant peers of England and Normandy, Cœur de Lion stood on the summit of Saint George's Mount, with the Banner of England by his side, borne by the most goodly person in the army, being his

own natural brother, William with the Long Sword, Earl of Salisbury, the offspring of Henry the Second's amour with the celebrated Rosamond of Woodstock.

From several expressions in the King's conversation with Neville on the preceding day, the Nubian was left in anxious doubt whether his disguise had not been penetrated, especially as that the King seemed to be aware in what manner the agency of the dog was expected to discover the thief who stole the banner, although the circumstance of such an animal's having been wounded on the occasion had been scarce mentioned in Richard's presence. Nevertheless, as the King continued to treat him in no other manner than his exterior required, the Nubian remained uncertain whether he was or was not discovered, and determined not to throw his disguise aside voluntarily.

Meanwhile, the powers of the various Crusading princes, arrayed under their royal and princely leaders, swept in long order around the base of the little mound, and as those of each different country passed by, their commanders advanced a step or two up the hill, and made a signal of courtesy to Richard and to the Standard of England, "in sign of regard and amity," as the protocol of the ceremony heedfully expressed it, "not of subjection or vassalage." The spiritual dignitaries, who in those days veiled not their bonnets to created being, bestowed on the King and his symbol of command their blessing instead of rendering obeisance.

Thus the long files marched on, and, diminished as they were by so many causes, appeared still an iron host, to whom the conquest of Palestine might seem an easy task. The soldiers, inspired by the consciousness of united strength, sat erect in their steel saddles, while it seemed that the trumpets sounded more cheerfully shrill, and the steeds, refreshed by rest and provender, chafed on the bit, and trod the ground more proudly. On they passed, troop after troop, banners waving, spears glancing, plumes dancing, in long perspective — a host composed of different nations, complexions, languages, arms, and appearances, but all fired, for the time, with the holy yet romantic purpose of rescuing the distressed daughter of Zion from her thraldom, and redeeming the sacred earth, which more than mortal had trodden, from the yoke of the unbelieving Pagan. And it must be owned, that if, in other circumstances, the species of courtesy rendered to the King of England by so many warriors, from whom he claimed no natural allegiance, had in it

something that might have been thought humiliating, yet the nature and cause of the war was so fitted to his preëminently chivalrous character, and renowned feats in arms, that claims, which might elsewhere have been urged, were there forgotten; and the brave did willing homage to the bravest, in an expedition where the most undaunted and energetic courage was necessary to success.

The good King was seated on horseback about half way up the Mount, a morion on his head, surmounted by a crown, which left his manly features exposed to public view, as, with cool and considerate eye, he perused each rank as it passed him, and returned the salutation of the leaders. His tunic was of sky-colored velvet, covered with plates of silver, and his hose of crimson silk, slashed with cloth of gold. By his side stood the seeming Ethiopian slave, holding the noble dog in a leash, such as was used in woodcraft. It was a circumstance which attracted no notice, for many of the princes of the Crusade had introduced black slaves into their households, in imitation of the barbarous splendor of the Saracens. Over the King's head streamed the large folds of the banner, and, as he looked to it from time to time, he seemed to regard a ceremony, indifferent to himself personally, as important, when considered as atoning an indignity offered to the kingdom which he ruled. In the background, and on the very summit of the Mount, a wooden turret, erected for the occasion, held the Queen Berengaria and the principal ladies of the court. To this the King looked from time to time, and then ever and anon his eyes were turned on the Nubian and the dog, but only when such leaders approached, as, from circumstances of previous ill-will, he suspected of being accessary to the theft of the standard, or whom he judged capable of a crime so mean.

Thus, he did not look in that direction when Philip Augustus of France approached at the head of his splendid troops of Gallic chivalry — nay, he anticipated the motions of the French King, by descending the Mount as the latter came up the ascent, so that they met in the middle space, and blended their greetings so gracefully, that it appeared they met in fraternal equality. The sight of the two greatest princes in Europe, in rank at once and power, thus publicly avowing their concord, called forth bursts of thundering acclaim from the Crusading host at many miles' distance, and made the roving Arab scouts of the desert alarm the camp of Saladin with intelligence, that the army of

the Christians was in motion. Yet who but the King of kings can read the hearts of monarchs? Under this smooth show of courtesy, Richard nourished displeasure and suspicion against Philip, and Philip meditated withdrawing himself and his host from the army of the Cross, and leaving Richard to accomplish or fail in the enterprise with his own unassisted forces.

Richard's demeanor was different when the dark-armed knights and squires of the Temple chivalry approached — men with countenances bronzed to Asiatic blackness by the suns of Palestine, and the admirable state of whose horses and appointments far surpassed even that of the choicest troops of France and England. The King cast a hasty glance aside, but the Nubian stood quiet, and his trusty dog sat at his feet, watching, with a sagacious yet pleased look, the ranks which now passed before them. The King's look turned again on the chivalrous Templars, as the Grand Master, availing himself of his mingled character, bestowed his benediction on Richard as a priest, instead of doing him reverence as a military leader.

"The misproud and amphibious caitiff puts the monk upon me," said Richard to the Earl of Salisbury. "But, Long-Sword, we will let it pass. A punctilio must not lose Christendom the services of these experienced lances, because their victories have rendered them overweening. — Lo you, here comes our valiant adversary, the Duke of Austria — mark his manner and bearing, Long-Sword — and thou, Nubian, let the hound have full view of him. By Heaven, he brings his buffoons along with him!"

In fact, whether from habit, or, which is more likely, to intimate contempt of the ceremonial he was about to comply with, Leopold was attended by his *spruch-sprecher* and his jester, and as he advanced towards Richard, he whistled in what he wished to be considered as an indifferent manner, though his heavy features evinced the sullenness, mixed with the fear, with which a truant school-boy may be seen to approach his master.

As the reluctant dignitary made, with discomposed and sulky look, the obeisance required, the *spruch-sprecher* shook his baton, and proclaimed, like a herald, that, in what he was now doing, the Archduke of Austria was not to be held derogating from the rank and privileges of a sovereign prince; to which the jester answered with a sonorous *amen*, which provoked much laughter among the bystanders.

King Richard looked more than once at the Nubian and his dog; but the former moved not, nor did the latter strain at the

leash, so that Richard said to the slave with some scorn, "Thy success in this enterprise, my sable friend, even though thou hast brought thy hound's sagacity to back thine own, will not, I fear, place thee high in the rank of wizards, or much augment thy merits towards our person."

The Nubian answered, as usual, only by a lowly obeisance.

Meantime the troops of the Marquis of Montserrat next passed in order before the King of England. That powerful and wily baron, to make the greater display of his forces, had divided them into two bodies. At the head of the first, consisting of his vassals and followers, and levied from his Syrian possessions, came his brother Enguerrand, and he himself followed, leading on a gallant band of twelve hundred Stradiots, a kind of light cavalry raised by the Venetians in their Dalmatian possessions, and of which they had entrusted the command to the Marquis, with whom the republic had many bonds of connexion. These Stradiots were clothed in a fashion partly European, but partaking chiefly of the Eastern fashion. They wore, indeed, short hauberks, but had over them parti-colored tunics of rich stuffs, with large, wide pantaloons and half-boots. On their heads were straight upright caps, similar to those of the Greeks, and they carried small round targets, bows and arrows, scimetars, and poniards. They were mounted on horses, carefully selected, and well maintained at the expense of the State of Venice; their saddles and appointments resembled those of the Turks, and they rode in the same manner, with short stirrups and upon a high seat. These troops were of great use in skirmishing with the Arabs, though unable to engage in close combat, like the iron-sheathed men-at-arms of Western and Northern Europe.

Before this goodly band came Conrade, in the same garb with the Stradiots, but of such rich stuff that he seemed to blaze with gold and silver, and the milk-white plume fastened in his cap by a clasp of diamonds seemed tall enough to sweep the clouds. The noble steed which he reined bounded and caracoled, and displayed his spirit and agility in a manner which might have troubled a less admirable horseman than the Marquis, who gracefully ruled him with the one hand, while the other displayed the baton, whose predominancy over the ranks which he led seemed equally absolute. Yet his authority over the Stradiots was more in show than in substance; for there paced beside him, on an ambling palfrey of soberest mood, a little old man, dressed entirely in black, without beard or mustaches,

WALTER SCOTT'S HOME

(*Abbotsford from the Terrace*)

and having an appearance altogether mean and insignificant, when compared with the blaze of splendor around him. But this mean-looking old man was one of those deputies whom the Venetian government sent into camps to overlook the conduct of the generals to whom the leading was consigned, and to maintain that jealous system of espial and control which had long distinguished the policy of the republic.

Conrade, who, by cultivating Richard's humor, had attained a certain degree of favor with him, no sooner was come within his ken than the King of England descended a step or two to meet him, exclaiming, at the same time, "Ha, Lord Marquis, thou at the head of the fleet Stradiots, and thy black shadow attending thee as usual, whether the sun shines or not. —May not one ask thee whether the rule of the troops remains with the shadow or with the substance?"

Conrade was commencing his reply with a smile, when Roswal, the noble hound, uttering a furious and savage yell, sprang forward. The Nubian, at the same time, slipped the leash, and the hound, rushing on, leapt upon Conrade's noble charger, and seizing the Marquis by the throat, pulled him down from the saddle. The plumed rider lay rolling on the sand, and the frightened horse fled in wild career through the camp.

"Thy hound hath pulled down the right quarry, I warrant him," said the King to the Nubian, "and I vow to Saint George he is a stag of ten tynes! — Pluck the dog off, lest he throttle him."

The Ethiopian, accordingly, though not without difficulty, disengaged the dog from Conrade, and fastened him up, still highly excited, and struggling in the leash. Meanwhile many crowded to the spot, especially followers of Conrade and officers of the Stradiots, who, as they saw their leader lie gazing wildly on the sky, raised him up amid a tumultuary cry of — "Cut the slave and his hound to pieces!"

But the voice of Richard, loud and sonorous, was heard clear above all other exclamations — "He dies the death who injures the hound! He hath but done his duty, after the sagacity with which God and nature have endowed the brave animal. — Stand forward for a false traitor, thou Conrade, Marquis of Monserrat! I impeach thee of treason."

Several of the Syrian leaders had now come up, and Conrade, vexation, and shame, and confusion struggling with passion in his manner and voice, exclaimed, "What means this? — With

what am I charged? — Why this base usage, and these reproachful terms? — Is this the league of concord which England renewed but so lately?"

"Are the Princes of the Crusade turned hares or deer in the eyes of King Richard, that he should slip hounds on them?" said the sepulchral voice of the Grand Master of the Templars.

"It must be some singular accident — some fatal mistake," said Philip of France, who rode up at the same moment.

"Some deceit of the Enemy," said the Archbishop of Tyre.

"A stratagem of the Saracens," cried Henry of Champagne. "It were well to hang up the dog, and put the slave to the torture."

"Let no man lay hand upon them," said Richard, "as he loves his own life! — Conrade, stand forth, if thou darest, and deny the accusation which this mute animal hath in his noble instinct brought against thee, of injury done to him, and foul scorn to England!"

"I never touched the banner," said Conrade, hastily.

"Thy words betray thee, Conrade!" said Richard; "for how didst thou know, save from conscious guilt, that the question is concerning the banner?"

"Hast thou then not kept the camp in turmoil on that and no other score?" answered Conrade; "and dost thou impute to a prince and an ally a crime which, after all, was probably committed by some paltry felon for the sake of the gold thread? Or wouldst thou now impeach a confederate on the credit of a dog?"

By this time the alarm was becoming general, so that Philip of France interposed.

"Princes and nobles," he said, "you speak in presence of those whose swords will soon be at the throats of each other, if they hear their leaders at such terms together. In the name of Heaven, let us draw off, each his own troops, into their separate quarters, and ourselves meet an hour hence in the Pavilion of Council, to take some order in this new state of confusion."

"Content," said King Richard, "though I should have liked to have interrogated that caitiff while his gay doublet was yet besmirched with sand, — but the pleasure of France shall be ours in this matter."

The leaders separated as was proposed, each prince placing himself at the head of his own forces; and then was heard on all sides the crying of war-cries, and the sounding of gathering-

notes upon bugles and trumpets, by which the different stragglers were summoned to their prince's banner; and the troops were shortly seen in motion, each taking different routes through the camp to their own quarters. But although any immediate act of violence was thus prevented, yet the accident which had taken place dwelt on every mind; and those foreigners, who had that morning hailed Richard as the worthiest to lead their army, now resumed their prejudices against his pride and intolerance, while the English, conceiving the honor of their country connected with the quarrel, of which various reports had gone about, considered the natives of other countries jealous of the fame of England and her King, and disposed to undermine it by the meanest arts of intrigue. Many and various were the rumors spread upon the occasion, and there was one which averred that the Queen and her ladies had been much alarmed by the tumult, and that one of them had swooned.

The Council assembled at the appointed hour. Conrade had in the meanwhile laid aside his dishonored dress, and with it the shame and confusion which, in spite of his talents and promptitude, had at first overwhelmed him, owing to the strangeness of the accident, and suddenness of the accusation. He was now robed like a prince and entered the council-chamber attended by the Archduke of Austria, the Grand Masters both of the Temple and of the Order of Saint John, and several other potentates, who made a show of supporting him and defending his cause, chiefly perhaps from political motives, or because they themselves nourished a personal enmity against Richard.

This appearance of union in favor of Conrade was far from influencing the King of England. He entered the Council with his usual indifference of manner, and in the same dress in which he had just alighted from horseback. He cast a careless and somewhat scornful glance on the leaders, who had with studied affectation arranged themselves around Conrade, as if owning his cause, and in the most direct terms charged Conrade of Montserrat with having stolen the Banner of England, and wounded the faithful animal who stood in its defence.

Conrade arose boldly to answer, and in despite, as he expressed himself, of man and brute, king or dog, avouched his innocence of the crime charged.

"Brother of England," said Philip, who willingly assumed the character of moderator of the assembly, "this is an unusual impeachment. We do not hear you avouch your own knowledge

of this matter, farther than your belief resting upon the demeanor of this hound towards the Marquis of Montserrat. Surely the word of a knight and a prince should bear him out against the barking of a cur ?"

"Royal brother," returned Richard, "recollect that the Almighty, who gave the dog to be companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe — remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation ; but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor — he is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity. Dress yonder Marquis in what peacock-robes you will — disguise his appearance — alter his complexion with drugs and washes — hide him amidst an hundred men — I will yet pawn my sceptre that the hound detects him, and expresses his resentment, as you have this day beheld. This is no new incident, although a strange one. Murderers and robbers have been, ere now, convicted, and suffered death under such evidence, and men have said that the finger of God was in it. In thine own land, royal brother, and upon such an occasion, the matter was tried by a solemn duel betwixt the man and the dog, as appellant and defendant in a challenge of murder. The dog was victorious, the man was punished, and the crime was confessed. Credit me, royal brother, that hidden crimes have often been brought to light by the testimony even of inanimate substances, not to mention animals far inferior in instinctive sagacity to the dog, who is the friend and companion of our race."

"Such a duel there hath indeed been, royal brother," answered Philip, "and that in the reign of one of our predecessors, to whom God be gracious. But it was in the olden time, nor can we hold it a precedent fitting for this occasion. The defendant in that case was a private gentleman, of small rank or respect; his offensive weapons were only a club, his defensive a leathern jerkin. But we cannot degrade a prince to the disgrace of using such rude arms, or to the ignominy of such a combat."

"I never meant that you should," said King Richard, "it were foul play to hazard the good hound's life against that of such a double-faced traitor as this Conrade hath proved himself.

But there lies our own glove — we appeal him to the combat in respect of the evidence we brought forth against him — a king, at least, is more than the mate of a marquis."

Conrade made no hasty effort to seize on the pledge which Richard cast into the middle of the assembly, and King Philip had time to reply, ere the Marquis made a motion to lift the glove.

"A king," said he of France, "is as much more than a match for the Marquis Conrade, as a dog would be less. Royal Richard, this cannot be permitted. You are the leader of our expedition — the sword and buckler of Christendom."

"I protest against such a combat," said the Venetian proveditore, "until the King of England shall have repaid the fifty thousand bezants which he is indebted to the republic. It is enough to be threatened with loss of our debt, should our debtor fall by the hands of the pagans, without the additional risk of his being slain in brawls amongst Christians, concerning dogs and banners."

"And I," said William with the Long Sword, Earl of Salisbury, "protest in my turn against my royal brother perilling his life, which is the property of the people of England, in such a cause. — Here, noble brother, receive back your glove, and think only as if the wind had blown it from your hand. Mine shall lie in its stead. A king's son, though with the bar sinister on his shield, is at least a match for this marmozet of a Marquis."

"Princes and nobles," said Conrade, "I will not accept of King Richard's defiance. He hath been chosen our leader against the Saracens, and if *his* conscience can answer the accusation of provoking an ally to the field on a quarrel so frivolous, *mine*, at least, cannot endure the reproach of accepting it. But touching his bastard brother, William of Woodstock, or against any other who shall adopt, or shall dare to stand godfather to this most false charge, I will defend my honor in the lists, and prove whosoever impeaches it a false liar."

"The Marquis of Montserrat," said the Archbishop of Tyre, "hath spoken like a wise and moderate gentleman; and methinks this controversy might, without dishonor to any party, end at this point."

"Methinks it might so terminate," said the King of France, "provided King Richard will recall his accusation, as made upon over-slight grounds."

"Philip of France," answered Cœur de Lion, "my words

shall never do my thoughts so much injury. I have charged yonder Conrade as a thief, who, under cloud of night, stole from its place the emblem of England's dignity. I still believe and charge him to be such; and when a day is appointed for the combat, doubt not that, since Conrad declines to meet us in person, I will find a champion to appear in support of my challenge; for thou, William, must not thrust thy long sword into this quarrel without our special license."

"Since my rank makes me arbiter in this most unhappy matter," said Philip of France, "I appoint the fifth day from hence for the decision thereof, by way of combat, according to knightly usage — Richard, King of England, to appear by his champion as appellant, and Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, in his own person as defendant. Yet I own, I know not where to find neutral ground where such a quarrel may be fought out; for it must not be in the neighborhood of this camp, where the soldiers would make faction on the different sides."

"It were well," said Richard, "to apply to the generosity of the royal Saladin, since, heathen as he is, I have never known knight more fulfilled of nobleness, or to whose good faith we may so peremptorily intrust ourselves. I speak thus for those who may be doubtful of mishap — for myself, wherever I see my foe, I make that spot my battle-ground."

"Be it so," said Philip; "we will make this matter known to Saladin, although it be showing to an enemy the unhappy spirit of discord which we would willingly hide from even ourselves, were it possible. Meanwhile, I dismiss this assembly, and charge you all, as Christian men and noble knights, that ye let this unhappy feud breed no farther brawling in the camp, but regard it as a thing solemnly referred to the judgment of God, to whom each of you should pray that He will dispose of victory in the combat according to the truth of the quarrel; and therewith may His will be done!"

"Amen, Amen!" was answered on all sides; while the Templar whispered the Marquis, "Conrade, wilt thou not add a petition to be delivered from the power of the dog, as the Psalmist hath it?"

"Peace, thou —!" replied the Marquis; "there is a revealing demon abroad, which may report, amongst other tidings, how far thou dost carry the motto of the order — *Feriatur Leo.*"

"Thou wilt stand the brunt of challenge?" said the Templar.

"Doubt me not," said Conrade. "I would not, indeed, have willingly met the iron arm of Richard himself, and I shame not to confess that I rejoice to be free of his encounter. But, from his bastard brother downward the man breathes not in his ranks whom I fear to meet."

"It is well you are so confident," continued the Templar; "and in that case, the fangs of yonder hound have done more to dissolve this league of princes, than either thy devices, or the dagger of the Charegite. Seest thou how, under a brow studiously overclouded, Philip cannot conceal the satisfaction which he feels at the prospect of release from the alliance which sat so heavy on him? Mark how Henry of Champagne smiles to himself, like a sparkling goblet of his own wine — and see the chuckling delight of Austria, who thinks his quarrel is about to be avenged, without risk or trouble of his own. Hush, he approaches. — A most grievous chance, most royal Austria, that these breaches in the walls of our Zion" —

"If thou meanest this Crusade," replied the Duke, "I would it were crumbled to pieces, and each were safe at home! — I speak this in confidence."

"But," said the Marquis of Montserrat, "to think this disunion should be made by the hands of King Richard, for whose pleasure we have been contented to endure so much, and to whom we have been as submissive as slaves to a master, in hopes that he would use his valor against our enemies, instead of exercising it upon our friends!"

"I see not that he is much more valorous than others," said the Archduke. "I believe, had the noble Marquis met him in the lists, he would have had the better; for though the islander deals heavy blows with the pole-axe, he is not so very dexterous with the lance. I should have cared little to have met him myself on our old quarrel, had the weal of Christendom permitted to sovereign princes to breathe themselves in the lists — and if thou desirest it, noble Marquis, I will myself be your godfather in this combat."

"And I also," said the Grand Master.

"Come, then, and take your nooning in our tent, noble sirs," said the Duke, "and we'll speak of this business, over some right *nierenstein*."

They entered together accordingly.

"What said our patron and these great folks together?" said Jonas Schwanker to his companion, the *spruch-sprecher*,

who had used the freedom to press nigh to his master when the council was dismissed, while the jester waited at a more respectful distance.

"Servant of Folly," said the *spruch-sprecher*, "moderate thy curiosity — it beseems not that I should tell to thee the counsels of our master."

"Man of Wisdom, you mistake," answered Jonas; "we are both the constant attendants on our patron, and it concerns us alike to know whether thou or I — Wisdom or Folly — have the deeper interest in him."

"He told to the Marquis," answered the *spruch-sprecher*, "and to the Grand Master, that he was aweary of these wars, and would be glad he was safe at home."

"That is a drawn cast, and counts for nothing in the game," said the jester; "it was most wise to think thus, but great folly to tell it to others — proceed."

"Ha, hem!" said the *spruch-sprecher;* "he next said to them, that Richard was not more valorous than others, or over dexterous in the tilt-yard."

"Woodcock of my side," said Schwanker; "this was egregious folly. What next?"

"Nay, I am something oblivious," replied the man of wisdom, —"he invited them to a goblet of *nierenstein*."

"That hath a show of wisdom in it," said Jonas, "thou may'st mark it to thy credit in the meantime; but an he drink too much, as is most likely, I will have it pass to mine. Any thing more?"

"Nothing worth memory," answered the orator, "only he wished he had taken the occasion to meet Richard in the lists."

"Out upon it — out upon it!" said Jonas — "this is such dotage of folly, that I am wellnigh ashamed of winning the game by it — Ne'ertheless, fool as he is, we will follow him, most sage *spruch-sprecher*, and have our share of the wine of *nierenstein*."

The Meeting of Jeanie and Effie Deans.

(From "The Heart of Mid-Lothian.")

Sweet sister, let me live!
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.
— Measure for Measure.

Jeanie Deans was admitted into the jail by Ratcliffe. This fellow, as void of shame as honesty, as he opened the now

trebly secured door, asked her, with a leer which made her shudder, whether she remembered him?

A half-pronounced timid "No" was her answer.

"What! not remember moonlight, and Muschat's Cairn, and Rob and Rat?" said he with the same sneer. "Your memory needs redding up, my jo."

If Jeanie's distresses had admitted of aggravation, it must have been to find her sister under the charge of such a profligate as this man. He was not, indeed, without something of good to balance so much that was evil in his character and habits. In his misdemeanors he had never been bloodthirsty or cruel; and in his present occupation, he had shown himself, in a certain degree, accessible to touches of humanity. But these good qualities were unknown to Jeanie; who, remembering the scene at Muschat's Cairn, could scarce find voice to acquaint him that she had an order from Bailie Middleburgh, permitting her to see her sister.

"I ken that fu' weel, my bonny doo; mair by token, I have a special charge to stay in the ward with you a' the time ye are thegither."

"Must that be sae?" asked Jeanie with an imploring voice.

"Hout, ay, hinny," replied the turnkey; "and what the waur will you and your tittie be of Jim Ratcliffe hearing what ye hae to say to ilk other? Deil a word ye 'll say that will gar him ken your kittle sex better than he kens them already; and another thing is, that if ye dinna speak o' breaking the Tolbooth, deil a word will I tell ower, either to do ye good or ill."

Thus saying, Ratcliffe marshalled her the way to the apartment where Effie was confined.

Shame, fear, and grief had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie! my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture; but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sunbeam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed and sat down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they

remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony; till throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter; "ye are very ill."

"Oh, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!" was the reply; "what wad I gie to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father — but I am his bairn nae langer now — Oh, I hae nae friend left in the warld! — Oh that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle kirk-yard!"

"Hout, lassie," said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt: "dinna be sae dooms doon-hearted as a' that — there 's mony a tod hunted that 's na killed. Advocate Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there 's no a cleverer agent than Nichil Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhanged, they are weel aff has sic an agent and counsel: ane 's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass, too, an ye wad busk up your cockernony a bit; and a bonny lass will find favor wi' judge and jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them."

To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned no answer; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sorrows as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence.

"O Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal your situation from me? O woman, had I deserved this at your hand? Had ye spoke but ae word — sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae dune?" answered the

prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See," she said, producing the sacred volume, "the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. Oh, see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' Scripture!"

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner: "isna my crown, my honor, removed? And what am I but a poor, wasted, wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell."

"Oh, if ye had spoken ae word," again sobbed Jeanie, — "if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest, — for life is dear even to those who feel it is a burden: "wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

"It was ane that kend what he was saying weel enough," replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"Wha was it? — I conjure you to tell me," said Effie, seating herself upright. "Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-by as I am now? Was it — was it *him?*"

"Hout," said Ratcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I'se uphaud it 's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

"Was it him?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words; "was it him, Jeanie, indeed? Oh, I see it was him; poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane, — and him in sic danger on his ain part, — poor George!"

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling toward the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming, "O Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

"We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"Love him!" answered Effiie; "if I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trew ye that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na! ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend;—and O Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no!"

"What needs I tell ye onything about it?" said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about onybody beside."

"That 's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell. Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth forby Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny,—better sit and rue than flit and rue. Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that, maybe."

"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him, "d'ye ken where they hae putten my bairn?—O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh! O man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me where they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has taen 't away, or what they hae dune wi 't!"

"Hout tout," said the turnkey, endeavoring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, "that 's taking me at my word wi' a witness— Bairn, quo' she? How the deil suld I ken onything of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that of auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell."

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded; and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to suggest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the furthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson; and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification.

"Do ye mind," she said, "Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was wi' me for gieing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it? Ye were a bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt you; but come weal or woe, I canna refuse ye onything that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee."

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, "Oh, if ye kend how long it is since I heard his name mentioned! — if ye but kend how muckle good it does me but to ken onything o' him that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him!"

Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow," "Poor George," which escaped in whispers and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story.

When it was finished she made a long pause.

"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye," replied her sister.

"And he wanted you to say something to you folks, that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be mansworn."

"And you tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughten years auld yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflection seemed about to take, "that I daured na swear to an untruth."

"And what d' ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit. "Ye are muckle to blame lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn. Murder! — I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!"

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie haughtily: "it 's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the warld are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I didna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson. How can I help loving him, that loves me better than body and soul baith! — Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stud wi' him as it stands wi' you — " Here she paused and was silent.

"Oh, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that 's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye 'll hae time enough to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it 's a deeper offence when it 's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions, — we 'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I 'll soon hae nae breath to waste on onybody."

The Tournament.

(From "Ivanhoe.")

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, — it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies — Death of Champions — Honor to the Generous — Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession; and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-à-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances; to the extremities of which were in many cases attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little: —

> "The knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and

shattered ruins; the place that once knew them knows them no more: nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What then would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds and compelling them to move slowly, while at the same time they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights, as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood; and there separating themselves, each touched slighty, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of the spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies — were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his

enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent, — a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions; and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, — to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet upon the whole the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge, — misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry; who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful; one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*, — that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were

unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry; although with the arms of his Saxon ancestors he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric in a marked tone: "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée;* it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark; for Wamba thrust in his word, observing "it was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming, "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! Stand forth, gallant knights: fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inac-

tivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had with a single spear overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold; and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaller's shield: he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists; and to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption; but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; "and to requite it I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his Order, representing two knights riding upon one horse, — an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars; qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon his haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle

and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolte, and retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In the second encounter the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield; but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, — a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conquerer. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a

resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged; but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conquerer called for a bowl of wine; and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers; and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly; but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim; and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist by a herald the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth; and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

The Storming of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle.

(From "Ivanhoe.")

A moment of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those which, at more tranquil periods, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well and better than he could have expected — "Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse — his hunting-hound — are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud, hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest!" said the knight joyfully; "fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst; say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel — say what thou wilt, but bring him — something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made that attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded knight's chamber which was defeated, as we have already seen, by the interference of Urfried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the result of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text: "The quiver rattleth — the glittering spear and the shield — the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go! If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain — it is in vain — I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca; "the sounds have ceased of a sudden — it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm — it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not — you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft ——"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "this is no maiden's pastime — do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion; at least cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the medi-

tated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle-moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that in case of its being taken it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surmounted by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield!"

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance. God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made

of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettledrum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "*En avant De Bracy! — Beau-seant! Beau-seant! — Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed — by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf and his allies showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows, and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is

played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush in — they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!"

She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down! — he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen!"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness — "But no — but no! — the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! — he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken — he snatches an axe from a yeoman — he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman — he falls — he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar — their united force compels the champion to pause — they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have — they have!" exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other — down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? — who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly — the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe — the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion — he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes — it is splintered by his blows — they rush in — the outwork is won — Oh, God! — they hurl the defenders from the battlements — they throw them into the moat. Oh, men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge — the bridge which communicates with the castle — have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed — few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle — the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they do now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again — this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca: "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered: and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained — O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there can be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do!* — a fetterlock, and a shacklebolt on a field sable — what may that mean? — seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him farther — but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded

delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house, I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action — this struggling with and repining at your present weakness — will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest or a woman when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live — the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not — we wish not to live longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled — of all the travail and pain you have endured — of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe: "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory?" continued Rebecca: "Alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb — is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim — are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight, impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distin-

guishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honor, raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! — why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection — the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight — until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honor, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honor and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

She then looked toward the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first

moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time? When yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep! When the nostrils shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and bloodshot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him! And my father! oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his gray hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth! What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unnatural child who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger? But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned toward it, fortifying, or endeavoring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

The Last Minstrel.

(Prelude to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel.")

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry:
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:

Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye, —
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone;
And of Earl Walter, — rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode; —
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hands, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained:
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state

Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain, —
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head:
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'T was thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

FAIR ELLEN.

(From "Lady of the Lake.")

FROM underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,

That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand.
And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown, —
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace, —
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear!

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;

ELLEN'S ISLE — LOCH KATRINE

(*Scotland*)

And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye:
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame; —
O need I tell that passion's name!

Boat Song.

(From "Lady of the Lake.")

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Send our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe,
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine.
O, that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honor'd and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan Alpine then
Ring from her deepest glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

The Combat.

(From "Lady of the Lake.")

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said: —
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd like thyself, with single brand;

For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved;
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" — "No, Stranger, none!
And here, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shall thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name of Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate: —
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair." —
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word;

It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again,
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"

"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
— Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round. —
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel! —
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright! —
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

Lochinvar.

(From "Marmion.")

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung! —
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Marmion and Douglas.

(From "Marmion.")

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an under-tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu: —
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open to my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer,
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said, —
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride.

Here in thy Hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" —
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: — "And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall;
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go? —
No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no! —
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name. —
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. —
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!

Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood. —
'T is pity of him, too," he cried ;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride :
I warrant him a warrior tried." —
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

Song: Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I 'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen" —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale :
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen" —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair ;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair :
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen" —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha' —
The ladie was not seen !
She 's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

AUGUSTIN EUGÈNE SCRIBE.

Scribe, Augustin Eugène, a French dramatist; born in Paris, December 24, 1791; died there, February 20, 1861. After studying law, which he abandoned, he devoted himself to literature. His early plays were unsuccessful, but in collaboration with Delestre Poirson he wrote "Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale," which succeeded. In 1816 he brought out "Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac le Solliciteur," which brought him fame; and in 1820 he was engaged by Poirson to write exclusively for his theatre. Here Scribe's masterpieces were produced, including "Le Mariage Enfantin," "La Loge du Portier," "La Reine de Seize Ans," "La Marraine," "Le Mariage de Raison," etc. In 1822 he brought out the drama of "Valérie," in which Mlle. Mars appeared. Scribe wrote many plays with Legouvé, including "Adrienne Lecouvreur" (1849); "La Battaille de Dames" (1851); "Mon Étoile" (1853); and "Les Doigts de Fée" (1858). He wrote in collaboration with several other authors; composed the libretti of a great number of operas, among which were "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" for Verdi; "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," "L'Étoile du Nord," and "L'Africaine" for Meyerbeer; wrote several novels, including "Carlo Broschi," "Une Maîtresse Anonyme," and "Piquillo Alliaga." He was elected to the Académie Française in 1836. The whole number of his plays is estimated at four hundred.

Last Moments.

(From "Adrienne Lecouvreur.")

[Adrienne's *apartments. Enter* Maurice.]

Maurice. [*Heard outside.*] She will be at home for me, I tell you. [*Runs to* Adrienne.] Adrienne! Adrienne!

Adrienne. Maurice! Ah! What have I done! Leave me! Leave me!

Maurice. No! I come to throw myself at your feet! I come to implore your pardon! If I did not follow you when

you bade me to — it was because my duty — my honor — compelled me to remain; because of an act of kindness, whereof the weight bore me down; I thought so, at least! and I could not suffer the day to end without saying to the Princess, I cannot accept your gold, because I love you not, because my heart is another's! But judge of my surprise when at the first words I address to her, crying out: "I know all! I know all!" trembling, wild, she who never trembles falls at my feet, and with tears, real or feigned, confesses that love and jealousy have turned her brain; and that she herself has been the cause of my imprisonment! She dared confess this — and to me, who fondly deemed I owed to her my liberation! —

ADRIENNE. O heavens!

MAURICE. To me she confessed this — to me, who, downcast and ashamed of having received her benefits, came only to implore of her a few days' delay, that I might repay her, were it at the sacrifice of my blood and my life! And I was free! — free to despise, to hate, to abandon her! — free to hasten to you and seek a refuge at your feet. My protectress! my guardian angel! behold me here. Ah! spurn me not!

ADRIENNE. Can I believe you?

MAURICE. By heaven! — by mine honor, I swear I have told you the truth — difficult though it be to explain. Hurled from the pinnacle of my hopes, arrested, thrown into prison, I still am ignorant as to whose hand set me free. Search as I may, I cannot discover who has returned to me my liberty, my sword, and, perhaps, a glorious future! Do you know? Can you help me discover this?

ADRIENNE. I know not; I cannot tell. . . .

MAURICE. Then, Adrienne, it was you?

ADRIENNE. And he, my best friend, who assisted me; but we will talk no more of this. You have accepted.

MAURICE. On one condition: that on your part you will refuse naught from me! I know not the future that awaits me; I know not whether I am to win or to lose on the battle-field the ducal crown which the states of Courland have bestowed upon me; but should I prove victorious, I swear to share with you the dukedom which you have aided me to obtain, and confer upon you the name which you have helped me to immortalize!

ADRIENNE. Your wife? I!

MAURICE. Yes, you! You are a queen at heart, and worthy to reign over all! Who was it enlarged my intellect? — You!

Who purified my thoughts?—You! Who breathed into my soul the spirit of the great men whose interpreter you are?—You, ever you! But heaven! you turn pale!

ADRIENNE. Fear not! So much joy after so much grief has exhausted my strength.

MAURICE. You totter!

ADRIENNE. In truth, a strange uneasiness, an unknown pain has taken possession of me — for a few minutes past — since I pressed that bouquet to my lips.

MAURICE. What bouquet?

ADRIENNE. Ungrateful woman that I am! I took it for a token of farewell, and it was a message of return.

MAURICE. What do you mean?

ADRIENNE. The flowers sent by you in yonder casket —

MAURICE. I sent you naught. Where is the bouquet?

ADRIENNE. I burned it! I thought you had disdained and spurned us both. The flowers were like myself — they could not live longer.

MAURICE. Adrienne! But your hand trembles — you are in great pain?

ADRIENNE. No — no! the pain is no longer here — but here. It is strange! very strange! a thousand wild, fantastic objects pass before my eyes, succeeding each other in confusion and without order! [*To* MAURICE.] What were we saying? What did I tell you? I know not. It seems to me that my imagination wanders, and that my reason, which I seek to retain, is about to abandon me. It shall not be, for, if I lose it, I lose my happiness. No! no! I will not suffer it; for Maurice, first of all, and then for this evening. They have just opened the doors and the theatre is full. I understand their curiosity and their impatience: the *Psyche* of the great Corneille has so long been promised them; oh! ever since the first days when I first saw Maurice. They would not revise the piece; they said it was too old; but I desired it — an idea possessed me. Maurice has not yet said to me, I love you! Nor have I said it to him — I dare not. And in the piece are verses which I should be so happy to address to him, before them all, and none of them would suspect!

MAURICE. Beloved, be yourself once more!

ADRIENNE. Hush! Here is my entrance. Oh! what a numerous, what a brilliant audience! How they all bend their looks on me and follow my every movement! How kind they

are to love me so well! Ah! he is in his box. It is he! He smiles on me. *Psyche*, it is your cue.

"Turn not away those eyes which rend my heart —
Those tender, piercing eyes, so full of love!
They seem to share th' uneasiness I feel.
Alas! the more dangerous they are,
The more delight I have their gaze to meet.
By what decree of Heaven, which fathom I cannot,
Do I say more than meet it is to say,
I, from whom modesty should await
Till love explains your much perturb'd condition?
You sigh, my lord, e'en as I sigh myself;
Like mine, your senses much confusèd are.
I should silent be, and you should speak,
And yet 't is I that speak."

MAURICE. Adrienne! Adrienne! She sees me not — hears me not. Oh, heavens! fear chills my blood! What is to be done? [*Rings: enter Maid.*] Your mistress is in danger — run for help. I will not leave her. [*Exit Maid.*] My presence and care may restore her to tranquillity. [*Taking her hand.*] Hear me; in pity, hear me!

ADRIENNE. [*Wildly.*] See! see! who is it enters his box? — who seats herself at his side? I recognize her, although she conceals her features. It is she! he speaks to her. [*Despairingly.*] Maurice! he will not look at me! Maurice!

MAURICE. He is at your side.

ADRIENNE. Ah! their eyes meet, their hands are clasped! She tells him. Stay! And he forgets me! he spurns me! — alas! he sees not that I am dying.

MAURICE. Adrienne! for pity's sake!

ADRIENNE. Pity!

MAURICE. Has then my voice no power over your heart?

ADRIENNE. What would you of me?

MAURICE. That you would hear me, for an instant — that you would look upon me, your Maurice!

ADRIENNE. Maurice — no — he is at her side — he forgets me — Go! get ye hence. [*Recognizes* MAURICE.] Ah! Maurice. [*Falls into his arms.*]

MAURICE. Oh! heavens grant me aid! And no help near — not a friend! [*Perceives* MICHONNET.] Ah! I am wrong, here comes one.

Enter MICHONNET.

MICHONNET. Is what they tell me true? Is Adrienne in danger?

MAURICE. Adrienne is dying!

MICHONNET. No — no; she breathes still. All hope is not lost.

MAURICE. She opens her eyes!

ADRIENNE. Ah! what torture is this! who is near? — Maurice. [*Sees* MICHONNET.] And you, too! So soon as I was suffering, you were to be here. It is no longer my head, but my chest that burns — there is here a furnace, a devouring flame, that consumes me.

MICHONNET. Everything proves it. See you not, as I do, the effects of a poison — of a poison active and terrible?

MAURICE. What do you suspect?

MICHONNET. I suspect everybody — and that rival — that noble lady.

MAURICE. Hush! hush!

ADRIENNE. Ah! the pain increases. You who love me dearly, save me, help me! I will not die! Just now I should have welcomed death as a benefactor; but now — no! I will not die! He loves me; he called me his wife!

MICHONNET. His wife!

ADRIENNE. Oh, heaven! grant my prayer! Oh, heaven! let me but live a few days more — a few days at his side. I am so young; and life opened so fair for me!

MAURICE. Ah! horrible!

ADRIENNE. Life! life! Vain are my efforts! vain my prayers! My days are numbered! My strength, my life are ebbing fast! [*To* MAURICE.] Do not leave me! Soon my eyes will no longer see you. Soon my hand will no longer grasp yours!

MAURICE. Adrienne! Adrienne!

ADRIENNE. Oh! triumphs of the stage, my heart will throb no more with your ardent emotions! And ye, long studies of an art I loved so well, nothing will remain of you, after me — nothing save memories. [*To those around her.*] In your memories they will live, will they not? Farewell, Maurice! farewell, my two friends! [*Dies.*]

MICHONETTE. Dead! dead!

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

Sears, Edmund Hamilton, an American clergyman, religious writer, and poet; born in Sandisfield, Mass., April 6, 1810; died at Weston, Mass., January 14, 1876. He was graduated at Union College in 1834, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1837. He was minister of the Unitarian Society at Wayland, Mass, in 1839–40, and in Lancaster from 1840 to 1847. For several years thereafter he edited, conjointly with Rev. Rufus Ellis, the "Monthly Religious Magazine." In 1865 he accepted a pastorate at Weston, and continued there until his death. He wrote "Regeneration" (1853); "Pictures of the Olden Time" (1857); "Athanasia" (1857); "Christian Lyrics" (1860); "The Fourth Gospel: The Heart of Christ" (1872); "Foregleams and Foreshadows of Immortality" (an enlargement of "Athanasia") (1873); "Sermons and Songs of the Christian Life" (1875); "Christ in the Life" (1876); "That Glorious Song of Old" (posthumous) (1883).

Christmas Song.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King!" . . .

This day shall Christian lips be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold? —
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay —
"Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

The Angels' Song.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing! . . .

THE ANGELS' SONG

From a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

Seneca, Lucius Annæus, a celebrated Roman philosopher and moralist, was born at Corduba, Spain, about the year 3 B. C.; died by his own hand, at his villa near Rome, in A. D. 65. He was a devoted student of rhetoric, philosophy, and law, and soon gained distinction at the bar. His political career was interrupted in A. D. 41 by his banishment to Corsica, by Claudius, and during this exile he wrote his "Consolatio ad Helviam." In A. D. 48 the Empress, Agrippina, had him recalled, and he was appointed prætor and tutor to her son, L. Domitius (Nero), then eleven years old. He became Agrippina's confidential adviser, and at the accession of Nero, A. D. 54, his influence increased. In A. D. 56 Seneca wrote a treatise on clemency addressed to Nero, "De Clementia ad Neronem." He was finally supplanted in the favor of Nero, and when he was accused of being an accomplice of Piso, in a conspiracy against the Emperor, he was compelled to commit suicide. This he did by opening his veins while in a warm bath. Some of his works are: "On Anger;" "A Book on Providence;" "On Tranquillity of Mind;" "On the Brevity of Life;" essays on natural science, and numerous letters.

Accommodation to Circumstances.

Suppose however that your life has become full of trouble, and that without knowing what you were doing, you have fallen into some snare which either public or private fortune has set for you, and that you can neither untie it nor break it: then remember that fettered men suffer much at first from the burdens and clogs upon their legs; afterwards, when they have made up their minds not to fret themselves about them, but to endure them, necessity teaches them to bear them bravely, and habit to bear them easily. In every station of life you will find amusements, relaxations, and enjoyments; that is, provided you be willing to make light of evils rather than to hate them. Knowing to what sorrows we were born, there is nothing for which Nature more deserves our thanks than for having invented

habit as an alleviation of misfortune, which soon accustoms us to the severest evils. No one could hold out against misfortune if it permanently exercised the same force as at its first onset. We are all chained to fortune: some men's chain is loose and made of gold, that of others is tight and of meaner metal; but what difference does this make? We are all included in the same captivity; and even those who have bound us are bound themselves, unless you think that a chain on the left side is lighter to bear. One man may be bound by public office, another by wealth; some have to bear the weight of illustrious, some of humble birth; some are subject to the commands of others, some only to their own; some are kept in one place by being banished thither, others by being elected to the priesthood. All life is slavery; let each man therefore reconcile himself to his lot, complain of it as little as possible, and lay hold of whatever good lies within his reach. No condition can be so wretched that an impartial mind can find no compensations in it. Small sites, if ingeniously divided, may be made use of for many different purposes; and arrangement will render ever so narrow a room habitable. Call good sense to your aid against difficulties: it is possible to soften what is harsh, to widen what is too narrow, and to make heavy burdens press less severely upon one who bears them skilfully.

Independence in Action.

All men, brother Gallio, wish to live happily, but are dull at perceiving exactly what it is that makes life happy: and so far is it from being easy to attain to happiness, that the more eagerly a man struggles to reach it, the further he departs from it, if he takes the wrong road; for since this leads in the opposite direction, his very swiftness carries him all the further away. We must therefore define clearly what it is at which we aim; next we must consider by what path we may most speedily reach it: for on our journey itself, provided it be made in the right direction, we shall learn how much progress we have made each day, and how much nearer we are to the goal towards which our natural desires urge us. But as long as we wander at random, not following any guide except the shouts and discordant clamors of those who invite us to proceed in different directions, our short life will be wasted in useless roamings, even if we labor both day and night to get a good

understanding. Let us not, therefore, decide whither we must tend, and by what path, without the advice of some experienced person, who has explored the region which we are about to enter: because this journey is not subject to the same conditions as others; for in them some distinctly understood track and inquiries made of the natives make it impossible for us to go wrong, but here the most beaten and frequented tracks are those which lead us most astray. Nothing, therefore, is more important than that we should not, like sheep, follow the flock that has gone before us, and thus proceed not whither we ought, but whither the rest are going.

Praises of the Rival School in Philosophy.

Men are not encouraged by Epicurus to run riot; but the vicious hide their excesses in the lap of philosophy, and flock to the schools in which they hear the praises of pleasure. They do not consider how sober and temperate — for so, by Hercules, I believe it to be — that "pleasure" of Epicurus is; but they rush at his mere name, seeking to obtain some protection and cloak for their vices. They lose, therefore, the one virtue which their evil life possessed, — that of being ashamed of doing wrong; for they praise what they used to blush at, and boast of their vices. Thus modesty can never reassert itself, when shameful idleness is dignified with an honorable name. The reason why that praise which your school lavishes upon pleasure is so hurtful, is because the honorable part of its teaching passes unnoticed, but the degrading part is seen by all.

I myself believe, though my Stoic comrades would be unwilling to hear me say so, that the teaching of Epicurus was upright and holy, and even, if you examine it narrowly, stern; for this much-talked-of pleasure is reduced to a very narrow compass, and he bids pleasure submit to the same law which we bid virtue do, — I mean, to obey nature. Luxury, however, is not satisfied with what is enough for nature. What is the consequence? Whoever thinks that happiness consists in lazy sloth, and alternations of gluttony and profligacy, requires a good patron for a bad action; and when he has become an Epicurean, having been led to do so by the attractive name of that school, he follows, not the pleasure which he there hears spoken of, but that which he brought thither with him; and

having learned to think that his vices coincide with the maxims of that philosophy, he indulges in them no longer timidly and in dark corners, but boldly in the face of day. I will not, therefore, like most of our school, say that the sect of Epicurus is the teacher of crime; but what I say is, it is ill spoken of, it has a bad reputation, and yet it does not deserve it.

"Be Slow Unto Wrath."

The greatest remedy for anger is delay: beg anger to grant you this at the first, not in order that it may pardon the offence, but that it may form a right judgment about it: if it delay, it will come to an end. Do not attempt to quell it all at once, for its first impulses are fierce; by plucking away its parts we shall remove the whole. We are made angry by some things which we learn at second-hand, and by some which we ourselves hear or see. Now, we ought to be slow to believe what is told us. Many tell lies in order to deceive us, and many because they are themselves deceived. Some seek to win our favor by false accusations, and invent wrongs in order that they may appear angry at our having suffered them. One man lies out of spite, that he may set trusting friends at variance; some because they are suspicious, and wish to see sport, and watch from a safe distance those whom they have set by the ears. If you were about to give sentence in court about ever so small a sum of money, you would take nothing as proved without a witness, and a witness would count for nothing except on his oath. You would allow both sides to be heard: you would allow them time: you would not despatch the matter at one sitting, because the oftener it is handled the more distinctly the truth appears. And do you condemn your friend off-hand? Are you angry with him before you hear his story, before you have cross-examined him, before he can know either who is his accuser or with what he is charged?

MARIE DE RABUTIN CHANTAL DE SÉVIGNÉ.

Sévigné, Marie de Rabutin Chantal de, a French letter-writer; born at Paris, February 6, 1626; died at Grignan, April 18, 1696. Left an orphan, she was tenderly reared by her maternal uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, was carefully educated, and at the age of eighteen was married to the Marquis Henri de Sévigné. At the end of seven years her husband died, and Madame de Sévigné devoted herself to the education of her young son and daughter. On her return to Paris, in 1654, she became the centre of a brilliant society. The marriage of her daughter to the Count de Grignan, and the consequent separation from her, was the grief of Madame de Sévigné's life. She took refuge in long descriptive letters, which form, with letters to other friends, the foundation of Madame de Sévigné's fame. She died of small-pox while on a visit to her daughter.

Letters of Madame de Sévigné.

to her daughter, madame de grignan.

Paris, Wednesday, May 6, 1671.

I beg, my dear child, that we may not henceforth give to absence all the credit of having established so perfect an understanding between us, nor of having confirmed me in the opinion of your love; but allowing absence to have had a share in the latter, since it has fixed your affection forever beyond the possibility of change, let me at least regret the time when I saw you every day, — you, who are the delight of my eyes, and the only joy of my life; when I heard you every day, — you whose mind is more to my taste than that of any other person I have ever met. Do not divide your lovely presence from your love; it would be too cruel to divide them. No; I will rather believe the time is come when they shall go hand in hand, when I shall have the exquisite pleasure of seeing you, without a cloud of regret, and at once make reparation for all my past injustices, since you will term them so. . . .

It is very true that I love your daughter, but you are a wicked creature to talk to me of jealousy; there is neither in you nor in me the materials that compose it. It is an imperfection of which you are incapable, and I give you no more reason for jealousy than M. de Grignan does. Alas! when the heart is occupied with one object with which no other can enter into competition, how is it possible to give cause for jealousy, even to jealousy itself? But let us talk no more of a passion that I detest; though it springs from an amiable source, its effects are too cruel and too hateful. In the next place, let me beg of you not to entertain such frightful apprehensions respecting my health, it gives you too much concern and uneasiness. I am persuaded you are already too much alive, and too ready to take alarm, on that subject; you always were so, and therefore I once more entreat you to follow my example, and not care about it. The health I enjoy is above the reach of common fears; I shall live to love you. I give up my whole life to this single occupation, — that is, to all the joy, the sorrow, the pleasures, the torments, in short, to every sentiment that affection for you can possibly inspire me with.

I shall set out between this and Whitsuntide; I shall pass the holidays either at Chartres or at Malicorne, but most assuredly not at Paris. You are too kind to enter, as you do, into all the dulness of my journey; you may easily imagine how often La Mousse and I shall talk of you, without counting that habitual thought of you which never leaves me. It is certain I shall not have Hébert with me; I am sorry for it, but I must be content. He is come back from Chantilly, very much afflicted at the death of Vatel, which has been a considerable loss to him. Gourville has put him in possession of that small post in the Condé Palace, which I mentioned to you. M. de La Rochefoucauld says that Gourville is willing to form an acquaintance with the fellow because he looks upon him as a rising man. I told the duke that my servants were not so fortunate as his. This duke of ours loves you sincerely, and has desired me to tell you that he will not send your letters back unopened. Madame de Lafayette always bids me say a thousand things to you on her part; I know not how well I acquit myself of my commission.

Do not speak so slightingly of La Fontaine's latest books. Some of his fables will delight you, and some of his stories charm you. The conclusion of his "Friar Philip's Geese," "The People of Rheims," and "The Little Dog," and everything in that

way is very pretty; it is only when he quits that style he becomes insipid. I wish I could write a fable on the folly of forcing genius out of its proper sphere, and show him what discord is made when a person attempts to strike all notes at once. He should never cease to employ his talent for narration. . . .

Farewell, my dear child; I embrace and kiss you. Continue to write to me no longer than is consistent with your health, and never forget the condition you are in. Reply less to my letters and tell me more of yourself. The longer I am in Brittany, the more I shall be in want of that consolation. When you are not able to write yourself, make little Deville do it; but do not let her run into her *do me the justice to believe*, and *I am with the greatest respect.* Let her talk of you; of what else? of you and you alone.

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

Vitré, Wednesday, Aug. 12, 1671.

At length, my dear child, I am in the midst of the Estates, otherwise the Estates would have been in the midst of Les Rochers. Last Sunday, just as I had sealed my letter, I saw four coaches and six drive into the court, with fifty armed men on horseback, several led horses, and a number of pages mounted. These were Messrs. de Chaulnes, de Rohan, de Lavardin, de Coëtlogon, de Lomaria, the Barons de Guais, the Bishops of Rennes and St. Malo, the Messrs. d'Argouges, and eight or ten more whom I did not know. I forgot M. d'Harrouis, who is not worth mentioning. I received them all. A great many compliments passed on both sides, and after a walk — with which they were all very well pleased — a very good and elegant collation appeared at one end of the mall; and, to crown the whole, Burgundy wine flowed like the waters of Forges. They could not be persuaded but it was the work of enchantment. M. de Chaulnes pressed me to go to Vitré; accordingly, I arrived here on Monday night. Madame de Chaulnes gave me an elegant supper, with the comedy of "Tartuffe" after it, not badly played, I assure you, for a strolling company; and then we had a ball, where the minuet and jigs very nearly made me cry; for they brought you so fresh to my remembrance that I could not keep the tears back, and was obliged to seek something to divert my thoughts. They talk

to me of you here very frequently, and I do not study long for an answer; for I am generally thinking of you at the same time, so that I sometimes fancy they see my thoughts through my stays.

Yesterday I received all Brittany at my Tower of Sévigné. I was at the play again. It was "Andromache;" it cost me above half a dozen tears, — enough in conscience for strolling players. At night we had a supper, and a ball. I wish you could see the elegance of M. de Lomaria, and in what style he takes off and puts on his hat: what airy grace! what precision! He outdoes all our courtiers, and might put them to the blush. He has sixty thousand livres a year, is just come from college, is very handsome and agreeable, and would very gladly have you for a wife. I would not have you suppose that your health is not drunk constantly here. The obligation indeed is not very great; but such as it is, you owe it every day to half Brittany. They begin with me, and then Madame de Grignan comes, of course. The civilities they show me are so ridiculous, and the women of this country are such fools, that you would think there was not a person of quality in the town but myself, though it is full of fashionable people. Of your acquaintance Tonquedec, the Count des Chapelles, Pomenars, the Abbé de Montigni, who is Bishop of Saint-Pol-de-Léon, and a thousand others, are here; they talk of you, and we laugh a little at our neighbor. Madame de Coëtquen is ill here of a fever. Chésières is somewhat better; there has been a deputation of the Estates to compliment him. We are as polite here as the polite Lavardin himself, who is perfectly adored among them; he has a good share of heavy merit, like Grave wine. My abbé goes on with his building, and cannot be prevailed on to stay at Vitré; he comes however and dines with us. I shall stay here till Monday, and then shall retire to my solitude, where I shall pass eight or ten days, after which I shall return to take my leave of them all; for the end of the month will see the end of the whole affair. Our present was made more than a week ago. The demand was for three millions; we immediately offered two millions and a half, which was accepted. Over and above this the governor is to have fifty thousand crowns, M. de Lavardin eighty thousand francs, and the rest of the officers in proportion; the whole for two years. You may imagine that as much wine passes through the bodies of our Bretons as there does water under our bridges; for it is by

stinting the wine that these immense sums of money are to be given to all the Estates.

Now, thank God, you are pretty well instructed in what relates to your good country. But all this while I have no letter from you, and consequently nothing to answer; so I must of course write what I see and hear. Pomenars is divine. I do not know any man to whom I would so readily wish two heads; for he will never be able to carry his own safe off. For my part, I long to see the week at an end, that I may repay all the civilities I have received from the good folks here in a proper manner, and then retire to enjoy myself at Les Rochers. Farewell, my dearest child, I always expect your letters with impatience. Your health is a subject that concerns me nearly. I believe you are persuaded of the truth of this; so that, without desiring you to *do me the justice of believing*, I may put an end to my letter, and sleep securely on what you think of my friendship. . . .

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

Bourbilly, Monday, Oct. 16, 1673.

At length, my dear child, I have arrived at the old mansion of my forefathers. This was the scene of their triumphs in the manner of the olden time. I have found my beautiful meadows, my little river, and the pretty mill in the same places where I left them. Worthier people than I have lived here; and yet, on coming from Grignan after leaving you I am ready to die with grief. I could now weep heartily, if I were to give way to my sorrow; but I follow your advice, and endeavor to get the better of it. I have seen you here, my dear child, with Bussy, who used to amuse us so highly. Here it was that you called me *mother-in-law*, with such a pretty air. They have lopped the trees before the gate, which has made the walk up to the house very pleasant. We abound in corn here, and there is not a word of Charon, — that is, not a sou. It rains in torrents. I have been so little accustomed to these storms of late that I am really angry at them. M. de Guitaud is at Époisse; he is continually sending here to know when I arrive, that he may come and fetch me. But that is not the way to do business. I shall pay him a visit, however, and you may judge that the conversation will turn upon you. I desire you will make yourself quite easy about what I shall say to him; I

am not very imprudent. You shall hear from us both. I cannot dispense with seeing you; if you really love me, you will give me a proof of it this year. Adieu, my dear child. I am but this moment arrived, and am rather fatigued; when I am a little settled I will write to you again.

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1679.

THE whole family of the Pomponnes have come here to pass the holidays. Madame de Vins was the first that came; I had seen her twice. I found M. de Pomponne the same as when at Fresne; or, if you will, the worthiest man in the world, and nothing more. As being minister made no change in him, I can assure you his fall has made no more change than that did. He is an excellent companion. He mentioned you to me with great kindness, and appeared much concerned at your last letter. This affair was not so soon exhausted. I, on my side, told him in what terms you had written to me on the subject of his misfortune. Madame de Vins melted into tears when she spoke of the goodness of your heart. There was not a dry eye among us. They return to Pomponne to-morrow, having as yet come to no settled resolution; they have not yet given in their resignation, and of course have had no money. He has asked whether he might not be permitted to see the king, but has had no answer. I cannot see how he can be better than at Pomponne, inspiring his children with true and solid virtue, and conversing with the solitary beings who are there. Madame de Vins and I have done nothing but pay visits the whole day; she lacks both you and Madame de Villars; she reckons me somebody, and I am happy in being at leisure to do her these trifling favors. We have been to see Mesdames de Richelieu, de Chaulnes, de Créqui, de Rochefort, and afterward M. de Pomponne, who appears every day more and more amiable, and is possessed of the soundest understanding of any man I have ever met. Madame de Vins is going to take an excursion to St. Germain. What grief to behold that country, once her own, but where she is now an utter stranger! How I dread this journey for her! She will afterward return to the afflicted family, whose sole joy and consolation she is. . . .

The court is overjoyed at the marriage of the Prince de

Conti with Mademoiselle de Blois. They are true romantic lovers; the king was highly amused with the ardor of their passion. He spoke to his daughter very affectionately, and assured her he loved her so much that he could not think of parting with her; the little creature was so moved and overjoyed at it, that she wept. The king told her he saw it was from aversion to the husband he had chosen for her that she wept; she burst into tears a second time, — her little heart was unable to contain her joy. The king related this little scene, and everybody was charmed with it. As for the Prince de Conti, he was transported; he knew neither what he did, nor what he said. He ran against all he met in his way, as he was going to visit Mademoiselle de Blois. Madame Colbert wished to prevent him from seeing her till the evening; he burst open the doors, threw himself at her feet, and kissed her hand: she very unceremoniously embraced him, and then another burst of tears. This dear little princess is so affectionate and so pretty that we almost want to eat her. The Count de Gramont, amongst others, paid his compliments to the Prince de Conti. "Sir," said he, "I am heartily glad of your marriage. Take my advice; keep well with your father-in-law, do not disoblige him, do not fall out with him on any trifling occasion; keep well with the family, and I can answer for it, you will have no reason to repent the alliance." The king was diverted at this; and in marrying his daughter, compliments the prince, the duke, and the duchess, like any other person. He has solicited the friendship of the last for Mademoiselle de Blois, adding that she will be too happy in being often in her company, and in having an opportunity of copying so excellent an example. He delights in teasing the Prince de Conti, who is given to understand the marriage-articles are not without difficulties, and that the marriage must be put off till the next winter. On hearing this, the amorous prince swoons away; the princess at the same time vowing she will have no other husband. The catastrophe is somewhat allied to Don Quixote, and, in reality, there never was a finer piece of romance in the world. You may guess what pleasure this match, as well as the manner in which it has been concluded, creates in a certain place. All these particulars, my daughter, are for the amusement of Mademoiselle de Grignan. . . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, William, greatest of English dramatists; born at Stratford-on-Avon, probably on April 23, 1564; died there, April 23, 1616. His father was an apparently well-to-do tradesman — a wool-comber or glover — but there is evidence that he fell into reduced circumstances while his son was yet a boy. William Shakespeare was sent to the grammar-school at Stratford, where, according to Ben Jonson, he acquired "small Latin and less Greek." Tradition says that he was for a time an assistant in his father's shop. But of the youth and early manhood of Shakespeare nothing is known except that six months before he had entered upon his nineteenth year he was hastily married to Anne Hathaway, a woman some seven years his senior; that a child was soon born to them and christened less than six months after the marriage; and that within eighteen months a boy and girl, twins, were born to them.

When about twenty-three Shakespeare left Stratford for London, where he soon became connected with the metropolitan theatre. His connection with the London theatre could hardly have been a merely accidental one, for the London players were wont to visit Stratford, and we cannot doubt that Shakespeare had become favorably known to them, and that he went up to London upon no uncertain adventure. At all events it was not long before he was regularly installed as "playwright" to the company. Up to about 1612 he continued to reside mainly in London. Then, having sold out his interest in the theatre, he retired, with an ample competence, to his native Stratford. Of the remaining four years of his life next to nothing is authentically recorded. It has been conjectured that he busied himself in the revisal of his plays, and preparing them for the press; but of this there is no positive proof. He died somewhat suddenly of a fever, and was buried in the parish church, where a contemporary bust of him still exists, which must be regarded as the best authenticated likeness of the poet. His wife survived him seven years. His only son, Hamnet, died at the age of twelve; his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both married, and one of them had three sons, but they all died without issue, so that a quarter of a century after his death there was living no descendant of Shakespeare. The latest and most careful study of

his life is that by Sidney Lee (1898). His plays — beginning with "Love's Labor's Lost" (written 1591 (?); revised 1597; published 1598) — number thirty-seven in all, and under the title "Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies, histories, and tragedies. Published according to the true original copies," appeared in 1623, an edition always referred to as "the folio of 1623."

The Balcony Scene.

(From "Romeo and Juliet.")

Scene: Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it: cast it off. —
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were! —
She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand,
O, that I were a glove upon that hand!
That I might touch that cheek!
Juliet. Ah me!
Romeo. She speaks: —
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

JULIET. 'T is but thy name, that is my enemy; —
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What 's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET. What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO. With love's light wings did I o'erperch the walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

"*Romeo.* With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out"

From a Painting by G. Papperitz

ROMEO. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
JULIET. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
ROMEO. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
JULIET. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
ROMEO. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
JULIET. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say — Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
ROMEO. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —
JULIET. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
ROMEO. What shall I swear by?
JULIET. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO. If my heart's dear love —
JULIET. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contrάct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say — It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
ROMEO. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
JULIET. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
ROMEO. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
JULIET. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
ROMEO. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
JULIET. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within: Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! — Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
ROMEO. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

MARK ANTONY'S SPEECH.

(From "Julius Cæsar.")

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii: —
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed:
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

The Quarrel of Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

(From "King Richard II.")

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Richard, *attended;* John of Gaunt, *and other Nobles with him.*

King Richard. Old John of Gaunt, time-honor'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

King Richard. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

King Richard. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused, freely speak. —
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

BOLINGBROKE. Full many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
NORFOLK. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
KING RICHARD. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason. —
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
BOLINGBROKE. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from wrath or misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence. —
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move.
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.
NORFOLK. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'T is not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving rein and spur to my free speech,
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot

Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty: —
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

BOLINGBROKE. Pale, trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

NORFOLK. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

KING RICHARD. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

BOLINGBROKE. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true: —
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Farther, I say, and farther will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And, consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement,
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

KING RICHARD. How high a pitch his resolution soars! —
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

NORFOLK. O! let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

KING RICHARD. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbor nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.

NORFOLK. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a clear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now, swallow down that lie. — For Gloster's death,
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case. —
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honorable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

KING RICHARD. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me.
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:

This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed. —
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We 'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

GAUNT. To be a make-peace shall become my age. —
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

KING RICHARD. And, Norfolk, thrown down his.

GAUNT. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

KING RICHARD. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.

NORFOLK. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

KING RICHARD. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage: — lions make leopards tame.

NORFOLK. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take honor from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

KING RICHARD. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.

BOLINGBROKE. O! God defend my soul from such deep sin.
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit* GAUNT.

KING RICHARD. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry. —
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms,
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

THE BANQUET AT FORRES CASTLE.

(From "Macbeth.")

A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, *Lords, and Attendants.*

MACBETH. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
LORDS. Thanks to your majesty.
MACBETH. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We will require her welcome.
LADY MACBETH. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.
MACBETH. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we 'll drink a measure

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

The table round. — There 's blood upon thy face.
MURDERER. 'T is Banquo's then.
MACBETH. 'T is better thee without, than him within.
Is he despatch'd?
MURDERER. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
MACBETH. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats;
Yet he is good, that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.
MURDERER. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.
MACBETH. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. — But Banquo 's safe ?

MURDERER. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

MACBETH. Thanks for that. —
There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

LADY MACBETH. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd the while 't is making;
'T is given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH. Sweet remembrancer ! —
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

LENOX. May it please your highness sit ?

[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *enters, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*

MACBETH. Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindess,
Than pity for mischance !

ROSSE. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company ?

MACBETH. The table 's full.

LENNOX. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

MACBETH. Where ?

LENNOX. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness ?

MACBETH. Which of you have done this ?

LORDS. What, my good lord ?

MACBETH. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSSE. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man ?
[*Coming to* MACBETH: *aside to him.*

MACBETH. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
LADY MACBETH. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws, and starts
(Impostors to true fear), would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
MACBETH. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? —
Why, why care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*
LADY MACBETH. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
MACBETH. If I stand here, I saw him.
LADY MACBETH. Fie! for shame!
MACBETH. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
LADY MACBETH. My worthy lord, [*Going back to her state.*
Your noble friends do lack you.
MACBETH. I do forget. —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then, I'll sit down. — Give me some wine: fill full. —
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Re-enter Ghost.
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.
MACBETH. Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

LADY MACBETH. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
MACBETH. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear.
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I exhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so — being gone,
I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.
LADY MACBETH. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting.
With most admir'd disorder.
MACBETH. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
ROSSE. What sights, my lord?
LADY MACBETH. I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
LENNOX. Good-night; and better health
Attend his majesty.
LADY MACBETH. A kind good-night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*
MACBETH. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
LADY MACBETH. Almost at odds with morning, which is which?
MACBETH. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?
LADY MACBETH. Did you send to him, sir?
MACBETH. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There 's not a one of them, but in his house

I 'll keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

LADY MACBETH. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

THE REPULSE OF LEAR BY REGAN AND GONERIL.

(From "King Lear.")

Before GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter LEAR, *Fool, and a Gentleman.*

LEAR. 'T is strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

GENTLEMAN. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

KENT. Hail to thee, noble master!

LEAR. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT. No, my lord.

FOOL. Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs. When a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden netherstocks.

LEAR. What 's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?

KENT. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

LEAR. No.

KENT. Yes.

LEAR. No, I say.

KENT. I say, yea.

LEAR. No, no; they would not.

KENT. Yes, they have.

LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear no.

KENT. By Juno, I swear, ay.
LEAR. They durst not do 't;
They could not, would not do 't: 't is worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
KENT. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half-breathless, panting forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutation;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness),
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.
FOOL. Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor. —
But, for all this, it follows,
Thou shalt have as many dolors
For thy daughters dear,
As thou canst tell in a year.
LEAR. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below. — Where is this daughter?
KENT. With the earl, sir; here, within.
LEAR. Follow me not,
Stay here. [*Exit.*
GENTLEMAN. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?
KENT. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

FOOL. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The fool turns knave that runs away,
The knave no fool, perdy.

KENT. Where learn'd you this, fool?

FOOL. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

LEAR. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

GLOSTER. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

LEAR. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I 'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLOSTER. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

LEAR. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

GLOSTER. Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke? — Tell the hot duke that I —
No, but not yet; — may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound: we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I 'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. — Death on my state! wherefore
[*Pointing to* KENT.
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I 'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I 'll beat the drum,
Till it cry — "Sleep to death."

GLOSTER. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

LEAR. O me! my heart, my rising heart! — but, down.

FOOL. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down:" 't was her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and Servants.*

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.

CORNWALL. Hail to your grace! [KENT *is set at liberty.*

REGAN. I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce thee from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'ress, — O! are you free? [*To* KENT.
Some other time for that. — Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp'd-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here. —
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee: thou 'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality — O Regan! —

REGAN. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR. Say, how is that?

REGAN. I cannot think my sister, in the least,
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

LEAR. My curses on her.

REGAN. O, sir! you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say, you have wronged her, sir.
LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the mouth:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."
REGAN. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.
LEAR. Never, Regan. [*Rising.*
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart. —
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
CORNWALL. Fie, sir, fie!
LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!
REGAN. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.
LEAR. No, Regan; thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
REGAN. Good sir, to the purpose.
LEAR. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*
CORNWALL. What trumpet 's that?

Enter OSWALD.

REGAN. I know 't; my sister's; this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. — Is your lady come?

LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows. —
Out, varlet, from my sight!
CORNWALL. What means your grace?
LEAR. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't. — Who comes here? O heavens!

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part! —
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard? — [*To* GONERIL.
O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?
GONERIL. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
LEAR. O sides! you are too tough;
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?
CORNWALL. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
LEAR. You! did you?
REGAN. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so;
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
LEAR. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and howl
Necessity's sharp pinch! — Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. — Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking at* OSWALD.
GONERIL. At your choice, sir.
LEAR. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my child: farewell.
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

REGAN. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with their passion
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.

LEAR. Is this well spoken?

REGAN. I dare avouch it, sir. What! fifty followers?
Is it not well? What would you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'T is hard: almost impossible.

GONERIL. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REGAN. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

LEAR. I gave you all.

REGAN. And in good time you gave it.

LEAR. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so?

REGAN. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favor'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. — I 'll go with thee:

[*To* GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

GONERIL. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

REGAN. What need one?

LEAR. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,
You heavens, give me but patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger.
O! let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. — No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall — I will do such things: —
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I 'll weep;
No, I 'll not weep: —
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
[*Storm heard at a distance.*
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I 'll weep. — O, fool! I shall go mad.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, *and Fool.*

CORNWALL. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

REGAN. This house is little: the old man and 's people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

GONERIL. 'T is his own blame hath put himself from rest.
He must needs taste his folly.

REGAN. For his particular, I 'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

GONERIL. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

CORNWALL. Follow'd the old man forth — He is return'd.

GLOSTER. The king is in high rage.

CORNWALL. Whither is he going?

GLOSTER. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

CORNWALL. 'T is best to give him way; he leads himself.

GONERIL. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLOSTER. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about.
There 's scarce a bush.

REGAN. O sir! to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

CORNWALL. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night.
My Regan counsels well. — Come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

THE WRESTLERS.

(From "As You Like It.")

Scene. — A Lawn before the DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

CELIA. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROSALIND. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forgot a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CELIA. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CELIA. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sport. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

CELIA. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honor come off again.

ROSASIND. What shall be our sport then?

CELIA. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROSALIND. I would we could do so; for her benefits are

mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CELIA. 'T is true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

ROSALIND. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

CELIA. No: when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? — Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

ROSALIND. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

CELIA. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. — How now, wit? whither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE. No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you.

ROSALIND. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught: now, I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CELIA. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROSALIND. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCHSTONE. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CELIA. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCHSTONE. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

CELIA. Pr'ythee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

TOUCHSTONE. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

ROSALIND. My father's love is enough to honor him enough. Speak no more of him: you 'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

TOUCHSTONE. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

CELIA. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

ROSALIND. With his mouth full of news.

CELIA. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROSALIND. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

CELIA. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA. Sport? Of what color?

LE BEAU. What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

ROSALINE. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCHSTONE. Or as the destinies decree.

CELIA. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCHSTONE. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

ROSALIND. Thou losest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning: and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CELIA. Well, — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man, and his three sons, —

CELIA. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence; —

ROSALIND. With bills on their necks, — "Be it known unto all men by these presents;" —

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROSALIND. Alas!

TOUCHSTONE. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CELIA. Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CELIA. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords,* ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

DUKE FREDERICK. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROSALIND. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CELIA. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

DUKE FREDERICK. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE FREDERICK. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: speak to him ladies; see if you can move him.

CELIA. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK. Do so: I 'll not be by. [DUKE *goes apart.*

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

ORLANDO. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CELIA. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your safety, and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead

that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROSALIND. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

CELIA. Your heart's desires be with you.

CHARLES. Come; where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORLANDO. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE FREDERICK. You shall try but one fall.

CHARLES. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORLANDO. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

ROSALIND. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CELIA. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

ROSALIND. O, excellent young man!

CELIA. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

DUKE FREDERICK. No more, no more.

ORLANDO. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE FREDERICK. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.*
What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

DUKE FREDERICK. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* FREDERICK, *Train, and* LE BEAU.

CELIA. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORLANDO. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

"*Rosalind.* Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits and fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means"

From a Drawing by Barnard

ROSALIND. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul.
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.
CELIA. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
ROSALIND. Gentleman, [*Giving him a chain.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means, —
Shall we go, coz?
CELIA. Ay. — Fare you well, fair gentleman.
ORLANDO. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block.
ROSALIND. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir? —
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
CELIA. Will you go, coz?
ROSALIND. Have with you. — Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
ORLANDO. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
Re-enter LE BEAU.
O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown.
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.
LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.
ORLANDO. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling.
LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. — Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORLANDO. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From a tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother. —
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

ORLANDO AND ADAM.

(From "As You Like It.")

Scene. — Before OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

ORLANDO. Who 's there?

ADAM. What, my young master? — O, my gentle master!
O, my sweet master! O, you memory
Of Old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORLANDO. Why, what is the matter?

ADAM. O, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors: beneath this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.

Your brother — (no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son — I will not call him son —
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLANDO. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do,
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted, proud, and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORLANDO. O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant favor of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways: we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.
ADAM. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.

(From "The Tempest.")

Scene. — *Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

FERDINAND. There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed;
And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors:
Most busy, blest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*

MIRANDA. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself:
He 's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND. O, most dear mistress!
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
MIRANDA. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:
I 'll carry it to the pile.
FERDINAND. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
MIRANDA. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
PROSPERO. Poor worm! thou art infected; [*Aside.*
This visitation shows it.
MIRANDA. You look wearily.
FERDINAND. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
MIRANDA. Miranda. — O my father! [*To herself.*
I have broke your hest to say so.
FERDINAND. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
MIRANDA. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle

Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA. Do you love me?

FERDINAND. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of aught alse i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them! [*Aside.*

FERDINAND. Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND. My mistress, dearest, [*Kneels.*
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA. My husband then?

FERDINAND. Ay, with a heart as willing [*Rises.*
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.

MIRANDA. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA.

PROSPERO. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,

Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

The Ghost and Hamlet.

(From "Hamlet.")

Scene: The Platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Hamlet. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I 'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Hamlet. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Hamlet. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not: but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Hamlet. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Hamlet. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to lasting fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. — List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love, —

Hamlet. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET. Murder?
GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
HAMLET. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this: now, Hamlet, hear.
'T is given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
HAMLET. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle?
GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:
Brief let me be. — Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset,
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine:
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despoiled.
Cut off even in the blossom of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd:
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*

HAMLET. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? — O fie! — Hold, heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. — Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O, most pernicious and perfidious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, — meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark: — [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."
I have sworn 't.

HORATIO. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord!

MARCELLUS. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet!

HORATIO. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
MARCELLUS. [*Within.*] So be it!
HORATIO. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
HAMLET. Hillo, ho, ho! boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

MARCELLUS. How is 't, my noble lord?
HORATIO. What news, my lord?
HAMLET. O, wonderful!
HORATIO. Good my lord, tell it.
HAMLET. No;
You 'll reveal it.
HORATIO. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
MARCELLUS. Nor I, my lord.
HAMLET. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it? —
But you 'll be secret.
HORATIO. MARCELLUS. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
HAMLET. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark, but he 's an arrant knave.
HORATIO. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
HAMLET. Why, right: you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
HORATIO. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
HAMLET. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes, Faith, heartily.
HORATIO. There 's no offence, my lord.
HAMLET. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
HORATIO. What is 't, my lord?
MARCELLUS. We will.
HAMLET. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
HORATIO. MARCELLUS. My lord, we will not.
HAMLET. Nay, but swear 't.

HORATIO. In faith,
My lord, not I.
MARCELLUS. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
HAMLET. Upon my sword.
MARCELLUS. We have sworn, my lord, already.
HAMLET. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
HAMLET. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there truepenny?
Come on, — you hear this fellow in the cellarage, —
Consent to swear.
HORATIO. Propose the oath, my lord.
HAMLET. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
HAMLET. *Hic et ubique?* then we 'll shift our ground. —
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
HAMLET. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! — Once more remove, good friends.
HORATIO. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
HAMLET. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come; —
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, —
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on, —
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know;" — or, "We could, an if we would;" —
Or, "If we list to speak;" — or, "There be, an if they might;" —
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: — this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
HAMLET. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! — So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, t' express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray. —
The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right. —
Nay, come; let's go together. *Exeunt.*

Soliloquy of Richard.

(From "Richard II.")

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I 'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I 'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And, buried once, why not upon my head? —
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin! —
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus; — to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, — "there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes."
Would not this ill do well? — Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me. —
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

Marullus's Reproof to the Romans.

(From "Julius Cæsar.")

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

From "Measure for Measure."

Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

The Duke to Claudio.

(From "Measure for Measure.")

Reason thus with life: —
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: if thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth, nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy boasted youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

(From "Hamlet.")

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? — To die — to sleep —
No more; — and by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die; — to sleep; —
To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death —
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. — Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia. — Nymph, in thy orisons,
Be all my sins remembered.

Portia's Speech.

(From "The Merchant of Venice.")

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above his sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke this much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Queen Mab.

(From "Romeo and Juliet.")

O! THEN, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a counsellor's nose,
And then he dreams of smelling out a suit:

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd"

(*Ellen Terry as Portia*)

And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And makes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

Sonnets.

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed, —
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind when body's work 's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form, form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth, —
When that shall vade, my verse distils your truth.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry, —
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the Judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
Oh! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
Oh, fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
Oh, none! unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Crabbed Age and Youth.

(From "The Passionate Pilgrim.")

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
Oh, my love, my love is young!
Age I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, a celebrated English poet; born at Field Place, Warnham, Sussex, August 4, 1792; drowned in the Bay of Spezzia, Italy, July 8, 1822. He was educated at Eton and University College, Oxford, but was expelled from the university on account of his previously issued pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism." In 1811 he married, but separated from his wife three years later, and afterwards married Mary Godwin, the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. After 1818 he lived in various places in Italy, where all of his greatest works were written, and never returned to England. His merit is greatest in his lyrics and other short poems. "Queen Mab," his earliest poem, appeared in 1813, and was followed by "Alastor" (1816); "The History of a Six Weeks' Tour" (1817); "The Revolt of Islam" (1818); "Rosalind and Helen" (1819); "The Cenci" (1819); "Prometheus Unbound" (1820); "Œdipus Tyrannus" (1820); "Witch of Atlas" (1820); "Epipsychidion" (1821); "Adonais" (1821); "Hellas" (1822); "Poetical Pieces" (1823); "Posthumous Poem" (1824). The standard life of Shelley is that by Professor Dowden, 1886. His collected works, in eight volumes, edited by H. B. Forman, were issued in 1880.

From "Adonais."

I weep for Adonais — he is dead.
Oh, weep for Adonais, though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head;
And thou, sad hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say, "With me
Died Adonais! Till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity."
. . . . . .
Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania! He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,

The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood; he went unterrified
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light.
. . . . . .
But now thy youngest, dearest one, has perished —
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.
. . . . . .
Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'T is we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.
. . . . . .
He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull, dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.
. . . . . .

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale — his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die,
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song:
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"
. . . . . .
The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given:
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

The Indian Serenade.

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how! —
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
And the Champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;

The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart —
As I must on thine,
O belovèd as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast; —
Oh, press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last!

Ode to the West Wind.

I.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver — hear, O hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst — O hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves — O hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, — I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

The Cloud.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains:
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn:
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I passed through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die,
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not:
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Marched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear, —
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know, —
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Arethusa.

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains:
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams; —
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams;
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep:
The earth seemed to love her,
And heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm
In the rocks; — with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer:
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream;—
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Wéave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night;—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain clifts,
They past to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep

In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore; —
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

To Night.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear —
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? — And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon;
Sleep will come when thou art fled:

"Spirit of night!
Out of the misty eastern cave"

From a Painting by I. Marak

Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

Chorus of Furies.

(From "Prometheus Unbound.")

From the ends of the earth, from the ends of the earth,
Where the night has its grave and the morning its birth,
Come, come, come!
O ye who shake hills with the scream of your mirth,
When cities sink howling in ruin; and ye
Who with wingless footsteps trample the sea,
And close upon Shipwreck and Famine's track,
Sit chattering with joy on the foodless wreck;
Come, come, come!
Leave the bed, low, cold, and red,
Strewed beneath a nation dead;
Leave the hatred, as in ashes
Fire is left for future burning:
It will burst in bloodier flashes
When ye stir it, soon returning:
Leave the self-contempt implanted
In young spirits, sense-enchanted,
Misery's yet unkindled fuel:
Leave Hell's secrets half unchanted
To the maniac dreamer; cruel
More than ye can be with hate
Is he with fear.
Come, come, come!
We are steaming up from Hell's wide gate,
And we burthen the blast of the atmosphere,
But vainly we toil till ye come here.

Voice in the Air.

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire: then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them:
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;

And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendor;
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

ASIA.

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it;
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound:

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Shenstone, William, an English poet; born at the Leasowes, Halesowen, Worcestershire, November 13, 1714; died there, February 11, 1763. He studied at Pembroke College, Oxford, but did not take a degree. At the age of thirty the paternal estate of Leasowes came into his hand, and, as Johnson says, "he began to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters." He is known almost wholly by his poem "The Schoolmistress," consisting of nearly forty stanzas in the Spenserian measure. This poem was published in 1742, and so was written while he was a student at Oxford.

Pastoral Ballad.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I prize them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me my favorite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown:
Alas! where with her I have strayed,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought — but it might not be so —
'T was with pain that she saw me depart.

She gazed as I slowly withdrew, —
  My path I could hardly discern:
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
  I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
  To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away
  Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair
  Where my vows, my devotion, I owe, —
Soft Hope is the relic I bear,
  And my solace wherever I go.

Song.

I told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While faltering accents spoke my fear
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroyed by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold, —
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear:
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, changed by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I loved became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear:
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deigned my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress, —
This too she heard, and smiled to hear:
And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains!
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoiled of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

Disappointment.

(From "A Pastoral.")

Ye shepherds! give ear to my lay,
  And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray,
  I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove:
  She was fair — and my passion begun;
She smiled — and I could not but love;
  She is faithless — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
  Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
  By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire:
  It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
  Seems forever adorned with a smil

She is faithless, and I am undone:
  Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
  What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
  Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
  How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
  What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
  The glance that undid my repose?
Yet time may diminish the pain;
  The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I reared for her pleasure in vain,
  In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
  The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
  Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
  But we 're not to find them our own:
Fate never bestowed such delight
  As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace!
  To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
  I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun:
How she smiled, and I could not but love!
Was faithless, and I am undone!

The Dame and her School.

(From "The Schoolmistress.")

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'T was simple russet, but it was her own:
'T was her own country bred the flock so fair;
'T was her own labor did the fleece prepare:
And sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground!

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear:
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behoove,
Who should not honored eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
And if Neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use and physic not a few,
Of gray renown, within these borders grew, —
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill that never dares to climb:
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amid the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere!
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

ELIZABETH SARA SHEPPARD.

Sheppard, Elizabeth Sara, an English novelist of Jewish descent on the maternal side; born at Blackheath, Kent, in 1830; died at Brixton, Surrey, March 13, 1862. She was an accomplished linguist and musician, and at sixteen began writing her famous musical romance of "Charles Auchester," published in 1853. In this story Mendelssohn is introduced among the characters as "Seraphael," and similarly Beethoven appears in her still more striking romance "Rumour" (1858). Her other works include "Counterparts" (1854); "My First Season" (1855); "The Double Coronet" (1856); "Almost a Heroine" (1859). She wrote at times over the pseudonym "E. Berger."

The Symphony.

(From "Charles Auchester.")

The season came, and I shall never forget its opening. It was late in April, exquisite weather, halcyon, blooming; my memory expands to it now. From Italy he returned. He came upon us suddenly; there was no time to organize a procession, to marshal a welcome chorus; none knew of his arrival until he appeared.

We had been rambling in the woods, Franz and I, and were lounging homeward laden with wild flowers and lily-bunches. Franz was a kind creature to me now, and in my loneliness I sought him always. We heard, even among the moss, a noise of distant shoutings — nobody shouted in that spot except our own — and we hurried homeward. I was quite faint with expectation, and being very wearied sat down to rest on one of those seats that everywhere invite in shady places, while Delemann sped onward for information.

Returning, he announced most gleefully, "The Chevalier has arrived; they are drawing the carriage up the hill." I am ashamed of what I did. I could not return to Cecilia; I wandered about in the village possessed by a vague aspiration that

I should see him there, or that he would espy me: no such thing.

I came back to supper, excited, expectant; he was gone. I deserved it and felt I did, for my cowardice; but at the end of supper the head of the centre table, having waited until then, deliberately took from his deep pocket and presented me with a note, a very tiny note, that was none the fresher for having lain an hour or two among snuff and "tabac." But this noteling almost set me raving. It was short indeed, yet honey sweet.

"I am not to find thee here, my Carl, although I came on purpose. Art not thou still my eldest child? Come to me then, tomorrow, it will be thy Sunday, and thy room shall be ready; also two little friends of thine, I and he. Do not forget me — thine, Seraphael."

He had made every arrangement for my visit, and I never think of his kindness in these particulars without being reminded that in proportion to the power of this genius was it ever beneficently gentle. I spent such an afternoon as would have been cheaply purchased by a whole life of solitude; but I must only advert to one circumstance that distinguished it.

We were walking upon the lovely terrace, among bright marbles just arranged, and dazzling flowers; he was gentle, genial, animated — I felt my time was come. I therefore taught myself to say — "Sir, I have a very, most particular favor to ask of you; it is that you will condescend to give me your opinion of a piece of music which some one has written: I have brought it with me on purpose — may I fetch it? it is in my hat in the house."

"By all means, this very moment, Carlomein — or no, rather we will go indoors together, and examine it quietly. It is thine own, of course?"

"Oh! no, sir, I should have said so directly. It is a young lady's, and she knows nothing of my bringing it. I stole it from her."

"Ah! true," he replied simply, and led me to that beautiful music-room. I was fain to realize Maria's dream as I beheld those radiant organ-pipes beneath that glorious arch — that deep wooded pianoforte, with its keys milk-white and satin-soft, recalling me but to that which was lovelier than her very vision — the lustrous presence pervading that luxury of

artistic life. Seraphael was more innocent, more brilliant in behavior at his home than anywhere; the noble spaces and exquisitely appointed rooms seemed to affect him merely as secluded warmth affects an exotic flower; he expanded more fully, fragrantly, in the rich repose.

At the cedar writing-table he paused, and stood waiting silently while I fetched the score. As I unfolded it before him I was even more astonished than ever at the perfection of its appearance; I hesitated not the least to place it in those most delicate of all delicate hands. I saw his eyes, that seemed to have drawn into them the very violet of the Italian heaven, so dark they gleamed through the down-let lashes, fasten themselves eagerly for an instant upon the title sheet, where, after his own fashion, Maria had written her ancient name "Cerinthia" only, in the corner; but then he laid the score, having opened the first page, upon the table and knelt down before it, plunging his fingers into the splendid curls of his regal head, his very brow being buried in their shadow as he bent, bowed, leaned into the page, and page after page until the end.

With restless rapidity his hand flashed back the leaves — his eye drank the spirit of those signs; but he spoke not, stirred not; it seemed to me that I must not watch him, as I was doing so most decidedly; and I disentangled myself from that reverie with a shock.

I walked to the carved music-stands — the painted music-cases. I examined the costly manuscripts and olden tomes arrayed on polished cabinets. I blinded myself with the sunshine streaming through stained compartments in the windows to carnation-toned velvet of the furniture — I peered into the pianoforte, and yearned for it to awaken — and rested long and rapturously before a mighty marble likeness of the self-crowned Beethoven. It was garlanded with grapes and vine leaves that fondled the wild locks in gracefullest fraternity; it was mounted upon a pedestal of granite, where also the alabaster fruit and tendrils clustered, clasping it like frozen summer, and beneath the bust the own investment glittered —

"Tonkunst's Bacchus."

It was no longer difficult to pass away the time without being troublesome to myself or Seraphael. I was lost in a triumphant reminiscence that the stormy brow, the eyes of lightning,

the torn heart, the weary soul were now heaven's light, heaven's love, its calm, its gladness. For quite an hour I stood there, so remembering and desiring ever to remember. And then that sweet, that living voice aroused me. Without looking up he said: —

"Do you mean to say, Carlomein, that she has had no help here?"

"Sir, she could have had none; it was all and entirely her own. No one knew she had written except myself."

Then in his clearest tones he answered: "It is as I expected. It is terrible, Carlomein, to think that this work might have perished, and I embrace thee, Carlomein, for having secured to me its possession."

"Is it so very good, then, sir? Maria was very ignorant about it, and could not even play it for herself."

"I dare say not, she has made too full a score." He smiled his sweetest smile — "but for all that we will not strike out one note. Why is it not finished, Carlomein?"

I might have related the whole story from beginning to end, but his manner was very regal just now, and I merely said: "I rather think she was dissatisfied with the first two movements, for although she said she could finish it she did not, and I have kept it some time."

"You should have written to me, Carlomein, or sent it to me; it must and shall be finished. The work is of Heaven's own. What earthly inspiration could have taught her strains like these? they are of a priestess and a prophetess — she has soared beyond us all."

He arose suddenly, a fixed glow was upon his face, his eyes were one solemn glory. He came to the piano, he pushed me gently aside, he took his seat as noiselessly, he began to play. I would not retire — I stood where I could both see and hear. It was the second movement that first arrested him. He gave to the white-faced keys a hundred voices. Tone upon tone was built, the chords grew larger and larger; no other hand could have elicited the force, the burden, the breadth of the orchestral medium, from those faint notes and few. His articulating finger supplied all needs of mechanism; he doubled and redoubled his power.

Never shall I forget it. The measure so long and lingering — the modulations so like his own — the very subject moulded from the chosen key like sculpture of the most perfect chisel-

ling from a block of the softest grain — so appropriate, so masterly. But what pained me through the loveliness of the conception was to realize the mood suggesting it — a plaint of spiritual suffering, a hungering and thirsting heart, a plea of exhausted sadness.

He felt it too; for as the weary, yet unreproachful strain fell from under his music-burdened fingers, he dropped his glorious head as a lily in the drenching rain — his lips grew grave, the ecstatic smile was lost, and in his eyes there was a dim expression though they melted not to tears. I was sure that Maria had conserved her dream, for a strange intermittent accompaniment streamed through the loftier appeal, and was as a golden mist over too much piercing brightness.

The movement was very long, and he never spoke all through it, neither when he had played as far as she had written; but turned back to the first, as yet untried.

Again was I forcibly reminded of what I had said on my first acquaintance with her — she had, without servile intention, caught the very spirit of Seraphael as it wandered through his compositions, and imprisoned it in the sympathy of her own. It was as two flowers whose form is single and the same, but the hues were of different distribution, and still his own supreme. I cannot describe the first movement further; I was too young to be astonished, carried away by the miracle of its consummation under such peculiar circumstances; but I can remember how completely I felt I might always trust myself in future when any one should gain such ascendency over my convictions, which, by the way, never happened.

I must not dwell upon that evening: suffice it to say that I left the score with the Chevalier, and though he did not tell me in so many words, I felt sure he himself would restore it to the writer.

On Monday evening I was very expectant, and not in vain, for she sent me a note of invitation — an attention I had not received from her since my rebellious behavior. She was alone, and even now writing; she arose hastily, and for some moments could not command her voice; she said what I shall not repeat, except that she was too generous, as regarded her late distance; and then she explained what follows: —

"The Chevalier came this morning, and, Carl, I could only send for you because it is you who have done it all for me in spite of my ingratitude, and alas! I never can repay you. I

feel, Carl, now that it is better not to have all one wishes for at once. If I had not waited the shock would have killed me."

I looked at her — tried to make out to my sight that she did not, even now, look as if ready to die — her lips had lost their fever rose, and were pale as the violets that strewed her eyes; the faint blue threads of veins on the backs of her hands; the thin polish of those temples standing clear from her darkest hair — these things burned upon my brain, and gave me a sickening thrill. I felt, can Anastase have seen her? — can he have known this?

I was most of all alarmed at what I myself had done, still I was altogether surprised at the renewal of my fears, for on the Saturday she had not only seemed, but been herself — her cheeks, her lips, her brow, all wearing the old healthful radiance.

"Maria!" I exclaimed — "dear Maria — will you tell me why this symphony makes you ill, or look so ill? You were quite well on Saturday, I thought, or you may quite believe I should never have done what I did."

"Do I look ill, Carl? I do not feel ill, only desperately excited. I have no headache, and what is better, no heart pain now. Do you know what is to be? I tell you, because you will rejoice that you have done it. This work is to be finished and to be heard. An orchestra will return my dream to God."

"Ah! your dream, Maria — I thought of that. But shall *I* hear it, Maria?"

"You will play for me, Carl — and Florimond. Oh! I must not remember that. And the Chevalier, Carl. He even entreated, the proud soul — the divinely missioned entreated me to perpetuate the work. I can write now without fear, he has made me free. I feared myself before, now I only fear him."

"Maria, what of Anastase? Does he know, and what does he think?"

"Do not ask me, Carl, for I cannot tell you what he did. He was foolish, and so was I, but it was for joy on both our parts."

"You cried, then? There is nothing to be ashamed of."

"We ought to have restrained ourselves when the Chevalier was by. He must love Florimond now, for he fetched him himself, and told him what I had done and was still to do."

It is well for us that time does not stay — not grievous, but a gladsome thought, that all we most dread is carried beyond

our reach by its force, and that all we love and long to cherish is but taken that it may remain, beyond us, to ripen in eternity, until we too ripen to rejoin it. Still there is a pain wholly untinctured with pleasure in recalling certain of its shocks, re-living them, returning upon them with memory.

The most glorious of our days, however, strike us with as troubled a reminiscence, so that we ought not to complain, nor to desire other than that the past should rest, as it does, and as alone the dead beside repose — in hope. I have brought myself to the recollection of certain passages in my youth's history, simply because there is nothing more precious than the sympathy, so rare, of circumstance with passion — nothing so difficult to describe, yet that we so long to win.

It is seldom that what happens is chance we would have left unchanged could we have passed sentence of our will upon it, but still more unwonted is it to feel, after a lapse of eventful times, that what *has* happened was not only the best, but the only thing to happen, all things considered that have intervened. This I feel now about the saddest lesson I learned in my exuberant boyhood — a lesson I have never forgotten, and can never desire to discharge from my life's remembrance.

Everything prospered with us after the arrangement our friend and lord had made for Maria. I can only say of my impressions that they were of the utmost perfectibility of human wishes in their accomplishment, for she had indeed nothing left to wish for.

I would fain delineate the singular and touching gratitude she evinced toward Seraphael, but it did not distribute itself in words; I believe she was altogether so much affected by his goodness that she dared not dwell upon it. I saw her constantly between his return and the approaching examinations, but our intercourse was still and silent. I watched her glide from room to room at Cecilia, or found her dark hair sweeping the score at her home, so calmly — she herself calmer than the calmest — calm as — Anastase himself. Indeed to him she appeared to have transferred the whole impetuousness of her nature; he was changed also, his kindness toward myself warmer than it ever had been, but his brow oppressed, his air of agitation, I deemed him verily most anxious for the result. Maria had not more than a month to work on the rest of the symphony and to complete it, as Seraphael had resolutely resolved that it should be rehearsed before our summer separation.

Maria, I believe, would not have listened to such an arrangement from any other lips, and Florimond's dissatisfaction at a premature publicity was such that the Chevalier — autocratic even in granting a favor — which he must ever grant in his own way — had permitted the following order to be observed in anticipation.

After our own morning performance by the pupils only and their respective masters, the hall would be cleared, the audience and members should disperse, and only the strictly required players for the orchestra remain, Seraphael himself having chosen these. Maria was herself to conduct the rehearsal, and those alone whose assistance she would demand had received an intimation of the secret of her authorship. I trembled when the concluding announcement was made to me, for I had a feeling that she could not be kept too quiet; also Anastase, to my manifest appreciation, shared my fear, but Seraphael was irresistible, especially as Maria had assented, had absorbed herself in the contemplation of her intentions, even to eagerness that they should be achieved.

Our orchestra was, though small, brilliant; and in such perfect training as I seldom experienced in England. Our own rehearsals were concluded by the week before the concert, and there remained rather less for me to do. Those few days I was inexpressibly wretched, a foreboding drowned my ecstatic hopes in dread; they became a constant effort to maintain, though everything still smiled around us.

The Tuesday was our concert morning; on Sunday that week I met Maria as we came from church. She was sitting in the sunlight upon one of the graves. Josephine was not near her nor her brother; only Florimond, who was behind me, ran and joined her before I beheld that she beckoned to me. I did hardly like to go forward as they were both together; but he also bade me approach by a very gentle smile. The broad lime-trees shadowed the church, and the blossoms unopened hung over them in ripest bud; it was one of those oppressively sweet seasons that remind one — at least me — of the resurrection morning.

"Sit down by me, Carl," said Maria, who had taken off her gloves, and was already playing with Florimond's fingers as if she were quite alone with him, though the churchyard was yet half-filled with people.

"Maria," I said, sitting down at the foot of a cross that was

hung with faded garlands, "why don't you sit in the shade? It is a very warm day."

"So it is very warm, and that is what I like; I am never warm enough here, and Florimond too loves the sun. I could not sit under a tree this day, everything is so bright as I wish it. Carl, I was going to tell Florimond, and I will tell you, that I feel as if I were too glad to bear what is before me. I did not think so until it came so very near. I am afraid when I stand up my heart will fail."

"Are you frightened, Maria?" I asked in my simplicity.

"That is not it, though I am also frightened. But I feel as if it were scarcely the thing for me to do, to stand up and control those of whom I am no master. Is it not so, Florimond?"

"Maria, the Chevalier is the only judge, and I am certain you will not, as a woman, allow your feelings to get the better of you. I have a great deal more to suffer on your account than you can possibly feel."

"I do not see that."

"It is so, and should be seen by you. If your work should in any respect fail, imagine what that failure would cost me."

I looked up in utter indignation, but was disarmed by the expression; a vague sadness possessed it, a certain air of tender resignation; his hauteur had melted, though his manner retained its distance.

"As if it could be a failure!" I exclaimed; "why, we already know how much it is!"

"I do not, Auchester, and I am not unwilling to confess my ignorance. If our symphony even prove worthy of our Cecilia, I shall still be anxious."

"Why, Florimond?" she demanded wistfully.

"On account of your health. You know what you promised me."

"Not to write for a year. That is easy to say."

"But not so easy to do. You make every point an extreme, Maria."

"I cannot think what you mean about my health."

"You cannot?"

She blushed lightly and frowned a shade. "I have told you, Florimond, how often I have had that pain before."

"And you told me also what they said."

His tones were now so grave that I could not bear to conjecture their significance. He went on:—

"I do not consider, Maria, that for a person of genius it is any hardship to be discouraged from too much effort, especially when the effect will become enhanced by a matured experience."

"You are very unkind, Florimond."

Indeed I thought so too.

"I only care to please you."

"No, Maria, you had not a thought of me in writing."

"And yet you yourself gave me the first idea. But you are right; I wrote without reference to any one, and because I burned to do so."

"And you burn less now for it; tell me that."

"I do not burn any longer, I weary for it to be over; I desire to hear it once, and then you may take it away, and I will never see it any more."

"That is quite as unnatural as the excessive desire to have fatigued of what you loved. But, Maria, I trust this weariness of yours will not appear before the Chevalier, after all his pain and interest."

"I hope so too, Florimond, but I do not know."

It did not. The next day the Chevalier came over to Cecilia, and slept that night in the village. The tremendous consequence of the next twenty-four hours might almost have erased, as a rolling sea, all identical remembrance, and indeed it has sufficed to leave behind it what is as but a picture once discerned and then forever darkened. The cool early romance of the wreaths and garlands — for we all rose at dawn to decorate the entrance, the corridors, the hall, the reception-room — the masses of may-bloom and lilies that arrived with the sun; the wild beauty overhanging everything, the mysterious freshness I have mentioned; or some effects just so conceived, before.

I myself adorned with laurels and lilies the conductor's desk, and the whole time as much in a dream as ever when asleep; at all events I could even realize less. Maria was not at hand, nor could I see her. She breakfasted alone with Anastase, and although I shall never know what happened between them that morning, I have ever rejoiced that she did so.

When our floral arrangements were perfected I could not even criticise them; I flew to my bed and sat down upon it, holding my violin, my dearest, in my arms. There I rested, perhaps slept; strange thoughts were mine in that short time, which seemed immeasurably lengthening. Most like dreams, too, those very thoughts, for they were all rushing to a crisis. I

recalled my cue, however, and what that alarming peal of drum meant, sounding through the avenues of Cecilia.

As we ever cast off things behind, my passion could only hold upon the future. I was but, with all my speed, just in time to fall into procession with the rest. The chorus first singing, the band in the midst, behind our professors in order, and on either side our own dark lines the female pupils a double streak of white. I have not alluded to our examinations, with which, however, I had little enough to do. But we all pressed forward in contemporaneous state, and so entered the antechamber of the hall. It was the most purely brilllant scene I ever saw; prepared under the eye of the masters in our universal absence, I could recognize but one taste, but one eye, one hand, in that blending of all deep with all most dazzling flower-tints.

One double garland, a harp in a circle, the symbol of immortal harmony, wrought out of snowy roses and azure ribbons, hung exactly above the table; but the table was itself covered with snowy damask, fold upon fluted fold, so that nothing, whatever lay beneath it, could be given to the gaze.

Through the antechamber of the decorated hall we passed, and then a lapse of music half-restored me to myself; only half, despite the overture of his, with choral relief, with intersong, that I had never heard before and that he had written only for us; despite his presence, his conducting charm.

In little more than an hour we returned, pell-mell now, just as we pleased, notwithstanding calls to order and the pulses of the measuring voices. Just then I found myself by Maria. Through that sea-like resonance she whispered: —

"Do not be surprised, Carl, if the Chevalier presents you with a prize."

"I have not tried for one, Maria."

"I know that, but he will nevertheless distinguish you, I am certain of it."

"I hope not. Keep near me, Maria."

"Yes, surely, if I can; but oh! Carl, I am glad to be near you. Is that a lyre above the table? for I can scarcely see."

She was, as I expected, pale; not paler than ever; for it was very long since she had been paler than any one I ever saw, except the Chevalier. But his was as the lustre of the whitest glowing fire; hers was as the light of snow. She was all pale except her eyes, and that strange halo she had never lost shone dim as the darkliest violets, a soft yet awful hue. I

had replied to her question hurriedly, "Yes; and it must have taken all the roses in his garden." And last of all, she said to me in a tone which suggested more suffering than all her air — "I wish I were one of those roses."

The table, when the rich cover was removed, presented a spectacle of fascination scarcely to be appreciated except by those immediately affected. Masses of magnificently bound volumes, painted and carved instrument cases, busts and portraits of the hierarchy of music, lay together in according contrast. For, as I have not yet mentioned, the Chevalier had carried out his abolition of the badges to the utmost; there was not a medal to be seen. But these prizes were beyond the worth of any medal, each by each. One after another left the table in those delicate hands, wafted to its fortunate possessor by a compliment more delicate still, and I fancied no more remained.

Maria still stood near me, and as the moments flew, a stillness more utter than I could have imagined pervaded her; a marbled quietness crept over every muscle; and as I met her exquisite countenance in profile with the eyes downward and fixed and not an eyelash stirring, she might have been the victim of despair, or the genius of enraptured hope.

I saw that the Chevalier had proceeded to toss over and over the flowers which had strewn the gifts — as if it were all, also, over now — and he so long continued to trifle with them that I felt as if he saw Maria, and desired to attract from her all other eyes, for he talked the whole time lightly, laughingly, with an air of the most ravishing gayety, to those about him, and to every one except ourselves.

In a few minutes, which appeared to me a very hour, he gathered up with a handful of flowers that he let slip through his fingers directly something which he retained in his hand, and which it now struck me that he had concealed, whatever it was, by that flower-play of his all along — for it was even diffidently, certainly with reserve of some kind, that he approached us last, as we stood together and did not stir.

"Those," said he to me, in a voice that just trembled, though aërially joyous, "are too small to make speeches about; but in memory of several secrets we have between us, I hope you will sometimes wear them."

He then looked full at Maria, but she responded not even to that electric force that is itself the touch of light — her eyes

still downcast, her lips unmoved. He turned to me, and softly, seriously, yet half-surprised as it were, shook his head; placing in her hand the first of the unknown caskets he had brought, and the other in my own. She took it without looking up, or even murmuring her thanks; still immediately, as he returned to the table, I forced it from her, feeling it might and ought to occasion a revulsion of sensation, however slight.

It succeeded so far as that she gazed, still bending downward, upon what I held in my own hand now and exhibited to her. It was a full-blown rose of beaten silver, white as snow, without a leaf, but exquisitely set upon a silver stem, and having upon one of its broad petals a large dewdrop of the living diamond.

I opened my own strange treasure then, having resigned to her her own; this was a breastpin of purest gold, with the head — a great violet cut from a single amethyst — as perfectly executed as hers. I thrust it into my pocket, for I could not at that instant even rejoice in its possession. And now soon, very soon, the flower-lighted space was cleared; and we, the chosen few, alone remained.

My heart felt as if it could only break, so violent was the pulse that shook it. I knew that I must make an effort transcending all, or I should lose my power to handle the bow; and at least I achieved composure of behavior. Anastase, I can remember, came to me; he touched my hand, and as if he longed with all loosened passion for something like sympathy, looked into my very eyes. I could scarcely endure that gaze — it was inquisitive to scrutiny, yet dim with unutterable forecast.

The flowers in the concert hall were already withering, when after a short separation for refreshment we returned there and were shut in safely by the closed doors from the distant festal throng.

It was a strange sight — those deserted seats in front, where now none rested saving only the Chevalier, who, after hovering amid the orchestra until all the ranks were filled, had descended as was arranged into the void space, that he might be prepared to criticise the performance. He did not seem much in the mood for criticism — his countenance was lightening with excitement — his eyes burned like stars brought near; that hectic fire, that tremulous blaze, were both for her.

As he retreated, and folding his slender arms, and raising

his glorious head, still stood — Maria entered with Anastase. Florimond led her forward in her white dress as he had promised himself to lead her captive on the day of her espousals; neither hurried nor abashed she came, in her virgin calm — her virgin paleness. But as they stood for one moment at the foot of the orchestra he paused, arrested her, his hand was raised; and in a moment, with a smile whose tenderness for that moment triumphed, he had placed the silver rose in her dark hair, where it glistened in angelic symbol to the recognition of every one present. She did not smile in return, nor raise her eyes, but mounted instantly, and stood amid us.

I had no idea until indeed she stood there, a girl amid us — until she appeared in that light of which she herself was light — how very small she was, how slightly framed; every motion was articulated by the fragility of her form as she stirred so calmly, silently. The bright afternoon from many windows poured upon the polish of her forehead so arched, so eminent, but alas! upon the languors also that had woven their awful mists around her eyes. Her softly curling lips spoke nothing now but the language of sleep in infancy, so gently parted, but not as in inspiration. As she raised that arm so calmly, and the first movement came upon me, I could not yet regard her, nor until a rest occurred. Then I saw her the same again, except that her eyes were filled with tears, and over all her face that there was a shadow playing as from some sweeping solemn wing, like the imagery of summer leaves that trembles upon a moon-lit grass.

Only once I heard that music, but I do not remember it, nor can call upon myself to describe it. I only know that while in the full, thrilling tide of that first movement I was not aware of playing, or how I played, though very conscious of the weight upon my heart and upon every instrument. Even Anastase, next whom I stood, was not himself in playing. I cannot tell whether the conductress were herself unsteady, but she unnerved us all, or something too near unnerved us — we were noiselessly preparing for that which was at hand.

At the close of the movement a rushing cadence of ultimate rapidity broke from the stringed force, but the wind flowed in upon the final chords; they waned, they expanded, and, at the simultaneous pause, she also paused. Then strangely, suddenly, her arm fell powerless — her paleness quickened to crimson — her brow grew warm with a bursting, blood-red

blush — she sank to the floor upon her side, silently as in the south wind a leaf just flutters and is at rest; nor was there a sound through the stricken orchestra as Florimond raised her, and carried her from us in his arms.

None moved beside, except the Chevalier, who, with a gaze that was as of one suddenly blinded, followed Anastase instantaneously. We remained as we stood, in a suspense that I for one could never have broken. Poor Florimond's violin lay shattered upon the floor, the strings shivered, and yet shuddering; the rose lay also low; none gathered either up — none stirred — nor any brought us word. I believe I should never have moved again if Delemann in his living kindness had not sped from us at last.

He, too, was long away — long, long to return; nor did he, in returning, re-enter the orchestra. He beckoned to me from the screen of the ante-chamber. I met him amid the glorious garlands, but I made way to him I know not how. That room was deserted also, and all who had been there had gone. Whither? oh! where might they now remain? Franz whispered to me, and of his few sad words — half hope, half fear, all anguish — I cannot repeat the echo. But it is sufficient for all to remind myself how soon the hope had faded, after few, not many days; how the fear passed with it, but not alone. Yet, whatever passed, whatever faded, left us love forever — love with its dear regrets, its infinite expectations!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, an eminent British politician and dramatist; born at Dublin, October 30, 1751; died at London, July 7, 1816. He was educated at Harrow School, and in 1773 commenced the study of law at the Middle Temple, London. In 1780 he was returned to Parliament, and for many years took a prominent part in the political movements of the time. In 1787 he was chosen one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His opening speech was deemed a masterpiece of eloquence. Extravagant living, enormous losses, and the burning, in 1809, of the Drury Lane Theatre, reduced him to great pecuniary straits. He died deserted by all but a few of his former friends and associates, but he was honored with a tomb in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Sheridan's claim to a place in literature rests almost wholly on his comedies — the best of which are "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and "The Critic." "The Life of Sheridan" has been written by Thomas Moore (1825) and by Mrs. Oliphant (1883).

Mrs. Malaprop's Views.

(From "The Rivals.")

The scene is Mrs. Malaprop's *lodgings at Bath. Present,* Lydia Languish. *Enter* Mrs. Malaprop *and* Sir Anthony Absolute.

Mrs. Malaprop. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once —

Mrs. Malaprop. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow; to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Malaprop. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I 'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed — and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anthony. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she 's ordered not! Ay, this comes of her reading!

Lydia. What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Malaprop. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you 're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lydia. Madam, I must tell you plainly that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Malaprop. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know that as both always wear off, 't is safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he 'd been a blackamoor; and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made? and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 't is unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Malaprop. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humors.

Lydia. Willingly, ma'am — I cannot change for the worse.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Malaprop. There 's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anthony. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am: all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven I 'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Malaprop. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony: you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anthony. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! She had a book in each hand; they were half-bound volumes with

marble covers! From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Malaprop. Those are vile places indeed!

Sir Anthony. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge, — it blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Malaprop. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anthony. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her at nine years old to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries: but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anthony. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate: you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Malaprop. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anthony. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

MRS. MALAPROP. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

SIR ANTHONY. Objection! let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in their younger days, 't was, "Jack, do this;" if he demurred I knocked him down, and if he grumbled at that I always sent him out of the room.

MRS. MALAPROP. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

SIR ANTHONY. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl. Take my advice — keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she 'd come about. [*Exit.*

MRS. MALAPROP. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger: sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me! No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. [*Calls.*] Lucy! Lucy! — Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

THE DUEL.

(From "The Rivals.")

Scene: King's-Mead Fields, Bath. Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER *and* ACRES *with pistols.*

ACRES. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

SIR LUCIUS. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now — I 'll show you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

ACRES. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I

tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards —

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no! — by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot; — a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commision I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I don't understand —

Sir Lucius. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it — I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir Lucius. For instance, now — if that should be the case — would you choose to be pickled and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled! Snug lying in the Abbey! Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius. Ah! that's a pity! — there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I've practised that — there, Sir Lucius — there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. Now you're quite out; for if you stand so when I take my aim — [*Levelling at him.*]

Acres. Zounds! Sir Lucius — are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius. Never fear.

Acres. But — but — you don't know — it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance: for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 't will be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Lucius. But there — fix yourself so: [*placing him*] let him see the broad-side of your full front — there — now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! — a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius. Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius — I 'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius [*looking at his watch*]. Sure they don't mean to disappoint us — hah! — no, faith, I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey! — what! — coming!

Sir Lucius. Ay. Who are those, yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them indeed! Well — let them come — hey, Sir Lucius! — we — we — we — we — won't run.

Sir Lucius. Run!

Acres. No — I say — we won't run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius. What the devil 's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing — nothing — my dear friend — my dear Sir Lucius — but — I — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius. O fie! Consider your honor.

Acres. Ay — true — my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir Lucius. Well, here they 're coming. [*Looking.*

Acres. Sir Lucius — if I wa' n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. If my valor should leave me! Valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius — I doubt it is going — yes — my valor is certainly going! It is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius. Your honor — your honor! Here they are.

Acres. O mercy! — now — that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND WILLIAM J. FLORENCE

AS BOB ACRES AND SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER

Enter FAULKLAND *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

SIR LUCIUS. Gentlemen, your most obedient. Hah! — what, Captain Absolute! So — I suppose, sir, you are come here just like myself: to do a kind office, first for your friend, then to proceed to business on your own account.

ACRES. What — Jack! — my dear Jack! — my dear friend!

ABSOLUTE. Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley 's at hand.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, Mr. Acres — I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. [*To* FAULKLAND.] So, Mr. Beverley, if you 'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

FAULKLAND. My weapons, sir!

ACRES. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I 'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland: these are my particular friends.

SIR LUCIUS. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

FAULKLAND. Not I, upon my word, sir.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, now, that 's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

ABSOLUTE. Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

FAULKLAND. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter —

ACRES. No, no, Mr. Faulkland: I 'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there 's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I 'd as lieve let it alone.

SIR LUCIUS. Observe me, Mr. Acres — I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him — I can't see, for my soul, why it is n't just the same thing.

ACRES. Why, no, Sir Lucius: I tell you 'tis one Beverley I 've challenged — a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If he were here, I 'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

ABSOLUTE. Hold, Bob — let me set you right: there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity —

ACRES. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute? Not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds, Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural!

SIR LUCIUS. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

ACRES. Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart; and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

SIR LUCIUS. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

ACRES. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

SIR LUCIUS. Well, sir?

ACRES. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tis n't that I mind the word coward — coward may be said in joke. But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls! —

SIR LUCIUS. Well, sir?

ACRES. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

SIR LUCIUS. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

ABSOLUTE. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog — called in the country, Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week — don't you, Bob?

ACRES. Ay — at home!

SIR LUCIUS. Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin; so come out, my little counsellor, [*draws his sword*] and ask the gentleman whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

ABSOLUTE. Come on then, sir: [*draws*] since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here 's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, DAVID, MRS. MALAPROP, LYDIA, *and* JULIA.

DAVID. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony: knock down my master in particular, and bind his hands over to their good behavior!

SIR ANTHONY. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy: how came you in a duel, sir?

ABSOLUTE. Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better

than I: 't was he called on me, — and you know, sir, I serve his Majesty.

SIR ANTHONY. Here 's a pretty fellow: I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his Majesty! Zounds, sirrah! then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

ABSOLUTE. Sir, I tell you that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

SIR ANTHONY. Gad, sir! how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

SIR LUCIUS. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

SIR ANTHONY. Zounds, Jack! how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

MRS. MALAPROP. Come, come, let 's have no honor before ladies. — Captain Absolute, come here: How could you intimidate us so? Here 's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

ABSOLUTE. For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

MRS. MALAPROP. Nay, no delusions to the past: Lydia is convinced. — Speak, child.

SIR LUCIUS. With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here: I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark —

LYDIA. What is it you mean, sir?

SIR LUCIUS. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now: this is no time for trifling.

LYDIA. 'T is true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

ABSOLUTE. O my little angel, say you so! Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury, you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency: I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

SIR ANTHONY. Well said, Jack, and I 'll stand by you, my boy.

ACRES. Mind, I give up all my claim — I make no pretensions to anything in the world; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, — by my valor! I 'll live a bachelor.

SIR LUCIUS. Captain, give me your hand; an affront hand-

somely acknowledged becomes an obligation; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own handwriting, here —

[*Takes out letters.*

MRS. MALAPROP. Oh, he will dissolve my mystery! — Sir Lucius, perhaps there 's some mistake — perhaps I can illuminate —

SIR LUCIUS. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Delia or not?

LYDIA. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not. [*Walks aside with* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.]

MRS. MALAPROP. Sir Lucius O'Trigger — ungrateful as you are, I own the soft impeachment — pardon my blushes; I am Delia.

SIR LUCIUS. You Delia! — pho! pho! be easy.

MRS. MALAPROP. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke! those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

SIR LUCIUS. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick on me, I am equally beholden to you. And to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me I 'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

ABSOLUTE. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here 's my friend Fighting Bob unprovided for.

SIR LUCIUS. Hah! little Valor — here, will you make your fortune?

ACRES. Odds wrinkles! No. But give me your hand, Sir Lucius; forget and forgive: but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

SIR ANTHONY. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down: you are in your bloom yet.

MRS. MALAPROP. O Sir Anthony, men are all barbarians.

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

(From "The School for Scandal.")

Scene : A room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *house.* *Enter* SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE.

SIR PETER. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I 'll not bear it.

LADY TEAZLE. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything,

and what 's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter. Very well, ma'am, very well: so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teazle. Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter. Old enough! — ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I 'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teazle. My extravagance! I 'm sure I 'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter. No, no, madam: you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'S life! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady Teazle. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I 'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir Peter. Oons! madam, if you had been born to this, I should n't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle. No, no, I don't: 't was a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter. Yes, yes, madam: you were then in somewhat a humbler style — the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teazle. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Peter. Yes, yes, ma'am, 't was so indeed.

Lady Teazle. And then you know my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not mate-

rials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach — *vis-à-vis* — and three powdered footmen before your chair; and in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady Teazle. No — I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Peter. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank, — in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teazle. Well then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation; that is —

Sir Peter. My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teazle. Hem! hem!

Sir Peter. I thank you, madam — but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter. 'S life, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teazle. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter. Ay — there again — taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter. Ay, there's another precious circumstance, — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

Lady Teazle. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teazle. What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teazle. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Peter. Grace, indeed!

Lady Teazle. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 't is out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's, too.

Sir Peter. Well, well, I 'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teazle. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you 'll be too late. So good-by to ye. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter. So — I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter and Lady Teazle Agree to Disagree.

(From "The School for Scandal.")

Sir Peter Teazle *discovered: enter* Lady Teazle.

Lady Teazle. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you have n't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter. Ah, Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

LADY TEAZLE. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

SIR PETER. Two hundred pounds! what, a'n't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there 's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the payment.

LADY TEAZLE. Oh, no — there — my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*

SIR PETER. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you; but shall we always live thus, hey?

LADY TEAZLE. If you please. I 'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you 'll own you were tired first.

SIR PETER. Well — then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

LADY TEAZLE. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth; and chuck me under the chin, you would, and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing — did n't you?

SIR PETER. Yes, yes; and you were as kind and attentive —

LADY TEAZLE. Ay, so I was; and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

SIR PETER. Indeed!

LADY TEAZLE. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said I did n't think you so ugly by any means.

SIR PETER. Thank you.

LADY TEAZLE. And I dared say you 'd make a very good sort of a husband.

SIR PETER. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple —

LADY TEAZLE. And never differ again?

SIR PETER. No, never! — though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

ADA REHAN

(*As Lady Teazle*)

LADY TEAZLE. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

SIR PETER. Now, see, my angel! take care: contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

LADY TEAZLE. Then don't you begin it, my love!

SIR PETER. There now! you — you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

LADY TEAZLE. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear —

SIR PETER. There! now you want to quarrel again.

LADY TEAZLE. No, I'm sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish —

SIR PETER. There now! who begins first?

LADY TEAZLE. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing — but there 's no bearing your temper.

SIR PETER. No, no, madam: the fault 's in your own temper.

LADY TEAZLE. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

SIR PETER. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

LADY TEAZLE. You are a great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations.

SIR PETER. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

LADY TEAZLE. So much the better.

SIR PETER. No, no, madam: 't is evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you, — a pert rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighborhood!

LADY TEAZLE. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you — an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty only because he could never meet with any one who would have him.

SIR PETER. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

LADY TEAZLE. No! did n't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

SIR PETER. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful — but there 's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now

believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are, not without grounds —

LADY TEAZLE. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

SIR PETER. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam; or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

LADY TEAZLE. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you — so, by-by! [*Exit.*

SIR PETER. Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either? Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

Shorthouse, Joseph Henry, an English novelist; born at Birmingham, September 9, 1834. He has been for many years actively engaged in the manufacture of chemicals in his native city. "John Inglesant," his best known work (1881), is an historical novel of the time of Charles I., but "The Little Schoolmaster Mark: a Spiritual Romance" is perhaps his highest achievement. In this, as in all his work, a certain spiritual quality is ever present and imparts to it a distinctly original character. His other writings include "Sir Percival" (1886); "A Teacher of the Violin" (1888); "The Countess Eve" (1888); "Blanche, Lady Falaise" (1891).

John Inglesant Makes a Journey, and Meets His Brother's Murderer.

(From "John Inglesant.")

It was long before sunrise that Inglesant set out, accompanied by his train, hoping to cross the mountains before the heat began. His company consisted of several men-at-arms, with their grooms and horse-boys, and the Austrian page. They ascended the mountains in the earlier part of the night, and towards dawn they reached a flat plain. The night had been too dark to allow them to see the steep and narrow defiles, full of oaks and beech; and as they passed over the dreary plain in the white mist, their figures seemed vast and indistinct in the dim light: but now, as the streaks of the dawn grew brighter in the east behind them, they could see the fir-trees clothing the distant slopes, and here and there one of the higher summits still covered with white snow. The scene was cold and dead and dreary as the grave. A heavy mist hung over the mountain plain, and an icy lake lay black and cold beneath the morning sky. As they reached the crest of the hill the mist rose, stirred by a little breeze at sunrise, and the gorges of the descent lay clear before them. The sun arose behind them, gilding the mountain-tops, and tracing streaks

and shades of color on the rising mist sparkling with glittering dewdrops; while dark and solemn beneath them lay the pine-clothed ravines and sloping valleys, with here and there a rocky peak; and farther down still the woods and hills gave place at last to the plain of the Tiber, at present dark and indistinguishable in the night.

As the sun arose behind them, one by one the pine ravines became lighted, and the snowy summits, soft and pink with radiant light, stood out against the sky, which became every instant of a deeper blue. The sunlight, stealing down the defiles and calling forth into distinct shape and vision tree and rock and flashing stream, spread itself over the oak woods in the valleys, and shone at last upon the plain, embossed and radiant with wood and green meadow, and marble towers and glistering water — the waters of the Tiber running onward towards Rome. Mysterious forms and waves of light, the creatures of the morning and of the mist, floated before the sight, and from the dark fir-trees murmurs and mutterings of ethereal life fell upon the ear. Sudden and passionate flushes of color tinted the pine woods and were gone; and beneath the branches and across the paths, fairy lights played for a moment and passed away.

The party halted more than once, but it was necessary to make the long descent before the heat began, and they commenced carefully to pick their way down the stony mountain road, which wound down the ravines in wild, unequal paths. The track, now precipitous, now almost level, took them round corners and masses of rock sometimes hanging above their heads, revealing continually new reaches of valleys and new defiles clothed with fir and oak. Mountain flowers and trailing ivy and creeping plants hung in festoons on every side, lizards ran across the path, birds fluttered above them or darted into the dark recesses where the mountain brooks were heard; everything sang the morning psalm of life, with which, from field and mountain solitudes, the free children of nature salute the day.

The Austrian boy felt the beauty of the scene, and broke out into singing.

"When the northern gods," he said to Inglesant, "rode on their chevisance, they went down into the deep valleys singing magic songs. Let us into his dark valley, singing magic songs, also go down; who knows what strange and hidden

deity, since the old pagan times lost and forgotten, we may find among the dark fir dingles and the laurel shades?"

And he began to sing some love ditty.

Inglesant did not hear him. The beauty of the scene, ethereal and unreal in its loveliness, following upon the long, dark mountain ride, his sleepless nights and strange familiarity with approaching death by the couch of the old duke, confused his senses, and a presentiment of impending fate filled his mind. The recollection of his brother rose again in his remembrance, distinct and present as in life; and more than once he fancied that he heard his voice, as the cry of some mountain beast or sound of moaning trees came up the pass. No other foreshadowing than this very imperfect one warned him of the approaching crisis of his life.

The sun was fully up, and the light already brilliant and intense, when they approached a projecting point where the slope of wood ended in a tower of rock jutting upon the road. The path by which they approached it was narrow and ragged; but beyond the rock the ground spread itself out, and the path was carried inward towards the right, having the sloping hillside on the one hand covered with scattered oaks, while on the other a slip of ground separated it from the ravine. At the turning of the road, where the opening valley lay before them as they reached the corner, face to face with Inglesant as he checked his horse was the Italian, the inquisitive stranger of the theatre at Florence, the intruder into the Conclave, the masque of the Carnival ball, the assassin of the Corso, — that Malvolti who had treacherously murdered his brother and sought his own life. Alone and weary, his clothes worn and threadbare, he came toiling up the pass. Inglesant reined in his horse suddenly, a strange and fierce light in his eyes and face. The Italian started back like some wild creature of the forest brought suddenly to bay, a terrified cry broke from him, and he looked wildly round as if intending flight. The nature of the ground caught him as in a trap: on the one hand the sloping hillside, steep and open, on the other tangled rugged ground, slightly rising between the road and the precipice, cut off all hope of sudden flight. He looked wildly round for a moment; then, when the horsemen came round the rocky wall and halted behind their leader, his eyes came back to Inglesant's face, and he marked the smile upon his lips and in his eyes, and saw his hand steal downward to the hunting-piece he

carried at the saddle; then with a terrible cry he threw himself on his knees before the horse's head, and begged for pity, — pity and life.

Inglesant took his hand from his weapon, and turning slightly to the page and to the others behind him, he said: —

"This man, messeri, is a murderer and a villain, steeped in every crime; a cruel secret midnight cut-throat and assassin; a lurker in secret corners to murder the innocent. He took my brother, a noble gentleman whom I was proud to follow, treacherously at an advantage, and slew him. I see him now before me lying in his blood. He tried to take my life, — I, who scarcely even knew him, — in the streets of Rome. Now he begs for mercy. What say you, gentlemen? what is his due?"

"Shoot the dog through the head. Hang him on the nearest tree. Carry him into Rome and torture him to death."

The Italian still continued on his knees, his hands clasped before him, his face working with terror and agony that could not be disguised.

"Mercy, monsignore," he cried. "Mercy! I cannot, I dare not, I am not fit to die. For the blessed Host, monsignore, have mercy — for the love of Jesu — for the sake of Jesu."

As he said these last words Inglesant's attitude altered, and the cruel light faded out of his eyes. His hand ceased to finger the carabine at his saddle; and he sat still upon his horse, looking down upon the abject wretch before him, while a man might count fifty. The Italian saw, or thought he saw, that his judge was inclining to mercy, and he renewed his appeals for pity.

"For the love of the crucifix, monsignore; for the Blessed Virgin's sake."

But Inglesant did not seem to hear him. He turned to the horsemen behind him, and said: —

"Take him up, one of you, on the crupper. Search him first for arms. Another keep his eye on him; and if he moves or attempts to escape, shoot him dead. You had better come quietly," he continued: "it is your only chance for life."

Two of the men-at-arms dismounted and searched the prisoner, but found no arms upon him. He seemed indeed to be in the greatest distress from hunger and want, and his clothes were ragged and thin. He was mounted behind one of the soldiers and closely watched; but he made no attempt to escape,

and indeed appeared to have no strength or energy for such an effort.

They went on down the pass for about an Italian league. The country became more thickly wooded; and here and there on the hillsides, patches of corn appeared, and once or twice in a sheltered spot a few vines. At length, on the broad shoulder of the hill round which the path wound, they saw before them a few cottages; and above them on the hillside, in a position that commanded the distant pass till it opened on the plain, was a chapel, the bell of which had just ceased ringing for mass.

Inglesant turned his horse's head up the narrow stony path; and when the gate was reached, he dismounted and entered the chapel, followed by his train. The cappella had apparently been built of the remains of some temple or old Roman house; for many of the stones of the front were carved in bold relief. It was a small, narrow building, and possessed no furniture save the altar and a rude pulpit built of stones; but behind the altar, painted on the plaster of the wall, was the rood or crucifix, the size of life. Who the artist had been, cannot now be told: it might have been the pupil of some great master, who had caught something of the master's skill; or perhaps, in the old time, some artist had come up the pass from Borgo San Sepolcro, and had painted it for the love of his art and of the Blessed Virgin; but whoever had done it, it was well done, and it gave a sanctity to the little chapel, and possessed an influence, of which the villagers were not unconscious, and of which they were even proud.

The mass had commenced some short time as the train entered, and such few women and peasants as were present turned in surprise.

Inglesant knelt upon the steps before the altar, and the men-at-arms upon the floor of the chapel; the two who guarded the prisoner keeping close behind their leader.

The priest, who was an old and simple-looking countryman, continued his office without stopping, but when he had received the sacred elements himself, he turned, and, influenced probably by his appearance and by his position at the altar, he offered Inglesant the sacrament. He took it; and the priest, turning again to the altar, finished the mass.

Then Inglesant rose; and when the priest turned again he was standing before the altar, with his drawn sword held lengthwise across his hands.

"My father," he said, "I am the Cavaliere di San Giorgio; and as I came across the mountains this morning on my way to Rome, I met my mortal foe, the murderer of my brother, — a wretch whose life is forfeit by every law either of earth or heaven, a guilty monster steeped in every crime. Him, as soon as I had met him, — sent by this lonely and untrodden way as it seems to me by the Lord's hand, — I thought to crush at once, as I would a venomous beast, though he is worse than any beast. But, my father, he has appealed from me to the adorable name of Jesus, and I cannot touch him. But he will not escape. I give him over to the Lord. I give up my sword into the Lord's hands, that He may work my vengeance upon him as it seems to Him good. Henceforth he is safe from earthly retribution, but the Divine Powers are just. Take this sword, reverend father, and let it lie upon the altar beneath the Christ himself; and I will make an offering for daily masses for my brother's soul."

The priest took the sword; and kneeling before the altar, placed it thereon like a man acting in a dream.

He was one of those childlike peasant-priests to whom the great world was unknown; and to whom his mountain solitudes were peopled as much by the saints and angels of his breviary, as by the peasants who shared with him the solitudes and the legends that gave to these mountain fastnesses a mysterious awe. To such a man as this it seemed nothing strange that the blessed St. George himself, in jewelled armor, should stand before the altar in the mystic morning light, his shining sword in his hand.

He turned again to Inglesant, who had knelt down once more.

"It is well done, monsignore," he said, "as all that thou doest doubtless is most well. The sword shall remain here as thou sayest, and the Lord doubtless will work his blessed will. But I entreat, monsignore, thy intercession for me, a poor sinful man; and when thou returnest to thy place, and seest again the Lord Jesus, that thou wilt remind him of his unworthy priest. Amen."

Inglesant scarcely heard what he said, and certainly did not understand it. His sense was confused by what had happened, and by the sudden overmastering impulse upon which he had acted. He moved as in a dream; nothing seemed to come strange to him, nothing startled him, and he took slight

heed of what passed. He placed his embroidered purse, heavy with gold, in the priest's hand, and in his excitement totally forgot to name his brother, for whose repose masses were to be said.

He signed to his men to release the prisoner; and, his trumpets sounding to horse before the chapel gate, he mounted and rode on down the pass.

But his visit was not forgotten: and long afterward — perhaps even to the present day — popular tradition took the story up, and related that once, when the priest of the mountain chapel was a very holy man, the blessed St. George himself, in shining armor, came across the mountains one morning very early, and himself partook of the sacrament, and all his train; and appealed triumphantly to the magic sword, set with gold and precious stones, that lay upon the altar from that morning, — by virtue of which no harm can befall the village, no storm strike it, and above all, no pillage of armed men or any violence can occur.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sidney, Sir Philip, an English poet; born at Penshurst, Kent, November 30, 1554; died at Arnheim, Holland, October 7, 1586. In 1568 he entered Christ Church, Oxford; from 1572 to 1575 he travelled on the Continent, being at Paris at the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre. In 1577 he was sent to Prague as ambassador. The next year he incurred the displeasure of the Queen, and retired for some years to his estate, where most of his works appear to have been written, although they were not printed until after his death. In 1584 he was appointed Governor of Flushing, in Holland: and was fatally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, September 22, 1586. He lingered in great agony for several weeks, solacing even his last hours with literary composition. His body was taken to London and interred in St. Paul's Cathedral. The principal works of Sir Philip Sidney are: "A Metrical Version of the Psalms," made in conjunction with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke; "Astrophel and Stella," a series of more than a hundred sonnets; "Arcadia," a prose romance, with poems interspersed through it; "The Apologie for Poesie."

Description of Arcadia.

(From "Arcadia.")

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so, too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, breeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort. Here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting and singing withal; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

An Arcadian Love-Letter.

Most blessed paper, which shall kiss that hand whereto all blessedness is in nature a servant, do not disdain to carry with thee the woful words of a miser [wretch] now despairing; neither be afraid to appear before her, bearing the base title of the sender; for no sooner shall that divine hand touch thee but that thy baseness shall be turned to most high preferment. Therefore, mourn boldly, my ink; for while she looks upon you your blackness will shine: cry out boldly, my lamentation; for while she reads you your cries will be music. Say, then, O happy messenger of a most unhappy message, that the too-soon born and too-late dying creature which dares not speak — no, not look — no, not scarcely think, as from his miserable self, unto her heavenly highness, only presumes to desire thee, in the times that her eyes and voice do exalt thee, to say, and in this manner to say, not from him — oh, no; that were not fit — but of him, thus much unto her sacred judgment: — O you, the only honor to women, to men the only admiration; you that, being armed by love, defy him that armed you, in this high estate wherein you have placed me, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your presence; and let me remember him who, since he is yours, how mean soever he be, it is reason you have an account of him. The wretch — yet your wretch — though with languishing steps, runs fast to his grave; and will you suffer a temple — how poorly built soever, but yet a temple of your diety — to be razed? But he dieth, it is most true, he dieth; and he in whom you live to obey you dieth. Whereof though he plain, he doth not complain; for it is a harm, but no wrong, which he hath received. He dies, because, in woful language, all his senses tell him that such is your pleasure; for, since you will not that he live, alas! alas! what followeth — what followeth of the most ruined Dorus but his end? End, then, evil-destined Dorus, end; and end, thou woful letter, end; for it sufficeth her wisdom to know that her heavenly will shall be accomplished.

In Praise of Poesie.

(From "Defence of Poesie.")

Learned men have learnedly thought that where reason hath so much over-mastered passion, that the mind hath a free desire

to do well, the inward light each man hath in himself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in Nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *hoc opus hic labor est.*

Now, therein, of all sciences — I speak of human, and according to human conceit — is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth — as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard — at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music. And with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you — with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if any one should begin to tell them of the nature of the aloes or rhubarbum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men — most of whom are childish in their best things till they be cradled in their graves.

True Beauty Virtue Is.

It is most true that eyes are formed to serve
  The inward light, and that the heavenly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerve,
  Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart.
  It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
An image is which for ourselves we carve,
  And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god makes Church and Churchman starve.
  True, that True Beauty Virtue is indeed,
Whereof this Beauty can be but a shade
  Which elements with mortal mixtures breed.
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,

And should in soul up to our country move:
True; and yet true — that I must Stella love.

Eternal Love.

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my Mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all their might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us light to see!
Oh, take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy Life in me!

To Sleep.

Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease,
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Lovelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Invocation to Night.

O Night! the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,
Desire's best mean, harvest of hearts affected,
The seat of peace, the one which is erected
Of human life to be the quiet measure;

Be victor still of Phœbus's golden treasure,
Who hath our sight with too much sight infected;
Whose light is cause we have our time neglected,
Turning all Nature's course to self-displeasure.
These stately stars, in their now shining faces,
With sinless Sleep, and Silence — Wisdom's mother —
Witness this wrong, which by thy help is easèd.
Thou art, therefore, of these our desert places
The sure refuge; by thee, and by no other,
My soul is blest, sense joyed, and fortune rasèd.

Love's Silence.

Because I breathe not love to everie one,
Nor do not use set colors for to weare,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd haire,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groane, —
The courtlie nymphs, acquainted with the moane
Of them who on their lips Love's standard beare,
"What! he?" say they of me. "Now I dare sweare
He cannot love: No, no! let him alone."
And think so still — if Stella know my minde.
Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art;
But you, faire maids, at length this true shall finde, —
That his right badge is but worne in the hearte.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove:
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

My True-Love Hath My Heart.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.
His heart in me keeps him and me in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sonnet.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Sonnet.

Leave me, O love which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and tumble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
That doth but shine and give us sight to see.
Oh, take fast hold: let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

Sienkiewicz, Henryk, an eminent Polish novelist; born at Wola Okrejska, in the Lukowschen, of Lithuanian parents, in 1845. He was educated at the University of Warsaw, after which he led a wandering life. In 1876 he came to America, and spent some years in California. Returning to his own country, he settled at Warsaw and gave himself up to the pursuit of literature. He then began the issue of the series of novels and historical romances which have won for him one of the first places in modern Polish literature. In 1872 he published at Warsaw a collection of humorous little stories which became very popular; and which was followed in 1874 by "Szkice Weglem" (Charcoal Sketches). His principal later works are, "Ogniem i Mieczem" (By Fire and Sword) (1885), an historical novel which in less than ten years had passed through more than thirty editions; "Potop" (The Deluge) (1886); "Pan Michael;" "Village Stories;" and "Quo Vadis" (1896). A complete collection of his works up to 1890 was issued in twelve volumes under the general title "Pisma."

The Death of Pan Longin.[1]

(From "With Fire and Sword." Translated by Jeremiah Curtin.)

Pan Longin hastened to the castle; the others returned to the ramparts. Skshetuski and Volodyovski were silent, but Zagloba said: —

"Something holds me by the throat. I did not think to be sorrowful, but that is the worthiest man in the world. If any one contradicts me, I 'll give it to him in the face. O my God, my God! I thought the castellan of Belsk would restrain the prince, but he beat the drums still more. The hangman brought that heretic! 'History,' he says, 'will write of you.' Let it write of him, but not on the skin of Pan Longin. And why does n't he go out himself? He has six toes on his feet, like

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every Calvinist, and he can walk better. I tell you, gentlemen, that it is getting worse and worse on earth, and Jabkovski is a true prophet when he says that the end of the world is near. Let us sit down awhile at the ramparts, and then go to the castle, so as to console ourselves with the company of our friend till evening at least."

But Pan Longin, after confession and communion, spent the whole time in prayer. He made his first appearance at the storm in the evening, — which was one of the most awful, for the Cossacks had struck just when the troops were transporting their cannon and wagons to the newly raised ramparts. For a time it seemed that the slender forces of the Poles would fall before the onrush of two hundred thousand foes. The Polish battalions had become so intermingled with the enemy that they could not distinguish their own, and three times they closed in this fashion. Hmelnitski exerted all his power; for the Khan and his own colonels had told him that this must be the last storm, and that henceforth they would only harass the besieged with hunger. But after three hours, all attacks were repulsed with such terrible losses that, according to later reports, forty thousand of the enemy had fallen. One thing is certain, — after the battle a whole bundle of flags was thrown at the feet of the prince; and this was really the last great assault, after which followed more difficult times of digging under the ramparts, capturing wagons, continual firing, suffering, and famine.

Immediately after the storm the soldiers, ready to drop from weariness, were led by the tireless Yeremi in a sally, which ended in a new defeat for the enemy. Quiet then soothed the tabor and the camp.

The night was warm but cloudy. Four black forms pushed themselves quietly and carefully to the eastern edge of the ramparts. They were Pan Longin, Zagloba, Skshetuski, and Volodyovski.

"Guard your pistols well, to keep the powder dry," whispered Pan Yan. "Two battalions will be ready all night. If you fire, we will spring to the rescue."

"Nothing to be seen, even if you strain your eyes out!" whispered Zagloba.

"That is better," answered Pan Longin.

"Be quiet!" interrupted Volodyovski: "I hear something."

"That is only the groan of a dying man, — nothing!"

"If you can only reach the oak grove."

"O my God! my God!" sighed Zagloba, trembling as if in a fever.

"In three hours it will be daylight."

"It is time!" said Pan Longin.

"Time! time!" repeated Skshetuski in a stifled voice. "Go with God!"

"With God, with God!"

"Farewell, brothers, and forgive me if I have offended any of you in anything."

"You offend? O God!" cried Zagloba, throwing himself into his arms.

Skshetuski and Volodyovski embraced him in turn. The moment came. Suppressed gulping shook the breasts of these knights. One alone, Pan Longin, was calm, though full of emotion. "Farewell!" he repeated once more; and approaching the edge of the rampart, he dropped into the ditch, and soon appeared as a black figure on the opposite bank. Once more he beckoned farewell to his comrades, and vanished in the gloom.

Between the road to Zalostsitse and the highway from Vishnyovets grew an oak grove, interspersed with narrow openings. Beyond and joining with it was an old pine forest, thick and large, extending north of Zalostsitse. Podbipienta had determined to reach that grove. The road was very perilous, for to reach the oaks it was necessary to pass along the entire flank of the Cossack tabor; but Pan Longin selected it on purpose, for it was just around the camp that most people were moving during the whole night, and the guards gave least attention to passers-by. Besides, all other roads, valleys, thickets, and narrow places were beset by guards who rode around continually; by essauls, sotniks, and even Hmelnitski himself. A passage through the meadows and along the Gnyezna was not to be dreamt of, for the Cossack horse-herders were watching there from dusk till daylight with their herds.

The night was gloomy, cloudy, and so dark that at ten paces not only could a man not be seen, but not even a tree. This circumstance was favorable for Pan Longin; though on the other hand he was obliged to go very slowly and carefully, so as not to fall into any of the pits or ditches occupying the whole expanse of the battle-field, and dug by Polish and Cossack hands. In this fashion he made his way to the second Polish

rampart, which had been abandoned just before evening, and had passed through the ditch. He stopped and listened; the trenches were empty. The sally made by Yeremi after the storm had pushed the Cossacks out; who either fell, or took refuge in the tabor. A multitude of bodies were lying on the slopes and summits of these mounds. Pan Longin stumbled against bodies every moment, stepped over them, and passed on. From time to time a low groan or sigh announced that some one of the prostrate was living yet.

Beyond the ramparts there was a broad expanse stretching to another trench made before the arrival of Yeremi, also covered with corpses; but some tens of steps farther on were those earth shelters, like stacks of hay in the darkness. But they were empty. Everywhere the deepest silence reigned, — nowhere a fire or a man; no one on that former square but the prostrate.

Pan Longin began the prayer for the souls of the dead, and went on. The sounds of the Polish camp, which followed him to the second rampart, grew fainter and fainter, melting in the distance, till at last they ceased altogether. Pan Longin stopped and looked around for the last time. He could see almost nothing, for in the camp there was no light; but one window in the castle glimmered weakly as a star which the clouds now expose and now conceal, or like a glow-worm which shines and darkens in turn.

"My brothers, shall I see you again in this life?" thought Pan Longin; and sadness pressed him down like a tremendous stone. He was barely able to breathe. There, where that pale light was trembling, are his people; there are brother hearts, — Prince Yeremi, Pan Yan, Volodyovski, Zagloba, the priest Mukhovetski; there they love him and would gladly defend him. But here is night, with desolation, darkness, corpses; under his feet choruses of ghosts; farther on, the blood-devouring tabor of sworn, pitiless enemies. The weight of sadness became so great that it was too heavy even for the shoulders of this giant. His soul began to waver within him.

In the darkness pale Alarm flew upon him, and began to whisper in his ear, "You will not pass, it is impossible! Return; there is still time! Fire the pistol, and a whole battalion will rush to your aid. Through those tabors, through that savageness, nothing will pass."

That starving camp, covered every day with balls, full of

death and the odor of corpses, appeared at that moment to Pan Longin a calm, peaceful, safe haven. His friends there would not think ill of him if he returned. He would tell them that the deed passed human power; and they would not go themselves, would not send another, — would wait further for the mercy of God and the coming of the King. But if Skshetuski should go and perish! "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! These are temptations of Satan," thought Pan Longin. "I am ready for death, and nothing worse can meet me. And this is Satan terrifying a weak soul with desolation, corpses, and darkness; for he makes use of all means." Will the knight return, cover himself with shame, suffer in reputation, disgrace his name, not save the army, renounce the crown of heaven? Never! And he moved on, stretching out his hands before him.

Now a murmur reached him again; not from the Polish camp, however, but from the opposite side, still indefinite, but as it were deep and terrible, like the growling of a bear giving sudden answer in a dark forest. Disquiet had now left Pan Longin's soul; sadness had ceased, and changed into a mere sweet remembrance of those near to him. At last, as if answering that menace coming up from the tabor, he repeated once more in spirit, "But still I will go."

After a certain time he found himself on that battle-field where on the first day of the storm the prince's cavalry had defeated the Cossacks and janissaries. The road here was more even, — fewer pits, ditches, shelters, and no corpses; for those who had fallen in the earlier struggles had been buried by the Cossacks. It was also somewhat clearer, for the ground was not covered with various obstacles. The land inclined gradually toward the north. But Pan Longin turned immediately to the flank, wishing to push through between the western pond and the tabor.

He went quickly now, without hindrance, and it seemed to him already that he was reaching the line of the tabor, when some new sound caught his attention. He halted at once, and after waiting a quarter of an hour heard the tramp and breathing of horses. "Cossack patrols!" thought he. The voices of men reached his ears. He sprang aside with all speed, and searching with his foot for the first depression in the ground, fell to the earth and stretched out motionless, holding his pistol in one hand and his sword in the other.

The riders approached still nearer, and at last were abreast of him. It was so dark he could not count them; but he heard every word of their conversation.

"It is hard for them, but hard for us too," said some sleepy voice. "And how many good men of ours have bitten the dust!"

"O Lord!" said another voice, "they say the King is not far. What will become of us?"

"The Khan got angry with our father; and the Tartars threaten to take us, if there will be no other prisoners."

"And in the pastures they fight with our men. Father has forbidden us to go to the Tartar camp, for whoever goes there is lost."

"They say there are disguised Poles among the market-men. I wish this war had never begun."

"It is worse this time than before."

"The King is not far away, with the Polish forces. That is the worst!"

"Ha, ha! You would be sleeping in the Saitch at this hour; now you have got to push around in the dark like a vampire."

"There must be vampires here, for the horses are snorting."

The voices receded gradually, and at last were silent. Pan Longin rose and went on.

A rain fine as mist began to fall. It grew still darker. On the left side of Pan Longin gleamed at the distance of two furlongs a small light; after that a second, a third, and a tenth. Then he knew he was on the line of the tabor. The lights were far apart and weak. It was evident that all were sleeping, and only here and there might they be drinking or preparing food for the morrow.

"Thank God that I am out after the storm and the sally," said Pan Longin to himself. "They must be mortally weary."

He had scarcely thought this when he heard again in the distance the tramp of horses, — another patrol was coming. But the ground in this place was more broken; therefore it was easier to hide. The patrol passed so near that the guards almost rode over Pan Longin. Fortunately the horses, accustomed to pass among prostrate bodies, were not frightened. Pan Longin went on.

In the space of a thousand yards he met two more patrols. It was evident that the whole circle occupied by the tabor was

guarded like the apple of the eye. But Pan Longin rejoiced in spirit that he was not meeting infantry outposts, who are generally placed before camps to give warning to mounted patrols.

But his joy was of short duration. Scarcely had he advanced another furlong of the road when some dark figure shifted before him not more than twenty yards distant. Though unterrified, he felt a slight tremor along his spine. It was too late to withdraw and go around. The form moved; evidently it had seen him. A moment of hesitation followed, short as the twinkle of an eye. Then a suppressed voice called: —

"Vassil, is that you?"

"I," said Pan Longin, quietly.

"Have you gorailka?"

"I have."

"Give me some."

Pan Longin approached.

"Why are you so tall?" asked the voice, in tones of terror.

Something rustled in the darkness. A scream of "Lor — !" smothered the instant it was begun, came from the mouth of the picket; then was heard the crash as it were of broken bones, heavy breathing, and one figure fell quietly to the earth. Pan Longin moved on.

But he did not pass along the same line, for it was evidently a line of pickets; he turned therefore a little nearer to the tabor, wishing to go between the pickets and the line of wagons. If there was not another line of pickets, Pan Longin could meet in that space only those who went out from camp to relieve those on duty. Mounted patrols had no duty here.

After a time it became evident that there was no second line of pickets. But the tabor was not farther than two bow-shots; and wonderful! it seemed to grow nearer continually, though he tried to go at an equal distance from the line of wagons.

It was evident too that not all were asleep in the tabor. At the fires smoldering here and there, sitting figures were visible. In one place the fire was greater, — so large indeed that it almost reached Pan Longin with its light, and he was forced to draw back toward the pickets so as not to pass through the line of illumination. From the distance he distinguished, hanging on cross-sticks near the fire, oxen which the butchers were skinning. Disputing groups of men looked on. A few were playing quietly on pipes for the butchers. It was that part of the camp

occupied by the herdsmen. The more distant rows of wagons were surrounded by darkness.

But the line of the tabor lighted by the smoldering fires again appeared as if nearer to Pan Longin. In the beginning he had it only on his right hand; suddenly he saw that he had it in front of him. Then he halted and meditated what to do. He was surrounded. The tabor, the Tartar camp, and the camps of the mob, encircled all Zbaraj like a ring. Inside this ring, sentries were standing and mounted guards moving, that no one might pass through.

The position of Pan Longin was terrible. He had now the choice either to go through between the wagons or seek another exit between the Cossacks and the Tartars. Otherwise he would have to wander till daylight along that rim, unless he wished to return to Zbaraj; but even in the latter case he might fall into the hands of the mounted patrol. He understood, however, that the very nature of the ground did not permit that one wagon should stand close to another. There had to be intervals in the rows, and considerable ones. Such intervals were necessary for communication, for an open road, for necessary travel. He determined to look for such a passage, and with that object approached still nearer to the wagons. The gleam of fires burning here and there might betray him; but on the other hand they were useful, for without them he could see neither the wagons nor the road between them.

After a quarter of an hour he found a road, and recognized it easily, for it looked like a black belt between the wagons. There was no fire on it; there could be no Cossacks there, since the cavalry had to pass that way. Pan Longin put himself on his knees and hands, and began to crawl to that dark throat like a snake to a hole.

A quarter of an hour passed, — half an hour; he crawled continually, praying at the same time, commending his body and soul to the protection of the heavenly powers. He thought that perhaps the fate of all Zbaraj was depending on him then, could he pass that throat; he prayed therefore not for himself alone, but for those who at that moment in the trenches were praying for him.

On both sides of him all was silent, — no man moved, no horse snorted, no dog barked; and Pan Longin went through. The bushes and thickets looked dark before him; behind them was the oak grove; behind the oak grove the pine woods, all the

way to Toporoff; beyond the pine woods, the King, salvation, and glory, service before God and man. What was the cutting of three heads in comparison with this deed, for which something was needed beyond an iron hand? Pan Longin felt the difference, but pride stirred not that clean heart; it was only moved like that of a child with tears of thankfulness.

Then he rose and passed on. Beyond the wagons there were either no pickets, or few easily avoided. Now heavier rain began to fall, pattering on the bushes and drowning the noise of his steps. Pan Longin then gave freedom to his long legs, and walked like a giant, trampling the bushes; every step was like five of a common man, — the wagons every moment farther, the oak grove every moment nearer, and salvation every moment nearer.

Here are the oaks. Night beneath them is as black as under the ground; but that is better. A gentle breeze sprang up; the oaks murmured lightly, — you would have said they were muttering a prayer: "O great God, good God, guard this knight, for he is thy servant, and a faithful son of the land on which we have grown up for thy glory!"

About seven miles and a half divided Pan Longin from the Polish camp. Sweat poured from his forehead, for the air was sultry, as if gathering for a storm; but he went on, caring nothing for the storm, for the angels were singing in his heart. The oaks became thinner. The first field is surely near. The oaks rustle more loudly, as if wishing to say, "Wait: you were safe among us." But the knight has no time, and he enters the open field. Only one oak stands on it, and that in the centre; but it is larger than the others. Pan Longin moves toward that oak.

All at once, when he was a few yards from the spreading branches of the giant, about a dozen figures push out and approach him with wolf-springs: "Who are you? who are you?" Their language is unknown; their heads are covered with something pointed. They are the Tartar horse-herders, who have taken refuge from the rain. At that moment red lightning flashed through the field, revealing the oak, the wild figures of the Tartars, and the enormous noble. A terrible cry shook the air, and the battle began in a moment.

The Tartars rushed on Pan Longin like wolves on a deer, and seized him with sinewy hands; but he only shook himself, and all the assailants fell from him as ripe fruit from a tree. Then the terrible double-handed sword gritted in the scabbard; and

then were heard groans, howls, calls for aid, the whistle of the sword, the groans of the wounded, the neighing of the frightened horses, the clatter of broken Tartar swords. The silent field roared with all the wild sounds that can possibly find place in the throats of men.

The Tartars rushed on him repeatedly in a crowd; but he put his back to the oak, and in front covered himself with the whirlwind of his sword, and slashed awfully. Bodies lay dark under his feet; the others fell back, impelled by panic terror. "A div! a div!" howled they wildly.

The howling was not without an answer. Half an hour had not passed when the whole field swarmed with footmen and horsemen. Cossacks ran up, and Tartars also with poles and bows and pieces of burning pitch-pine. Excited questions began to fly from mouth to mouth. "What is it? what has happened?" "A div!" answered the Tartars. "A div!" repeated the crowd. "A Pole! A div! Take him alive, alive!"

Pan Longin fired twice from his pistols, but those reports could not be heard by his comrades in the Polish camp. Now the crowd approached him in a half-circle. He was standing in the shade, gigantic, supported by the tree, and he waited with sword in hand. The crowd came nearer, nearer. At last the voice of command shouted, "Seize him!"

They rushed ahead. The cries were stopped. Those who could not push on gave light to the assailants. A whirl of men gathered and turned under the tree. Only groans came out of that whirl, and for a long time it was impossible to distinguish anything. At last a scream of terror was wrested from the assailants. The crowd broke in a moment. Under the tree remained Pan Longin, and at his feet a crowd of bodies still quivering in agony.

"Ropes! ropes!" thundered a voice.

The horsemen ran for the ropes, and brought them in the twinkle of an eye. Then a number of strong men seized the two ends of a long rope, endeavoring to fasten Pan Longin to the tree; but he cut with his sword, and the men fell on the ground on both sides. Then the Tartars tried, with the same result.

Seeing that too many men in the crowd interfered with one another, a number of the boldest Nogais advanced once more, wishing absolutely to seize the enormous man alive; but he tore them as a wild boar tears resolute dogs. The oak, which

had grown together from two great trees, guarded in its central depression the knight; whoever approached him from the front within the length of his sword perished without uttering a groan. The superhuman power of Pan Longin seemed to increase with each moment. Seeing this, the enraged hordes drove away the Cossacks, and around were heard the wild cries, "Bows! bows!"

At the sight of the bows, and of the arrows poured out at the feet of his enemies from their quivers, Pan Longin saw that the moment of death was at hand, and he began the litany to the Most Holy Lady.

It became still. The crowds restrained their breath, waiting for what would happen. The first arrow whistled as Pan Longin was saying, "Mother of the Redeemer!" and it scratched his temple. Another arrow whistled as he was saying, "O glorious Lady," and it stuck in his shoulder. The words of the litany mingled with the whistling of arrows; and when Pan Longin had said "Morning Star," arrows were standing in his shoulders, in his side, in his legs. The blood from his temples was flowing into his eyes; he saw as through a mist the field and the Tartars; he heard no longer the whistle of the arrows. He felt that he was weakening, that his legs were bending under him; his head dropped on his breast. At last he fell on his knees. Then he said with a half-groan, "Queen of the Angels —" These words were his last on earth. The angels of heaven took his soul, and placed it as a clear pearl at the feet of the "Queen of the Angels."

The Burning of Rome.[1]

(From "Quo Vadis." Translated by Jeremiah Curtin)

Light from the burning city filled the sky as far as human eye could reach. The moon rose large and full from behind the mountains, and inflamed at once by the glare took on the color of heated brass. It seemed to look with amazement on the world-ruling city which was perishing. In the rose-colored abysses of heaven rose-colored stars were glittering; but in distinction from usual nights the earth was brighter than the heavens. Rome, like a giant pile, illuminated the whole Cam-

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pania. In the bloody light were seen distant mountains, towns, villas, temples, monuments, and the aqueducts stretching toward the city from all the adjacent hills; on the aqueducts were swarms of people, who had gathered there for safety or to gaze at the burning.

Meanwhile the dreadful element was embracing new divisions of the city. It was impossible to doubt that criminal hands were spreading the fire, since new conflagrations were breaking out all the time in places remote from the principal fire. From the heights on which Rome was founded the flames flowed like waves of the sea into the valleys densely occupied by houses, — houses of five and six stories, full of shops, booths, movable wooden amphitheaters, built to accommodate various spectacles; and finally storehouses of wood, olives, grain, nuts, pine cones, the kernels of which nourished the more needy population, and clothing, which through Cæsar's favor was distributed from time to time among the rabble huddled into narrow alleys. In those places the fire, finding abundance of inflammable materials, became almost a series of explosions, and took possession of whole streets with unheard-of rapidity. People encamping outside the city, or standing on the aqueducts, knew from the color of the flame what was burning. The furious power of the wind carried forth from the fiery gulf thousands and millions of burning shells of walnuts and almonds, which, shooting suddenly into the sky, like countless flocks of bright butterflies, burst with a crackling, or, driven by the wind, fell in other parts of the city, on aqueducts, and fields beyond Rome. All thought of rescue seemed out of place; confusion increased every moment, for on one side the population of the city was fleeing through every gate to places outside; on the other the fire had lured in thousands of people from the neighborhood, such as dwellers in small towns, peasants, and half-wild shepherds of the Campania, brought in by hope of plunder. The shout, "Rome is perishing!" did not leave the lips of the crowd; the ruin of the city seemed at that time to end every rule, and loosen all bonds which hitherto had joined people in a single integrity. The mob, in which slaves were more numerous, cared nothing for the lordship of Rome. Destruction of the city could only free them; hence here and there they assumed a threatening attitude. Violence and robbery were extending. It seemed that only the spectacle of the perishing city arrested attention, and restrained for the

moment an outburst of slaughter, which would begin as soon as the city was turned into ruins. . . .

The city burned on. The Circus Maximus had fallen in ruins. Entire streets and alleys in parts which began to burn first were falling in turn. After every fall pillars of flame rose for a time to the very sky. The wind had changed, and blew now with mighty force from the sea, bearing toward the Cælian, the Esquiline, and the Viminal rivers of flame, brands, and cinders. Still the authorities provided for rescue. At command of Tigellinus, who had hastened from Antium the third day before, houses on the Esquiline were torn down so that the fire, reaching empty spaces, died of itself. That was, however, undertaken solely to save a remnant of the city; to save that which was burning was not to be thought of. There was need also to guard against further results of the ruin. Incalculable wealth had perished in Rome; all the property of its citizens had vanished; hundreds of thousands of people were wandering in utter want outside the walls. Hunger had begun to pinch this throng the second day, for the immense stores of provisions in the city had burned with it. In the universal disorder and in the destruction of authority no one had thought of furnishing new supplies. Only after the arrival of Tigellinus were proper orders sent to Ostia; but meanwhile the people had grown more threatening.

The house at Aqua Appia, in which Tigellinus lodged for the moment, was surrounded by crowds of women, who from morning till late at night cried, "Bread and a roof!" Vainly did pretorians, brought from the great camp between the Via Salaria and the Nomentana, strive to maintain order of some kind. Here and there they were met by open, armed resistance. In places weaponless crowds pointed to the burning city, and shouted, "Kill us in view of that fire!" They abused Cæsar, the Augustians, the pretorians; excitement rose every moment, so that Tigellinus, looking at night on the thousands of fires around the city, said to himself that those were fires in hostile camps.

Besides flour, as much baked bread as possible was brought at his command, not only from Ostia, but from all towns and neighboring villages. When the first installment came at night to the Emporium, the people broke the chief gate toward the Aventine, seized all supplies in the twinkle of an eye, and caused terrible disturbance. In the light of the conflagration they fought for loaves, and trampled many of them into the earth.

Flour from torn bags whitened like snow the whole space from the granary to the arches of Drusus and Germanicus. The uproar continued till soldiers seized the building and dispersed the crowd with arrows and missiles.

Never since the invasion by the Gauls under Brennus had Rome beheld such disaster. People in despair compared the two conflagrations. But in the time of Brennus the Capitol remained. Now the Capitol was encircled by a dreadful wreath of flame. The marbles, it is true, were not blazing; but at night, when the wind swept the flames aside for a moment, rows of columns in the lofty sanctuary of Jove were visible, red as glowing coals. In the days of Brennus, moreover, Rome had a disciplined integral people, attached to the city and its altars; but now crowds of a many-tongued populace roamed nomad-like around the walls of burning Rome, — people composed for the greater part of slaves and freedmen, excited, disorderly, and ready, under the pressure of want, to turn against authority and the city.

But the very immensity of the fire, which terrified every heart, disarmed the crowd in a certain measure. After fire might come famine and disease; and to complete the misfortune the terrible heat of July had appeared. It was impossible to breathe air inflamed both by fire and the sun. Night brought no relief, on the contrary it presented a hell. During daylight an awful and ominous spectacle met the eye. In the center a giant city on heights was turned into a roaring volcano; round about as far as the Alban Hills was one boundless camp, formed of sheds, tents, huts, vehicles, bales, packs, stands, fires, all covered with smoke and dust, lighted by sun rays reddened by passing through smoke — everything filled with roars, shouts, threats, hatred and terror, a monstrous swarm of men, women, and children. Mingled with Quirites were Greeks, shaggy men from the North with blue eyes, Africans, and Asiatics; among citizens were slaves, freedmen, gladiators, merchants, mechanics, servants, and soldiers, — a real sea of people, flowing around the island of fire.

Various reports moved this sea as wind does a real one. These reports were favorable and unfavorable. People told of immense supplies of wheat and clothing to be brought to the Emporium and distributed gratis. It was said, too, that provinces in Asia and Africa would be stripped of their wealth at Cæsar's command, and the treasures thus gained be given to

the inhabitants of Rome, so that each man might build his own dwelling. But it was noised about also that water in the aqueducts had been poisoned; that Nero intended to annihilate the city, destroy the inhabitants to the last person, then move to Greece or to Egypt, and rule the world from a new place. Each report ran with lightning speed, and each found belief among the rabble, causing outbursts of hope, anger, terror, or rage. Finally a kind of fever mastered those nomadic thousands. The belief of Christians, that the end of the world by fire was at hand, spread even among adherents of the gods, and extended daily. People fell into torpor or madness. In clouds lighted by the burning, gods were seen gazing down on the ruin; hands were stretched toward those gods then to implore pity or send them curses.

Meanwhile soldiers, aided by a certain number of inhabitants, continued to tear down houses on the Esquiline and the Cælian, as also in the Trans-Tiber; these divisions were saved therefore in considerable part. But in the city itself were destroyed incalculable treasures accumulated through centuries of conquest; priceless works of art, splendid temples, the most precious monuments of Rome's past and Rome's glory. They foresaw that of all Rome there would remain barely a few parts on the edges, and that hundreds of thousands of people would be without a roof. Some spread reports that the soldiers were tearing down houses not to stop the fire, but to prevent any part of the city from being saved. Tigellinus sent courier after courier to Antium, imploring Cæsar in each letter to come and calm the despairing people with his presence. But Nero moved only when fire had seized the "domus transitoria," and he hurried so as not to miss the moment in which the conflagration should be at its highest.

Meanwhile fire had reached the Via Nomentana, but turned from it at once with a change of wind toward the Via Lata and the Tiber. It surrounded the Capitol, spread along the Forum Boarium, destroyed everything which it had spared before, and approached the Palatine a second time.

Tigellinus, assembling all the pretorian forces, dispatched courier after courier to Cæsar with an announcement that he would lose nothing of the grandeur of the spectacle, for the fire had increased.

But Nero, who was on the road, wished to come at night, so as to sate himself all the better with a view of the perishing

capital. Therefore he halted, in the neighborhood of Aqua Albana, and, summoning to his tent the tragedian Aliturus, decided with his aid on posture, look, and expression; learned fitting gestures, disputing with the actor stubbornly whether at the words "O sacred city, which seemed more enduring than Ida," he was to raise both hands, or, holding in one the forminga, drop it by his side, and raise only the other. This question seemed to him then more important than all others. Starting at last about nightfall, he took counsel of Petronius also whether to the lines describing the catastrophe he might add a few magnificent blasphemies against the gods, and whether, considered from the standpoint of art, they would not have rushed spontaneously from the mouth of a man in such a position, a man who was losing his birthplace.

At length he approached the walls about midnight with his numerous court, composed of whole detachments of nobles, senators, knights, freedmen, slaves, women, and children. Sixteen thousand pretorians, arranged in line of battle along the road, guarded the peace and safety of his entrance, and held the excited populace at a proper distance. The people cursed, shouted, and hissed on seeing the retinue, but dared not attack it. In many places, however, applause was given by the rabble, which, owning nothing, had lost nothing in the fire, and which hoped for a more bountiful distribution than usual of wheat, olives, clothing, and money. Finally, shouts, hissing, and applause were drowned in the blare of horns and trumpets, which Tigellinus had caused to be sounded.

Nero, on arriving at the Ostian Gate, halted, and said, "Houseless ruler of a houseless people, where shall I lay my unfortunate head for the night?"

After he had passed the Clivus Delphini, he ascended the Appian aqueduct on steps prepared purposely. After him followed the Augustians and a choir of singers bearing citharæ, lutes, and other musical instruments.

And all held the breath in their breasts, waiting to learn if he would say some great words, which for their own safety they ought to remember. But he stood solemn, silent, in a purple mantle and a wreath of golden laurels, gazing at the raging might of the flames. When Terpnos gave him a golden lute, he raised his eyes to the sky, filled with the conflagration, as if he were waiting for inspiration.

The people pointed at him from afar as he stood in the

bloody gleam. In the distance fiery serpents were hissing. The ancient and most sacred edifices were in flames; the temple of Hercules, reared by Evander, was burning, the temple of Jupiter Stator was burning, the temple of Luna, built by Servius Tullius, the house of Numa Pompilius, the sanctuary of Vesta with the penates of the Roman people; through waving flames the Capitol appeared at intervals; the past and the spirit of Rome was burning. But he, Cæsar, was there with a lute in his hand and a theatrical expression on his face, not thinking of his perishing country, but of his posture and the prophetic words with which he might describe best the greatness of the catastrophe, rouse most admiration, and receive the warmest plaudits. He detested that city, he detested its inhabitants, he loved only his own songs and verses; hence he rejoiced in heart that at last he saw a tragedy like that which he was writing. The verse maker was happy, the declaimer felt inspired, the seeker for emotions was delighted at the awful sight, and thought with rapture that even the destruction of Troy was as nothing if compared with the destruction of that giant city. What more could he desire? There was world-ruling Rome in flames, and he, standing on the arches of the aqueduct with a golden lute, conspicuous, purple, admired, magnificent, poetic. Down below, somewhere in the darkness, the people are muttering and storming. But let them mutter! Ages will pass, thousands of years will go by, but mankind will remember and glorify the poet, who in that night sang the fall and the burning of Troy. What was Homer compared with him. What Apollo himself with his hollowed-out lute?

Here he raised his hands, and, striking the strings, propronounced the words of Priam.

"A nest of my fathers, O dear cradle!" His voice, in the open air, with the roar of the conflagration, and the distant murmur of crowding thousands, seemed marvellously weak, uncertain, and low, and the sound of the accompaniment like the buzzing of insects. But senators, dignitaries, and Augustians, assembled on the aqueduct, bowed their heads and listened in silent rapture. He sang long, and his motive was ever sadder. At moments, when he stopped to catch breath, the chorus of singers repeated the last verse; then Nero cast the tragic "syrma" from his shoulder with a gesture learned from Alitirus, struck the lute, and sang on. When at last he had finished the lines composed, he improvised, seeking grandiose compari-

sons in the spectacle unfolded before him. His face began to change. He was not moved, it is true, by the destruction of his country's capital; but he was delighted and moved with the pathos of his own words to such a degree that his eyes filled with tears on a sudden. At last he dropped the lute to his feet with a clatter, and, wrapping himself in the "syrma" stood as if petrified, like one of those statues of Niobe which ornamented the courtyard of the Palatine.

Soon a storm of applause broke the silence. But in the distance this was answered by the howling of multitudes. No one doubted then that Cæsar had given command to burn the city, so as to afford himself a spectacle and sing a song at it. Nero, when he heard that cry from hundreds of thousands, turned to the Augustians with the sad, resigned smile of a man who is suffering from injustice.

"See," said he, "how the Quirites value poetry and me."

"Scoundrels!" answered Vatinius. "Command the pretorians, lord, to fall on them."

Nero turned to Tigellinus: —

"Can I count on the loyalty of the soldiers?"

"Yes, divinity," answered the prefect.

But Petronius shrugged his shoulders, and said: —

"On their loyalty, yes, but not on their numbers. Remain meanwhile where thou art, for here it is safest; but there is need to pacify the people."

Seneca was of this opinion also, as was Licinus the consul. Meanwhile the excitement below was increasing. The people were arming with stones, tent poles, sticks from the wagons, planks, and various pieces of iron. After a while some of the pretorian leaders came, declaring that the cohorts, pressed by the multitude, kept the line of battle with extreme difficulty, and, being without orders to attack, they knew not what to do.

"O gods," said Nero, "what a night!" On one side a fire, on the other a raging sea of people. And he fell to seeking expressions the most splendid to describe the danger of the moment, but, seeing around him alarmed looks and pale faces, he was frightened, with the others.

"Give me my dark mantle with a hood!" cried he; "must it come really to battle?"

"Lord," said Tigellinus, in an uncertain voice, "I have done what I could, but danger is threatening. Speak, O lord, to the people, and make them promises."

"Shall Cæsar speak to the rabble? Let another do that in my name. Who will undertake it?"

"I!" answered Petronius, calmly.

"Go, my friend; thou art most faithful to me in every necessity. Go, and spare no promises."

Petronius turned to the retinue with a careless, sarcastic expression: —

"Senators here present, also Piso, Nerva, and Senecio, follow me."

Then he descended the aqueduct slowly. Those whom he had summoned followed, not without hesitation, but with a certain confidence which his calmness had given them. Petronius, halting at the foot of the arches, gave command to bring him a white horse, and, mounting, rode on, at the head of the cavalcade, between the deep ranks of pretorians, to the black, howling multitude; he was unarmed, having only a slender ivory cane which he carried habitually.

When he had ridden up, he pushed his horse into the throng. All around, visible in the light of the burning, were upraised hands, armed with every manner of weapon, inflamed eyes, sweating faces, bellowing and foaming lips. A mad sea of people surrounded him and his attendants; round about was a sea of heads, moving, roaring, dreadful.

The outbursts increased and became an unearthly roar; poles, forks, and even swords were brandished above Petronius; grasping hands were stretched toward his horse's reins and toward him, but he rode farther, cool, indifferent, contemptuous. At moments he struck the most insolent heads with his cane, as if clearing a road for himself in an ordinary crowd; and that confidence of his, that calmness, amazed the raging rabble. They recognized him at length, and numerous voices began to shout: —

"Petronius! Arbiter Elegantiarum! Petronius! Petronius!" was heard on all sides. And as that name was repeated, the faces above became less terrible, the uproar less savage: for that exquisite patrician, though he had never striven for the favor of the populace, was still their favorite. He passed for a humane and magnanimous man; and his popularity had increased, especially since the affair of Pedanius Secundus, when he spoke in favor of mitigating the cruel sentence condemning all the slaves of that prefect to death. The slaves more especially loved him henceforward with that un-

bounded love which the oppressed or unfortunate are accustomed to give those who show them even small sympathy. Besides, in that moment was added curiosity as to what Cæsar's envoy would say, for none doubted that Cæsar had sent him.

He removed his white toga, bordered with scarlet, raised it in the air, and waved it above his head in sign that he wished to speak.

"Silence! silence!" cried the people on all sides.

After a while there was silence. Then he straightened himself on the horse and said in a clear, firm voice: —

"Citizens, let those who hear me repeat my words to those who are more distant, and bear yourselves, all of you, like men, not like beasts in the arena."

"We will, we will!"

"Then listen. The city will be rebuilt. The gardens of Lucullus, Mæcenas, Cæsar, and Aggrippina will be opened to you. To-morrow will begin the distribution of wheat, wine, and olives, so that every man may be full to the throat. Then Cæsar will have games for you, such as the world has not seen yet; during these games banquets and gifts will be given you. Ye will be richer after the fire than before it."

A murmur answered him, which spread from the center in every direction, as a wave rises on water in which a stone has been cast. Those nearer repeated his words to those more distant. Afterward were heard here and there shouts of anger or applause, which turned at length into one universal call of "Panem et circenses!!!"

Petronius wrapped himself in his toga and listened for a time without moving, resembling in his white garment a marble statute. The uproar increased, drowned the roar of the fire, was answered from every side and from ever-increasing distances. But evidently the envoy had something to add, for he waited. Finally, commanding silence anew, he cried: —

"I promised you panem et circenses; and now give a shout in honor of Cæsar, who feeds and clothes you; then go to sleep, dear populace, for the dawn will begin before long."

He turned his horse then, and, tapping lightly with his cane the heads and faces of those who stood in his way, he rode slowly to the pretorian ranks. Soon he was under the aqueduct. He found almost a panic above, where they had not understood the shout "Panem et circenses," and supposed

it to be a new outburst of rage. They had not even expected that Petronius would save himself; so Nero, when he saw him, ran to the steps, and with face pale from emotion, inquired: —

"Well, what are they doing? Is there a battle?"

Petronius drew air into his lungs, breathed deeply, and answered: —

"By Pollux! they are sweating! and such a stench! Will some one give me an epilimma? — for I am faint." Then he turned to Cæsar.

"I promised them," he said, "wheat, olives, the opening of the gardens, and games. They worship thee anew, and are howling in thy honor. Gods, what a foul odor those plebeians have!"

"I had pretorians ready," cried Tigellinus; "and hadst thou not quieted them, the shouters would have been silenced forever. It is a pity, Cæsar, that thou didst not let me use force."

Petronious looked at him, shrugged his shoulders, and added: —

"The chance is not lost. Thou mayst have to use it to-morrow."

"No, no!" cried Cæsar, "I will give command to open the gardens to them, and distribute wheat. Thanks to thee, Petronius, I will have games; and that song which I sang to-day, I will sing publicly."

Then he placed his hands on the arbiter's shoulder, was silent a moment, and starting up at last inquired: —

"Tell me sincerely, how did I seem to thee while I was singing?"

"Thou wert worthy of the spectacle, and the spectacle was worthy of thee," said Petronius.

"But let us look at it again," said he, turning to the fire, "and bid farewell to ancient Rome."

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

Simms, William Gilmore, an American novelist and poet; born at Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806; died there, June 11, 1870. He was for a time a clerk in a drug-store; afterward studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but did not enter upon regular practice. In 1827 he put forth a volume of "Lyrical and Other Poems," which was followed from time to time by other volumes of verse, among which are "The Vision of Cortes" (1829); "Atalantis" (1832); "Southern Passages and Pictures" (1839); "Areytos" (1846); "Lays of the Palmetto" (1848), and a fresh collection of "Poems" (1853). He wrote biographies of "Francis Marion" (1844); "Captain John Smith" (1846); and "Nathanael Greene" (1849); and edited a volume of "The War Poetry of the South" (1867). The greater part of his works consists of novels, of which he wrote about thirty, among which are "Martin Faber" (1833); "Guy Rivers" (1834); "The Yemassee" (1835); "Pelayo" (1838); "The Kinsman" (1841), reprinted as "The Scout" (1854); "Katherine Walton" (1851); "Charlemont" (1856); "The Cassique of Kiawah" (1860). An edition of the novels by which he set most store was published in 1859, in nineteen volumes.

A Midnight Attack.

(From "The Yemassee.")

Let us now return to the chamber of Bess Matthews. She slept not soundly, but unconsciously, and heard not the distant but approaching cry — "Sangarrah-me — Sangarrah-me!" The war had begun; and in the spirit and with the words of Yemassee battle, the thirst for blood was universal among their warriors. From the war-dance, blessed by the prophet, stimulated by his exhortations, and warmed by the blood of their human sacrifice, they had started upon the war-path in every direction. The larger division, led on by Sanutee and the prophet, took their course directly for Charleston, while Ishiagaska, heading a smaller party, proceeded to the frontier settlements upon the Pocota-ligo, intending massacre along the

whole line of the white borders, including the now flourishing town of Beaufort. From house to house, with the stealth of a cat, he led his band to indiscriminate slaughter, and, diverging with this object from one settlement to another, he contrived to reach every dwelling-place of the whites known to him in that neighborhood. But in many places he had been foiled. The providential arrangements of Harrison, wherever, in the brief time allowed him, he had found it possible, had rendered their design in great part innocuous throughout that section, and, duly angered with his disappointment, it was not long before Ishiagaska came to the little cottage of the pastor. The lights had been all extinguished, and, save on the eastern side, the dwelling lay in the deepest shadow. The quiet of the whole scene formed an admirable contrast to the horrors gathering in perspective, and about to destroy its sacred and sweet repose forever.

With the wonted caution of the Indian, Ishiagaska led on his band in silence. No sound was permitted to go before the assault. The war-whoop, with which they anticipate or accompany the stroke of battle, was not suffered, in the present instance, to prepare, with a salutary terror, the minds of their destined victims. Massacre, not battle, was the purpose, and the secret stratagem of the marauder usurped the fierce habit of the avowed warrior. Passing from cover to cover, the wily savage at length approached the cottage with his party. He stationed them around it, concealed each under his tree. He alone advanced to the dwelling with the stealth of a panther. Avoiding the clear path of the moon, he availed himself, now of one and now of another shelter — the bush, the tree — whatever might afford a concealing shadow in his approach; and where this was wanting, throwing himself flat upon the ground, he crawled on like a serpent — now lying snug and immovable, now taking a new start and hurrying in his progress, and at last placing himself successfully alongside of the little white paling which fenced in the cottage, and ran at a little distance around it. He parted the thong which secured the wicket with his knife, ascended the little avenue, and then, giving ear to every quarter of the dwelling, and finding all still, proceeded on tiptoe to try the fastenings of every window. The door he felt was secure — so was each window in the body of the house, which he at length encompassed, noting every aperture in it. At length he came to the chamber where Bess Matthews slept,

— a chamber forming one-half of the little shed, or addition to the main dwelling — the other half being occupied for the same purpose by her parents. He placed his hand gently upon the shutter, and with savage joy he felt it yield beneath his touch.

The moment Ishiagaska made this discovery, he silently retreated to a little distance from the dwelling, and with a signal which had been agreed upon — the single and melancholy note of the whip-poor-will — he gave notice to his band for their approach. Imitating his previous caution, they came forward individually to the cottage, and gathering around him, under the shadow of a neighboring tree, they duly arranged the method of surprise.

This done, under the guidance of Ishiagaska, they again approached the dwelling, and a party having been stationed at the door in silence, another party with their leader returned to the window which was accessible. Lifted quietly upon the shoulders of two of them, Ishiagaska was at once upon a level with it. He had already drawn it aside, and, by the light of the moon which streamed into the little apartment, he was enabled with a single glance to take in its contents. The half-slumbering girl felt conscious of a sudden gush of air — a rustling sound, and perhaps a darkening shadow; but the obtrusion was not sufficient to alarm into action faculties which had been so very much excited, and subsequently depressed, by the severe mental trials to which she had been subjected, and which did not cease to trouble her even while she slept. It was in her exhaustion only that sleep came to her relief. But even in her dreams there floated images of terror; and vague aspects that troubled or threatened, caused her to moan in her sleep, as at a danger still to be apprehended or deplored. She lay motionless, however, and the wily savage succeeeded in gaining the floor of her chamber without disturbing the sleeper. Here he stood, silent for a while, surveying at his ease the composed and beautiful outline of his victim's person. And she was beautiful — the ancient worship might well have chosen such an offering in sacrifice to his choice demon. Never did her beauty show forth more exquisitely than now, when murder stood nigh, ready to blast it forever — ready to wrest the sacred fire of life from the altar of that heart which had maintained itself so well worthy of the heaven from whence it came. Ishiagaska looked on, but with no feeling inconsistent with the previous aim which had brought him there. The dress had

fallen low from her neck, and in the meek, spiritual light of the moon, the soft, wave-like heave of the scarce living principle within her bosom was like that of some blessed thing, susceptible of death, yet, at the same time, strong in the possession of the most exquisite developments of life. Her long tresses hung about her neck, relieving, but not concealing, its snowy whiteness. One arm fell over the side of the couch, nerveless, but soft and snowy as the frostwreath lifted by the capricious wind. The other lay pressed upon her bosom above her heart, as if restraining those trying apprehensions which had formed so large a portion of her prayers when she laid herself down to sleep. It was a picture for any eye but that of the savage — a picture softening any mood but that of the habitual murderer. It worked no change in the ferocious soul of Ishiagaska. He looked, but without emotion. Nor was he long disposed to hesitate. Assisting another of the Indians into the apartment, who passed at once through it into the hall adjoining, the door of which he was to unbar for the rest, Ishiagaska now approached the couch, and drawing his knife from the sheath, the broad blade was uplifted, shining bright in the moonbeams, and the inflexible point bore down upon that sweet, white round, in which all was loveliness, and where was all of life; — the fair bosom, the pure heart, where the sacred principles of purity and of vitality had at once their abiding place. With one hand he lifted aside the long white finger that lay upon it, and in the next instant the blow would have descended fatally, but that the maiden's sleep was less sound than it appeared. His footsteps had not disturbed her, but his touch did. The pressure of his grasp brought instant consciousness to her sense. This may have been assisted also by the glare of the moon across her eyes; the window, opened by the red man, remaining still wide. Turning uneasily beneath the glare, she felt the savage gripe upon her fingers. It was an instinct, swift as the lightning, that made her grasp the uplifted arm with a strength of despairing nature, not certainly her own. She started with a shriek, and the change of position accompanying her movement, and the unlooked-for direction and restraint given to his arm, when, in that nervous grasp, she seized it, partially diverted the down-descending weapon of death. It grazed slightly aside, inflicting a wound, of which, at that moment, she was perfectly unconscious. Again she cried out with a convulsive scream, as she saw him

transfer the knife from the one to the other hand. For a few seconds her struggles were all-powerful, and kept back, for that period of time, the fate which had been so certain. But what could the frail spirit, the soft hand, the unexercised muscles avail or achieve against such an enemy and in such a contest? With another scream, as of one in a last agony, consciousness went from her in the conviction of the perfect fruitlessness of the contest. With a single apostrophe —

"God be merciful — oh! my father — oh! Gabriel, save me — Gabriel — Ah! God, God — he cannot —" her eye closed, and she lay supine under the knife of the savage.

But the first scream which she uttered had reached the ears of her father, who had been more sleepless than herself. The scream of his child had been sufficient to give renewed activity and life to the limbs of the aged pastor. Starting from his couch, and seizing upon a massive club which stood in the corner of his chamber, he rushed desperately into the apartment of Bess, and happily in time. Her own resistance had been sufficient to give pause for this new succor, and it ceased just when the old man, now made conscious of the danger, cried aloud in the spirit of his faith, while striking a blow which, effectually diverting Ishiagaska from the maiden, compelled him to defend himself.

"Strike with me, Father of Mercies," cried the old Puritan — "strike with thy servant — thou who struck with David and with Gideon, and who swept thy waters against Pharaoh — strike with the arm of thy poor instrument. Make the savage to bite the dust, while I strike — I slay in thy name, Oh! thou avenger — even in the name of the Great Jehovah!"

And calling aloud in some such apostrophe upon the name of the Deity at every effort which he made with his club, the old pastor gained a temporary advantage over the savage, who, retreating from his first furious assault to the opposite side of the couch, enabled him to place himself alongside of his child. Without giving himself a moment even to her restoration, with a paroxysm of fury that really seemed from heaven, he advanced upon his enemy — the club swinging over his head with an exhibition of strength that was remarkable in so old a man. Ishiagaska, pressed thus, unwilling with his knife to venture within its reach, had recourse to his tomahawk, which, hurriedly, he threw at the head of his approaching assailant. But the aim was wide — the deadly weapon flew into the opposite

wall, and the blow of the club rang upon the head of the Indian with sufficient effect, first to stagger, and then to bring him down. This done, the old man rushed to the window, where two other savages were laboring to elevate a third to the entrance; and, with another sweep of his mace he defeated their design, by crushing down the elevated person whose head and hands were just above the sill of the window. In their first confusion, he closed the shutter, and securely bolted it, then turned, with all the aroused affections of a father, to the restoration of his child.

Meanwhile, the Indian who had undertaken to unclose the main entrance for his companions, ignorant of the sleeping negro before it, stumbled over him. July, who, like most negroes suddenly awaking, was stupid and confused, rose, however, with a sort of instinct; rubbing his eyes with the fingers of one hand, he stretched out the other to the bar, and, without being at all conscious of what he was doing, lifted it from its socket. He was soon brought to a sense of his error, as a troop of half-naked savages rushed through the opening, pushing him aside with a degree of violence which soon taught him his danger. He knew now that they were enemies; and, with the uplifted bar still in his hand, he felled the foremost of those around him — who happened to be the fellow who first stumbled over him — and rushed bravely enough among the rest. But the weapon he made use of was an unwieldy one, and not at all calculated for such a contest. He was soon taught to discover this, fatally, when it swung uselessly around, and was put aside by one of the more wily savages, who, adroitly closing in with the courageous negro, soon brought him to the ground. In falling, however, he contrived to grapple with his more powerful enemy, and the two went down in a close embrace together. But the hatchet was in the hand of the Indian, and a moment after his fall it crushed into the skull of the negro. Another and another blow followed, and soon ended the struggle. While the pulse was still quivering in his heart, and ere his eyes had yet closed in the swimming convulsions of death, the negro felt the sharp blade of the knife sweeping around his head. The conqueror was about to complete his triumph by taking off the scalp of his victim, "as ye peel the fig when the fruit is fresh," when a light, borne by the half-dressed wife of the pastor, appeared at the door. She gave new terrors, by her screams, to the scene of blood and strife

going on in the hall. At the same moment, followed by his daughter, who vainly entreated him to remain in the chamber, the pastor rushed headlong forward, wielding the club, so successful already against one set of enemies, in contest with another.

"Go not, father — go not," she cried earnestly, now fully restored to the acutest consciousness, and clinging to him passionately all the while.

"Go not, John, I pray you — " implored the old lady, endeavoring to arrest him. But his impulse, under all circumstances, was the wisest policy. He could not hope for safety by hugging his chamber, and a bold struggle to the last — a fearless heart, ready hand, and teeth clenched with a fixed purpose — exhibit a proper reason when dealing with the avowed enemy. A furious inspiration seemed to fill his heart as he went forward, crying aloud: —

"I fear not. The buckler of Jehovah is over his servant. I go under the banner — I fight in the service of God. Keep me not back, woman — has he not said — shall I misbelieve — he will protect his servant. He will strike with the shepherd, and the wolf shall be smitten from the fold. Avoid thee, savage — unloose thee from thy prey. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

Thus saying, he rushed like one inspired upon the savage whose knife had already swept around the head of the negro. The scalping of July's head was a more difficult matter than the Indian had dreamed of, fighting in the dark. It was only when he laid hands upon it that he found the difficulty of taking a secure hold. There was no war-tuft to seize upon, and the wool had been recently abridged by the judicious scissors. He had, accordingly, literally to peel away the scalp with the flesh itself. The pastor interposed just after he had begun the operation.

"Avoid thee, thou bloody Philistine — give up thy prey. The vengeance of the God of Jacob is upon thee. In his name I strike, I slay."

As he shouted he struck a headlong, a heavy blow, which, could it have taken effect, would most probably have been fatal. But the pastor knew nothing of the arts of war, and though on his knees over the negro, and almost under the feet of his new assailant, the Indian was too "cunning of fence," too well practised in strategy, to be overcome in this simple

manner. With a single jerk which completed his labor, he tore the reeking scalp from the head of the negro, and dropping his own at the same instant on a level with the floor, the stroke of the pastor went clean over it; and the assailant himself, borne forward incontinently by the ill-advised effort, was hurried stunningly against the wall of the apartment, and in the thick of his enemies. In a moment they had him down — the club wrested from his hands, and exhaustion necessarily following such prodigious and unaccustomed efforts in so old a man, he now lay without strength or struggle under the knives of his captors.

As she beheld the condition of her father, all fear, all stupor, passed away instantly from the mind of Bess Matthews. She rushed forward — she threw herself between the red men and their victim, and entreated their knives to her heart rather than to his. Clasping the legs of the warrior immediately bestriding the body of the old man, with all a woman's and a daughter's eloquence she prayed for pity. But she spoke to unwilling ears, and to senses that, scorning any such appeals in their own cases, looked upon them with sovereign contempt when made by others. She saw this in the grim smile with which he heard her apostrophes. His white teeth, gleaming out between the dusky lips which enclosed them, looked to her fears like those of the hungry tiger, gnashing with delight at the banquet of blood at last spread before it. While yet she spoke, his hand tore away from her hair a long and glittering ornament which had confined it — another tore from her neck the clustering necklace which could not adorn it; and the vain fancies of the savage immediately appropriated them as decorations for his own person — her own head-ornament being stuck most fantastically in the long, single tuft of hair — the war-tuft, and all that is left at that period — of him who had seized it. She saw how much pleasure the bauble imparted, and a new suggestion of her thought gave her a momentary hope.

"Spare him — spare his life, and thou shalt have more — thou shalt have beads and rings. Look — look," — and the jewelled ring from her finger, and another, a sacred pledge from Harrison, were given into his grasp. He seized them with avidity.

"Good — good — more!" cried the ferocious but frivolous savage, in the few words of broken English which he imperfectly uttered in reply to hers, and which he well understood;

for such had been the degree of intimacy existing between the Yemassees and the settlers, that but few of the former were entirely ignorant of some portions of the language of the latter. So far, something had been gained in pleasing her enemy. She rushed to the chamber, and hurried forth with a little casket, containing a locket, and sundry other trifles commonly found in a lady's cabinet. Her mother, in the meanwhile, having arranged her dress, hurriedly came forth also, provided, in like manner, with all such jewels as seemed most calculated to win the mercy which they sought. They gave all into his hands, and, possibly, had he been alone, these concessions would have saved them, — their lives at least; for these — now the spoils of the individual savage to whom they were given — had they been found in the sack of the house, must have been common stock with all of them. But the rest of the band were not disposed for mercy when they beheld such an appropriation of their plunder, and while they were pleading with the savage for the life of the pastor, Ishiagaska, recovered from the blow which had stunned him, entering the apartment, immediately changed the prospects of all the party. He was inflamed to double ferocity by the stout defence which had been offered where he had been taught to anticipate so little; and, with a fierce cry, seizing Bess by the long hair, which, from the loss of her comb, now streamed over her shoulders, he waved the tomahawk in air, bidding his men follow his example and do execution upon the rest. Another savage, with the word, seized upon the old lady. These sights re-aroused the pastor. With a desperate effort he threw the knee of his enemy from his breast, and was about to rise, when the stroke of a stick from one of the captors descended stunningly, but not fatally, and sent him once more to the ground.

"Father — father! — God of mercy — look, mother! they have slain him — they have slain my father!" and she wildly struggled with her captor, but without avail. There was but a moment now, and she saw the hatchet descending. That moment was for prayer, but the terror was too great; for as she beheld the whirling arm and the wave of the glittering steel, she closed her eyes, and insensibility came to her relief, while she sank down under the feet of the savage — a simultaneous movement of the Indians placing both of her parents at the same moment in anticipation of the same awful destiny that threatened her.

SIMONIDES.

Simonides, a Greek lyric poet; born on the island of Ceos in 556 B. C., died at Syracuse in 469 B. C. Shortly before the Persian War he went to Athens, where he wrote numerous epigrams, elegies, and dirges in connection with that memorable contest. In 477 B. C. he was for the fifty-sixth time victor in a poetical contest at Athens. Toward the close of his life he took up his residence at the Court of Hiero, ruler of Syracuse, on the island of Sicily. Many of his pieces relating to the Persian War have been handed down in the Greek Anthology.

Time is Fleeting.

To one dread gulf all things in common tend:
There loftiest virtues, amplest riches, end.
Long are we dying; reckoned up from birth,
Few years, and evil those, are ours on earth.

Of men the strength is small, the hopes are vain,
And pain in life's brief space is heaped on pain;
And death inevitable hangs in air,
Of which alike the good and evil share.

'Mid mortal beings naught for ever stays;
And thus with beauteous love the Chian says,
"The race of man departs like forest leaves;"
Though seldom he who hears the truth receives.

For hope, not far from each, in every heart —
Of men full-grown, or those unripe — will start:
And still while blooms the lovely flower of youth,
The empty mind delights to dream untruth;
Expects nor age nor death, and bold and strong
Thinks not that sickness e'er can work it wrong.

Epitaphs.

A poor man, not a Crœsus, here lies dead,
And small the sepulchre befitting me:
Gorgippus I, who knew no marriage-bed
Before I wedded pale Persephone.

Thou liest, O Clisthenes, in foreign earth,
Whom wandering o'er the Euxine destiny found:
Thou couldst not reach thy happy place of birth,
Nor seest the waves that gird thy Chios round.

Young Gorgo dying to her mother said,
While clinging on her bosom wept the maid,
"Beside my father stay thou here, and bear
A happier daughter for thine age to care."

Ah! sore disease, to men why enviest thou
Their prime of years before they join the dead? —
His life from fair Timarchus snatching now,
Before the youth his maiden bride could wed.

Epigrams, Epitaphs, and Elegies.

Go, passer-by, to Lacedæmon tell,
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.
Of those at famed Thermopylæ who lie,
Glorious the fortune, bright their destiny.
Their tomb an altar is; their noble name
A fond remembrance of ancestral fame;
Their death a song of triumph. Neither rust,
Nor time that turns all mortal things to dust,
Shall dim the splendor of that holy shrine
Where Greece forever sees her native virtues shine.
Nobly to die! if that be Virtue's crown,
Fortune to us her bounty well displayed.
Striving to make Greece free, we gained renown
That shrouds us where we lie, and ne'er can fade.

Danaë.

Whilst, around her lone ark sweeping,
Wailed the winds and waters wild,
Her wan cheeks all wan and weeping,
Danaë clasped her sleeping child.

And, "Alas," cried she, "my dearest,
What deep wrongs, what woes are mine!
But not woes nor wrongs thou fearest,
In that sinless rest of thine.

"Faint the moonbeams break above thee,
And within here, all is gloom;
But wrapt fast in arms that love thee,
Little reck'st thou of thy doom.

"Not the rude spray round thee flying
Has ever damped thy clustering hair,
On thy purple mantlet lying,
O mine Innocent, my Fair!

"Yet, to thee were Sorrow sorrow,
Thou wouldst lend thy little ear,
And this heart of mine might borrow
Haply yet a moment's cheer.

"But no. Slumber on, Babe, slumber;
Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you,
My dark troubles without number,
Oh! that ye would slumber, too!

"Though with wrongs they 've brimmed my chalice,
Grant, Jove, that in future years
This boy may defeat their malice,
And avenge his mother's tears!"

ADAM SMITH

ADAM SMITH.

Smith, Adam, a famous Scottish political economist; born at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, June 5, 1723; died at Edinburgh, July 17, 1790. He studied at the University of Glasgow, and at Oxford. In 1748 he took up his residence at Edinburgh, where he lectured on rhetoric and belles-lettres. In 1752 he was made Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, holding that position for nearly twelve years. In 1759 he published his "Theory of the Moral Sentiments." In 1764 he resigned his professorship, and travelled for two years on the Continent. He then took up his residence with his mother at his native Kirkcaldy, where for ten years he devoted himself to the study of social science. The result was his "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," which was published in 1776, and is conceded to be the first systematic statement of the fundamental principles of political economy. In 1777 he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Customs for Scotland. In 1777 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

Of The Wages of Labor.

(From the "Wealth of Nations.")

The produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor.

In that original state of things, which precedes both the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock, the whole produce of labor belongs to the laborer. He has neither landlord nor master to share with him.

Had this state continued, the wages of labor would have augmented with all those improvements in its productive powers, to which the division of labor gives occasion. All things would gradually have become cheaper. They would have been produced by a smaller quantity of labor; and as the commodities produced by equal quantities of labor would naturally in this state of things be exchanged for one another, they would have been purchased likewise with the produce of a smaller quantity.

But though all things would have become cheaper in reality, in appearance many things might have become dearer than before, or have been exchanged for a greater quantity of other goods. Let us suppose, for example, that in the greater part of employments the productive powers of labor had been improved to tenfold, or that a day's labor could produce ten times the quantity of work which it had done originally; but that in a particular employment they had been improved only to double, or that a day's labor could produce only twice the quantity of work which it had done before. In exchanging the produce of a day's labor in the greater part of employments, for that of a day's labor in this particular one, ten times the original quantity of work in them would purchase only twice the original quantity in it. Any particular quantity in it, therefore, — a pound weight for example, — would appear to be five times dearer than before. In reality, however, it would be twice as cheap. Though it required five times the quantity of other goods to produce it, it would require only half the quantity of labor either to purchase or to produce it. The acquisition, therefore, would be twice as easy as before.

But this original state of things, in which the laborer enjoyed the whole produce of his own labor, could not last beyond the first introduction of the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock. It was at an end, therefore, long before the most considerable improvements were made in the productive powers of labor, and it would be to no purpose to trace further what might have been its effects upon the recompense or wages of labor.

As soon as land becomes private property, the landlord demands a share of almost all the produce which the laborer can either raise or collect from it. His rent makes the first deduction from the produce of the labor which is employed upon land.

It seldom happens that the person who tills the ground has wherewithal to maintain himself till he reaps the harvest. His maintenance is generally advanced to him from the stock of a master, the farmer who employs him, and who would have no interest to employ him unless he was to share in the produce of his labor, or unless his stock was to be replaced to him with a profit. This profit makes a second deduction from the produce of the labor which is employed upon land.

The produce of almost all other labor is liable to the like

deduction of profit. In all arts and manufactures the greater part of the workmen stand in need of a master to advance them the materials of their work, and their wages and maintenances till it be completed. He shares in the produce of their labor, or in the value which it adds to the materials upon which it is bestowed; and in this consists his profit.

It sometimes happens, indeed, that a single independent workman has stock sufficient both to purchase the materials of his work, and to maintain himself till it be completed. He is both master and workman, and enjoys the whole produce of his own labor, or the whole value which it adds to the materials upon which it is bestowed. It includes what are usually two distinct revenues belonging to two distinct persons, — the profits of stock, and the wages of labor.

Such cases, however, are not very frequent, and in every part of Europe, twenty workmen serve under a master for one that is independent; and the wages of labor are everywhere understood to be, what they usually are when the laborer is one person, and the owner of the stock which employs him another.

What are the common wages of labor, depends everywhere upon the contract usually made between those two parties, whose interests are by no means the same. The workmen desire to get as much, the masters to give as little, as possible. The former are disposed to combine in order to raise, the latter in order to lower, the wages of labor.

It is not, however, difficult to foresee which of these two parties must, upon all ordinary occasions, have the advantage in the dispute, and force the other into a compliance with their terms. The masters, being fewer in number, can combine much more easily; and the law, besides, authorizes or at least does not prohibit their combinations, while it prohibits those of the workmen.[1] We have no acts of Parliament against combining to lower the price of work; but many against combining to raise it. In all such disputes the masters can hold out much longer. A landlord, a farmer, a master manufacturer or merchant, though they did not employ a single workman, could generally live a year or two upon the stocks which they have already acquired. Many workmen could not subsist a week, few could subsist a month, and scarce any a year, without employment. In the long run the workman may be as necessary to his master as his master is to him; but the necessity is not so immediate.

[1] Repealed in 1824.

We rarely hear, it has been said, of the combinations of masters, though frequently of those of workmen. But whoever imagines upon this account that masters rarely combine is as ignorant of the world as of the subject. Masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit, but constant and uniform, combination not to raise the wages of labor above their actual rate. To violate this combination is everywhere a most unpopular action, and a sort of reproach to a master among his neighbors and equals. We seldom indeed hear of this combination, because it is the usual, and one may say, the natural state of things, which nobody ever hears of. Masters, too, sometimes enter into particular combinations to sink the wages of labor even below this rate. These are always conducted with the utmost silence and secrecy till the moment of execution; and when the workmen yield, as they sometimes do, without resistance, though severely felt by them they are never heard of by other people. Such combinations, however, are frequently resisted by a contrary defensive combination of the workmen; who sometimes, too, without any provocation of this kind, combine of their own accord to raise the price of their labor. Their usual pretences are, sometimes the high price of provisions, sometimes the great profit which their masters make by their work. But whether their combinations be offensive or defensive, they are always abundantly heard of. In order to bring the point to a speedy decision, they have always recourse to the loudest clamor, and sometimes to the most shocking violence and outrage. They are desperate; and act with the folly and extravagance of desperate men, who must either starve or frighten their masters into an immediate compliance with their demands. The masters upon these occasions are just as clamorous upon the other side; and never cease to call aloud for the assistance of the civil magistrate, and the rigorous execution of those laws which have been enacted with so much severity against the combinations of servants, laborers, and journeymen. The workmen, accordingly, very seldom derive any advantage from the violence of those tumultuous combinations, which, partly from the interposition of the civil magistrate, partly from the superior steadiness of the masters, partly from the necessity which the greater part of the workmen are under of submitting, for the sake of present subsistence, generally end in nothing but the punishment or ruin of the ringleaders.

Home Industries.

(From the "Wealth of Nations.")

OF RESTRAINTS UPON THE IMPORTATION FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES OF SUCH GOODS AS CAN BE PRODUCED AT HOME.

The general industry of the society can never exceed what the capital of the society can employ. As the number of workmen that can be kept in employment by any particular person must bear a certain proportion to his capital, so the number of those that can be continually employed by all the members of a great society must bear a certain proportion to the whole capital of that society, and can never exceed that proportion. No regulation of commerce can increase the quantity of industry in any society beyond what its capital can maintain. It can only divert a part of it into a direction into which it might not otherwise have gone; and it is by no means certain that this artificial direction is likely to be more advantageous to the society than that into which it would have gone of its own accord.

Every individual is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command. It is his own advantage, indeed, and not that of society, which he has in view. But the study of his own advantage naturally, or rather necessarily, leads him to prefer that employment which is most advantageous to the society.

I. Every individual endeavors to employ his capital as near home as he can, and consequently as much as he can in the support of domestic industry; provided always that he can thereby obtain the ordinary, or not a great deal less than the ordinary, profits of stock.

Thus, upon equal or nearly equal profits, every wholesale merchant naturally prefers the home trade to the foreign trade of consumption, and the foreign trade of consumption to the carrying trade. In the home trade his capital is never so long out of his sight as it frequently is in the foreign trade of consumption. He can know better the character and situation of the person whom he trusts; and if he should happen to be deceived, he knows better the laws of the country from which he must seek redress. In the carrying trade, the capital of the merchant is, as it were, divided between two foreign countries; and no part of it is ever necessarily brought home, or placed under his own immediate view and command. . . .

II. Every individual who employs his capital in the support of domestic industry necessarily endeavors so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest possible value.

The produce of industry is what it adds to the subject or materials upon which it is employed. In proportion as the value of this produce is great or small, so will likewise be the profits of the employer. But it is only for the sake of profit that any man employs a capital in the support of industry; and he will always, therefore, endeavor to employ it in the support of that industry of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, or to exchange for the greatest quantity either of money or of other goods.

But the annual revenue of every society is always precisely equal to the exchangeable value of the whole annual produce of its industry, or rather is precisely the same thing with that exchangeable value. As every individual, therefore, endeavors as much as he can both to employ his capital in the support of domestic industry, and so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest value, every individual necessarily labors to render the annual revenue of the society as great as he can. He generally, indeed, neither intends to promote the public interest nor knows how much he is promoting it. By preferring the support of domestic to that of foreign industry, he intends only his own security; and by directing that industry in such a manner as its produce may be of the greatest value, he intends only his own gain; and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention. Nor is it always the worse for the society that it was no part of it. By pursuing his own interest, he frequently promotes that of the society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it. I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation, indeed, not very common among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.

What is the species of domestic industry which his capital can employ, and of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, every individual, it is evident, can, in this local situation, judge much better than any statesman or lawgiver can do for him. The statesman who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted, not only to

no single person, but to no council or senate whatever; and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it.

To give the monopoly of the home market to the produce of domestic industry, in any particular art or manufacture, is in some measure to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals; and must in almost all cases be either a useless or a hurtful regulation. If the produce of domestic can be brought there as cheap as that of foreign industry, the regulation is evidently useless. If it cannot, it must generally be hurtful. It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbors; and to purchase with a part of its produce — or what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it — whatever else they have occasion for.

What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them with some part of the produce of our own industry, employed in a way in which we have some advantage. The general industry of the country, being always in proportion to the capital which employs it, will not thereby be diminished, no more than that of the above-mentioned artificers; but only left to find out the way in which it can be employed with the greatest advantage. It is certainly not employed to the greatest advantage when it is thus directed towards an object which it can buy cheaper than it can make. The value of its annual produce is certainly more or less diminished, when it is thus turned away from producing commodities evidently of more value than the commodity which it is directed to produce. According to the supposition, that commodity could be purchased from foreign countries cheaper than it can be made at home. It could therefore have been purchased with a part only of the commodities, or what is the same thing, with a part only of the price of the commodities, which the industry employed by an equal

capital would have produced at home had it been left to follow its natural course. The industry of the country, therefore, is thus turned away from a more to a less advantageous employment; and the changeable value of its annual produce, instead of being increased according to the intention of the lawgiver, must necessarily be diminished, by every such regulation.

By means of such regulations, indeed, a particular manufacture may sometimes be acquired sooner than it could have been otherwise, and after a certain time may be made at home as cheap or cheaper than in the foreign country. But though the industry of the society may be thus carried with advantage into a particular channel sooner than it could have been otherwise, it will by no means follow that the sum total, either of its industry or of its revenue, can ever be augmented by any such regulation. The industry of the society can augment only in proportion as its capital augments, and its capital can augment only in proportion to what can be gradually saved out of its revenue. But the immediate effect of every such regulation is to diminish its revenue; and what diminishes its revenue is certainly not very likely to augment its capital faster than it would have augmented of its own accord, had both its capital and its industry been left to find out their natural employments.

Though for want of such regulations the society should never acquire the proposed manufacture, it would not upon that account necessarily be the poorer in any one period of its duration. In every period of its duration its whole capital and industry might still have been employed, though upon different objects, in the manner that was most advantageous at the time. In every period its revenue might have been the greatest which its capital could afford; and both capital and revenue might have been augmented with the greatest possible rapidity.

The natural advantages which one country has over another in producing particular commodities are sometimes so great that it is acknowledged by all the world to be in vain to struggle with them. By means of glasses, hot-beds, and hot-walls, very good grapes can be raised in Scotland, and very good wine too can be made of them, at about thirty times the expense for which at least equally good can be brought from foreign countries. Would it be a reasonable law to prohibit the importation of all foreign wines merely to encourage the making of claret and burgundy in Scotland? But if there would be a manifest absurdity in turning towards any employment thirty times

more of the capital and industry of the country than would be necessary to purchase from foreign countries an equal quantity of the commodities wanted, there must be an absurdity, though not altogether so glaring, yet exactly of the same kind, in turning towards any such employment a thirtieth, or even a three-hundreth part more of either. Whether the advantages which one country has over another be natural or acquired is in this respect of no consequence. As long as the one country has those advantages and the other wants them, it will always be more advantageous for the latter rather to buy of the former than to make. It is an acquired advantage only which one artificer has over his neighbor who exercises another trade; and yet they both find it more advantageous to buy of one another than to make what does not belong to their particular trades.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH.

Smith, Francis Hopkinson, an American civil engineer, artist, and author; born at Baltimore, Maryland, October 23, 1838. Among the works which he has built as civil engineer are several for the United States Government. He is a self-taught painter, painting chiefly in water-colors. He is a member of the American Water-color Society. As an author, he is a writer of fiction and descriptive sketches. He published "Well Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy" (1886); "A Book of the Tile Club" (1887); "A White Umbrella in Mexico" (1889); "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" (1891): "A Day at Laguerre's, and Other Days," nine sketches (1892); "American Illustrators" (1892); "A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others" (1895); "Tom Grogan" (1897); "Espero Gorgoni, Gondolier;" "Caleb West, Master Diver" (1898).

An Allusion to a Yellow Dog.[1]

(From "Colonel Carter of Cartersville.")

The colonel's office, like many other of his valued possessions, was in fact the property of somebody else.

It really belonged to a friend of Fitzpatrick, who had become so impressed by the Virginian's largeness of manner and buoyancy of enthusiasm that he had whispered to Fitz to bring him in at once and give him any desk in the place; adding that "in a sagging market the colonel would be better than a war boom."

So the colonel moved in — not a very complicated operation in his case; his effects being confined to an old leather portfolio and a bundle of quill pens tied up with a bit of Aunt Nancy's white yarn. The following day he had nailed his visiting card above the firm's name in the corridor, hung his hat and coat on the proprietor's peg, selected a desk nearest the light, and was as much at home in five minutes as if he owned the whole building.

[1] Copyright 1891. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

There was no price agreed upon. Once, when Fitz delicately suggested that all such rents were generally payable monthly, the colonel, after some difficulty in grasping the idea, had said: —

"I could not offer it, suh. These gentlemen have treated me with a hospitality so generous that its memory will never fade from my mind. I cannot bring our relations down to the level of bargain and sale, suh; it would be vulgar."

The colonel was perfectly sincere. As for himself he would have put every room in his own Carter Hall at their service for any purpose or for any length of time, and have slept in the woodshed himself; and he would as soon have demanded the value of the bottle of wine on his own table as ask pay for such trivial courtesies.

Nor did he stop at the rent. The free use of stamps, envelopes, paper, messenger service, and clerks were to him only evidences of a lordly sort of hospitality which endeared the real proprietor of the office all the more to him, because it recalled the lavish display of the golden days of Carter Hall.

"Permit a guest to stamp his own letters, suh? Never! Our servants attended to that."

Really he owed his host nothing. No office of its size in the Street made so much money for its customers in a bull market. Nobody lost heart in a tumble and was sold out — that is, nobody to whom the colonel talked. Once convince the enthusiastic Virginian that the scheme was feasible, — and how little eloquence was needed for that! — and the dear old fellow took hold with as much gusto as if it had been his own.

The vein in the copper mine was always going to widen out into a six-foot lead; never by any possibility could it grow any smaller. The trust shares were going up — "not a point or two at a time, gentlemen, but with the spring of a panther, suh." Of course the railroad earnings were a little off this month, but wait until the spring opened; "then, suh, you will see a revival that will sweep you off yo' feet."

Whether it was good luck, or the good heart that the colonel put into his friend's customers, the results were always the same. Singular as it may seem, his cheery word just at the right time tided over the critical moment many an uncertain watcher at the "ticker," often to an enlargement of his bank account. Nor would he allow any one to pay him for any service of this kind, even though he had spent days engrossed in their affairs.

"Take money, suh, for helpin' a friend out of a hole? My dear suh, I see you do not intend to be disco'teous; but look at me, suh! There's my hand; never refer to it again." And then he would offer the offender his card in the hope, perhaps, that its ample record might furnish some further slight suggestion as to who he really was.

His popularity, therefore, was not to be wondered at. Everybody regarded him kindly, total stranger as he was, and although few of them believed to any extent in his "Garden Spot of Virginia," as his pet enterprise soon came to be known around the Street, everybody wished it well, and not a few would have started it with a considerable subscription could the colonel have managed the additional thousands required to set it on its financial legs.

Fitz never lost heart in the scheme, — that is, never when the colonel was about. As the weeks rolled by and one combination after the other failed, and the well-thumbed bundle of papers in the big blue envelope was returned with various comments: "In view of our present financial engagements we are unable to undertake your very attractive railroad scheme," or the more curt "Not suited to our line of customers," he would watch the colonel's face anxiously, and rack his brain for some additional excuse.

He always found one. Tight money, or news from Europe, or an overissue of similar bonds; next week it would be better. And the colonel always believed him. Fitz was his guiding star, and would lead him to some safe haven yet. This faith was his stronghold, and his only one.

This morning, however, there was a touch of genuine enthusiasm about Fitz. He rushed into the office, caught up the blue bundle and the map, nearly upsetting the colonel, who was balanced back in his chair with his long legs over the desk, — a favorite attitude when down town, — rushed out, and returned in half an hour with a fat body surmounted by a bald head fringed about with gray curls.

He was the advance agent of that mysterious combination known to the financial world as an "English syndicate," an elusive sort of commercial sea-serpent with its head in London and its tail around the globe. The "inquiry" which had so gladdened the colonel's heart the morning of the breakfast with Aunt Nancy had proceeded from this rotund negotiator.

The colonel had, as usual, started the road at Cartersville,

and had gotten as far as the double-span iron bridge over the Tench when the rotund gentleman asked abruptly, —

"How far are you from a coal-field?"

The colonel lifted the point of his pen, adjusted his glasses, and punched a hole in the rumpled map within a hair's breadth of a black dot labelled "Cartersville."

"Right there, suh. Within a stone's throw of our locomotives."

Fitz looked into the hole with as much astonishment as if it were the open mouth of the mine itself.

"Hard or soft?" said the stout man.

"Soft, suh, and fairly good coal, I understand, although I have never used it, suh; my ancestors always burned wood."

Fitz heard the statement in undisguised wonder. In all his intercourse with the colonel he had never before known him to depart so much as a razor's edge from the truth.

The fat man communed with himself a moment, and then said suddenly, "I'll take the papers and give you an answer in a week," and hurried away.

"Do you really mean, Colonel," said Fitz, determined to pin him down, "that there is a single pound of coal in Cartersville?"

"Do I mean it, Fitz? Don't it crop out in half a dozen spots right on our own place? One haalf of my estate, suh, is a coal-field."

"You never told me a word about it."

"I don't know that I did, Fitz. But it has never been of any use to me. Besides, suh, we have plenty of wood. We never burn coal at Caarter Hall."

Fitz did not take that view of it. He went into an exhaustive cross-examination of the colonel on the coal question: who had tested it, the character of the soil, width of the vein, and dip of the land. This information he carefully recorded in a small book which he took from his inside pocket.

Loosened from Fitz's pinioning grasp, the colonel, entirely oblivious to his friend's sudden interest in the coal-field, and slightly impatient at the delay, bounded like a balloon with its anchors cut.

"An answer from the syndicate within a week! My dear Fitz, I see yo' drift. You have kept the Garden Spots for the foreign investors. That man is impressed, suh; I saw it in his eye."

The room began filling up with the various customers and loungers common to such offices: the debonair gentleman in

check trousers and silk hat, with a rose in his buttonhole, who dusts his trousers broadside with his cane — short of one hundred shares with thirty per cent margin; the shabby old man with a solemn face who watches the ticker a moment and then wanders aimlessly out, looking more like an underpaid clerk in a law office than the president of a crosstown railroad — long of one thousand shares with no margin at all; the nervous man who stops the messenger boys and devours the sales' lists before they can be skewered on the files — not a dollar's interest either way; and, last of all, the brokers with little pads and nimble pencils.

The news that the great English syndicate was looking into the C. & W. A. L. R. R. was soon around the office, and each *habitué* had a bright word for the colonel, congratulating him on the favorable turn his affairs had taken.

All but old Klutchem, a broker in unlisted securities, who had been trying for weeks to get a Denver land scheme before the same syndicate, and had failed.

"Garden Spot bonds! Bosh! Road begins nowhere and ends nowhere. If any set of fools built it, the only freight it would get, outside of peanuts and sweet potatoes, would be razor-back hogs and niggers. I would n't give a yellow dog for enough of those securities to paper a church."

The colonel was on his feet in an instant.

"Mr. Klutchem, I cannot permit you, suh, to use such language in my presence unrebuked; you" —

"Now, see here, old Garden Spot, you know" —

The familiarity angered the colonel even more than the outburst.

"Caarter, suh, — George Fairfax Caarter," said the colonel with dignity.

"Well, Caarter, then," mimicking him, perhaps unconsciously. "You know" —

The intonation was the last straw. The colonel lost all control of himself. No man had ever thus dared before.

"Stop, Mr. Klutchem! What I know, suh, I decline to discuss with you. Yo' statements are false, and yo' manner of expressin' them quite in keepin' with the evident vulga'ity of yo' mind. If I can ascertain that you have ever had any claim to be considered a gentleman you will hear from me ag'in. If not, I shall rate you as rankin' with yo' yallar dog; and if you ever speak to me ag'in I will strike you, suh, with my cane."

And the colonel, his eyes flashing, strode into the private office with the air of a field marshal, and shut the door.

Klutchem looked around the room and into the startled faces of the clerks and bystanders, burst into a loud laugh, and left the office. On reaching the street he met Fitz coming in.

"Better look after old Garden Spot, Fitzpatrick. I poked holes in his road, and he wanted to swallow me alive."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Smith, Goldwin, an English essayist and historical writer; born at Reading, August 13, 1823. He was educated at Eton and Oxford; took his degree of B.A. at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1845; became Fellow and tutor; and was called to the bar in 1850. In 1856 he was made Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. In 1868 he came to the United States, having been elected Professor of Constitutional History in Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. In 1871 he became connected with the University of Toronto, where he has since lived. He has delivered numerous lectures upon social and political topics. Among his works are "The Study of History," delivered at Oxford (1861); "Irish History and Irish Character" (1861); "Three English Statesmen" (Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt); a "Course of Lectures on the Political History of England" (1867); "A Short History of England, down to the Reformation" (1869); "William Cowper" (1880); "Life of Jane Austen" (1890); "Canada and the Canadian Question" (1891); "The United States, 1492–1871" (1893); "Bay Leaves" (1893); "Essays on Questions of the Day" (1893); "Oxford and her Colleges" (1894); "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" (1897).

John Pym.

(From "Three English Statesmen.")

Pym was a Somersetshire gentleman of good family; and it was from good families — such families at least as do not produce Jacobins — that most of the leaders of this revolution sprang. I note it, not to claim for principle the patronage of birth and wealth, but to show how strong that principle must have been which could thus move birth and wealth away from their natural bias. It is still true, not in the ascetic but in the moral sense, that it is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; and when we see rich men entering into the kingdom of heaven, hazarding the enjoyment of wealth for the sake of principle, we may know that it is no common age.

M^r Iohn Pym. Burgess
for Tavistock in Deuonshire.
23

Oxford was the place of Pym's education; and there he was distinguished not only by solid acquirements, but by elegant accomplishments, so that an Oxford poet calls him the favorite of Apollo. High culture is now rather in disgrace in some quarters; and not without a color of reason, as unbracing the sinews of action, and destroying sympathy with the people. Nevertheless, the universities produced the great statesmen and the great warriors of the Commonwealth. If the Oxford of Pym, of Hampden, and of Blake, the Oxford of Wycliffe, the Oxford where in still earlier times those principles were nursed which gave us the Great Charter and the House of Commons — if this Oxford, I say, now seems by her political bearing to dishonor learning, and by an ignoble choice does a wrong to the nation which Lancashire is called upon to redress, — believe me, it is not the university which thus offends, but a power alien to the university and alien to learning, to which the university is, and unless you rescue her, will continue to be a slave. . . .

Pym was a friend of constitutional monarchy in politics, a Protestant Episcopalian in religion; against a despot, but for a king; against the tyranny and political power of the bishops, but satisfied with that form of church government. He was no fanatic and no ascetic. He was genial, social, even convivial. His enemies held him up to the hatred of the sectaries as a man of pleasure. As the statesman and orator of the less extreme party, and of the first period of the Revolution, he is the English counterpart of Mirabeau, so far as a Christian patriot can be the counterpart of a Voltairean debauchee.

Nor is he altogether unlike Mirabeau in the style of his eloquence; our better appreciation of which, as well as our better knowledge of Pym and of this the heroic age of our history in general, we owe to the patriotic and truly noble diligence of Mr. John Forster, from whose researches no small portion of my materials for this lecture is derived. Pym's speeches of course are seventeenth-century speeches: stately in diction, somewhat like homilies in their divisions, full of learning, full of Scripture (which then, be it remembered, was a fresh spring of new thought); full of philosophic passages which might have come from the pen of Hooker or of Bacon. But they sometimes strike the great strokes for which Mirabeau was famous. Buckingham had pleaded, to the charge of enriching himself by the sale of honors and offices, that so far from having enriched himself he

was £100,000 in debt. "If this be true," replied Pym, "how can we hope to satisfy his immense prodigality; if false, how can we hope to satisfy his covetousness?" In the debate on the Petition of Right, when Secretary Cooke desired in the name of the King to know whether they would take the King's word for the observance of their liberties or not, "there was silence for a good space:" none liking to reject the King's word, all knowing what that word was worth. The silence was broken by Pym, who rose and said, "We have his Majesty's coronation oath to maintain the laws of England: what need we then to take his word?" And the secretary desperately pressing his point and asking what foreigners would think if the people of England refused to trust their King's word, Pym rejoined, "Truly, Mr. Secretary, I am of the same opinion that I was, that the King's oath is as powerful as his word." In the same debate the courtiers prayed the House to leave entire his Majesty's sovereign power: a Stuart phrase, meaning the power of the king, when he deemed it expedient, to break the law. "I am not able," was Pym's reply, "to speak to this question. I know not what it is. All our petition is for the laws of England; and this power seems to be another power distinct from the power of the law. I know how to add sovereign to the King's person, but not to his power. We cannot leave to him a sovereign power, for we never were possessed of it." . . .

When the Parliament had met, Pym was the first to rise. We know his appearance from his portrait: a portly form, which a court waiting-woman called that of an ox; a forehead so high that lampooners compared it to a shuttle; the dress of a gentleman of the time, — for not to the cavaliers alone belonged that picturesque costume and those pointed beards which furnish the real explanation of the fact that all women are Tories. Into the expectant and wavering, though ardent, minds of the inexperienced assembly he poured, with the authority of a veteran chief, a speech which at once fixed their thoughts, and possessed them with their mission. It was a broad, complete, and earnest, though undeclamatory, statement of the abuses which they had come to reform. For reform, though for root-and-branch reform, not for revolution, the Short Parliament came; and Charles might even now have made his peace with his people. But Charles did not yet see the truth: the truth could never pierce through the divinity that hedged round the king. The Commons insisted that redress of grievances should go

before supply. In a moment of madness, or what is the same thing, of compliance with the counsels of Laud, Charles dissolved the Parliament, imprisoned several of its members, and published his reasons in a proclamation full of despotic doctrine. The friends of the Crown were sad, its enemies very joyful. Now, to the eye of history, begins to rise that scaffold before Whitehall.

Once more Charles and Strafford tried their desperate arms against the Scotch; and once more their soldiers refused to fight. Pym and Hampden, meanwhile, sure of the issue, were preparing their party and the nation for the decisive struggle. Their headquarters were at Pym's house, in Gray's Inn Lane; but meetings were held also at the houses of leaders in the country, especially for correspondence with the Scotch, with whom these patriot traitors were undoubtedly in league. A private press was actively at work. Pym was not only the orator of his party, but its soul and centre; he knew how not only to propagate his opinions with words of power, but to organize the means of victory. And now Charles, in extremity, turned to the Middle Ages for one expedient more, and called a Great Council of Peers, according to Plantagenet precedents, at York. Pym flew at once to York, caused a petition for a Parliament to be signed by the peers of his party there, and backed it with petitions from the people, one of them signed by ten thousand citizens of London. This first great wielder of public opinion in England was the inventor of organized agitation by petition. The King surrendered and called a Parliament. Pym and Hampden rode over the country, urging the constituencies to do their duty. The constituencies did their duty as perhaps they had never done it before and have never done it since. They sent up the noblest body of men that ever sat in the councils of a nation. The force of the agitation triumphed for the moment, as it did again in 1832, over all those defects in the system of representation which prevail over the public interest and the public sentiment in ordinary times. The Long Parliament met, while round it the tide of national feeling swelled and surged, the long-pent-up voices of national resentment broke forth. It met not for reform, but for revolution. The King did not ride to it in state: he slunk to it in his private barge, like a vanquished and a doomed man.

Charles had called to him Strafford. The earl knew his danger; but the King had pledged to him the royal word that not

a hair of his head should be touched. He came foiled, broken by disease, but still resolute; prepared to act on the aggressive, perhaps to arraign the leaders of the Commons for treasonable correspondence with the Scotch. But he had to deal, in his friend and coadjutor of former days, with no mere rhetorician, but with a man of action as sagacious and as intrepid as himself. Pym at once struck a blow which proved him a master of revolution. Announcing to the Commons that he had weighty matter to impart, he moved that the doors should be closed. When they were opened he carried up to the Lords the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford. The earl came down to the House of Lords that day with his brow of imperial gloom, his impetuous step, his tones and gestures of command: but scarcely had he entered the House when he found that power had departed from him; and the terrible grand vizier of government by prerogative went away a fallen man, none unbonneting to him in whose presence an hour before no man would have stood covered. The speech by which Pym swept the House on to this bold move, so that, as Clarendon says, "not one man was found to stop the torrent," is known only from Clarendon's outline. But that outline shows how the speaker filled the thoughts of his hearers with a picture of the tyranny, before he named its chief author, the Earl of Strafford; and how he blended with the elements of indignation some lighter passages of the earl's vanity and amours, to mingle indignation with contempt and to banish fear.

Through the report of the Scotch Commissioner Baillie, we see the great trial, to which that of Warren Hastings was a parallel in splendor, but no parallel in interest: Westminster Hall filled with the Peers — the Commons — the foreign nobility, come to learn if they could a lesson in English politics — the ladies of quality, whose hearts (and we can pardon them) were all with the great criminal who made so gallant and skilful a fight for life, and of whom it was said that like Ulysses he had not beauty, but he had the eloquence which moved a goddess to love. Among the mass of the audience the interest, intense at first, flagged as the immense process went on; and eating, drinking, loud talking, filled the intervals of the trial. But there was one whose interest did not flag. The royal throne was set for the King in his place; but the King was not there. He was with his queen in a private gallery, the lattice-work of which, in his eagerness to hear, he broke through with his own hands. And there he heard, among other things, these words of Pym: "If the his-

tories of Eastern countries be pursued, whose princes order their affairs according to the mischievous principles of the Earl of Strafford, loose and absolved from all rules of government, they will be found to be frequent in combustions, full of massacres and of the tragical ends of princes."

I need not make selections from a speech so well known as that of Pym on the trial of Strafford. But hear one or two answers to fallacies which are not quite dead yet. To the charge of arbitrary government in Ireland, Strafford had pleaded that the Irish were a conquered nation. "They were a conquered nation," cries Pym. "There cannot be a word more pregnant or fruitful in treason than that word is. There are few nations in the world that have not been conquered, and no doubt but the conqueror may give what law he pleases to those that are conquered; but if the succeeding pacts and agreements do not limit and restrain that right, what people can be secure? England hath been conquered, and Wales hath been conquered; and by this reason will be in little better case than Ireland. If the king by the right of a conqueror gives laws to his people, shall not the people, by the same reason, be restored to the right of the conquered to recover their liberty if they can?" Strafford had alleged good intentions as an excuse for his evil counsels. "Sometimes, my lords," says Pym, "good and evil, truth and falsehood, lie so near together that they are hard to be distinguished. Matters hurtful and dangerous may be accompanied with such circumstances as may make them appear useful and convenient. But where the matters propounded are evil in their own nature, such as the matters are wherewith the Earl of Strafford is charged, as to break public faith and to subvert laws and government, they can never be justified by any intentions, how good soever they be pretended." Again, to the plea that it was a time of great danger and necessity, Pym replies: — "If there were any necessity, it was of his own making: he, by his evil counsel, had brought the King into a necessity; and by no rules of justice can be allowed to gain this advantage by his own fault, as to make that a ground of his justification which is a great part of his offence."

Once, we are told, while Pym was speaking, his eyes met those of Strafford; and the speaker grew confused, lost the thread of his discourse, broke down beneath the haggard glance of his old friend. Let us never glorify revolution!

HORACE SMITH.

Smith, Horace, an English poet, whose real name was Horatio; born at London, December 31, 1779; died at Tunbridge Wells, July 12, 1849. His literary and personal life was closely connected with that of his brother, James Smith (born in London, February 10, 1775; died there, December 24, 1839). They were joint authors of the "Rejected Addresses." Horace Smith accumulated an ample fortune as a member of the Stock Exchange. In 1820 he retired from active business, after which he wrote several novels, among which are "Brambletye House" (1826); "Tor Hill" (1826); "Reuben Apsley" (1827); "The New Forest" (1829); and "Jane Lomax" (1838). In 1812 the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre, which had been destroyed by fire, led to the offering of a prize for an opening address. None of those offered was accepted, and Byron was asked to produce one, which was pronounced unsuitable. The brothers Smith thereupon put forth a small volume entitled "Rejected Addresses," purporting to have been written by several of the most distinguished living poets. In these the manner of the respective authors is cleverly imitated and sometimes travestied. Perhaps the cleverest of these imitations are that of Crabbe by James Smith, and that of Scott by Horace. Besides his contributions to the "Rejected Addresses," James Smith published anonymously articles in the "New Monthly Magazine" and other periodicals, and wrote the greater part of "The Country Cousins," "Trip to France," and "Trip to America," highly successful pieces at the English Opera House.

A Tale of Drury Lane. By W. S.

(From "Rejected Addresses.")

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Startled with terror and surprise
When light first flashed upon her eyes,
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
  In bed-gown woke her dames;
For shouts were heard, 'mid fire and smoke,
  "The play-house is in flames!"

And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane.
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican — moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden Kennels spout
A bright, ensanguined drain.
Meux's new brew-house shows the light,
And Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell.

The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall;
The ticket-porter's house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster-shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel.
Nor these alone, but far and wide,
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red Sweet-Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise,
It seemed that nations did conspire
To offer to the God of Fire
Some vast, stupendous sacrifice!

The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied to their stations all.
Starting from bed and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hob-nailed shoes;
But first his worsted hosen plied;
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
His nether limbs embraced;
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulders gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pick, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced. . . .

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder sight was ne'er disclosed:
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo, "Heads below!"
Nor notice give at all.
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
"Back, Robbins, back!" "Crump, stand aloof!"
"Whitford, keep near the walls!"
"Huggins, regard your own behoof!"
For lo! the blazing, racking roof
Down, down, in thunder falls.

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruin's volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd;
When lo! amid the wreck upreared
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins — name revered —
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all, in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"
And poured the hissing tide.
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died.

Did none attempt before he fell,
To succor one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire;
His fireman's soul was all on fire
His brother-chief to save.
But ah! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before;
But sulphurous stench and boiling drench,
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite —
He sunk to rise no more.

Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved:
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps!
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps!
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they feared on? fools, 'od rot em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

HORACE SMITH.

TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous?

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy:
Thou hast a tongue — come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, Mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon!
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame.
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if thy hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldiers mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house.
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen — what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations:
The Roman Empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast;
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless 'tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever ? —
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

THE THEATRE. BY G. C.

(From "Rejected Addresses.")

'T is sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane;
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape and gaze and wonder ere they sit.
At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.
Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscalled *standing room.*
Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling "Pit full!" gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.
See, to their desks Apollo's sons repair, —
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair!
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibrations sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hushed — but, no, one fiddle will
Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man;
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go. . . .

What various swains our motley walls contain! —
Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-price master and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five — they want but twopence more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds — we wish they 'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live —
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they 'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.
Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
For scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter — a safe employ;
In Holy-well Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head;
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name — a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.
Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat:
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?

Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight ?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson; and, cried Stokes, "Take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clew,
Stained, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue.
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last kerchief to the beaver's band, —
Upsoars the prize ! The youth with joy unfeigned
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

JAMES SMITH.

JOHN SMITH.

Smith, (Captain) John, famous English adventurer and colonist; born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, January, 1579; died at London, June 21, 1631. He was one of the founders of Virginia, who in 1607 settled in Jamestown. He was an energetic, restless spirit who had the welfare of Virginia sincerely at heart, but was better fitted for roaming in search of adventure than for the sober business of colonization. The famous story of the saving of his life by Pocahontas, here given from "The Generall Historie," does not occur in the earlier "True Relation," and for that reason has been questioned by some historians. It is, however, accepted in the main by Mr. John Fiske in his "Virginia and her Neighbors" as also by some other historical critics. His writings include "A True Relation of such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as hath Passed in Virginia" (1608); "A Map of Virginia" (1612); "Description of New England" (1616); "New England's Trials" (1620); "The Generall Historie of Virginia" (1624); "An Accidence, or Pathway to Experience" (1826), reprinted in 1627 as "The Seaman's Grammar;" "The True Travels of Captain John Smith" (1630).

Adventures of Captain John Smith in Virginia.

At last they brought him to Weronocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Raroweun skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 18 or 19 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout.

The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her arms, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe anything so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant shew,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in feare and dread.
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

Two dayes after, Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Capt. Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devill then a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to James towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a gryndstone, for which he should give him the Country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne Nantaquoud. So to James towne with 12 guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But almightie God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne Barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having used the Salvages with what kindnesse he could, he shewed Rawhunt, Powhatans trusty servant, two demi-Culverings and a mill-stone to carry Powhatan:

they found them somewhat too heavie; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with Isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poore Salvages ran away halfe dead with feare. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gave them such toyes; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, and gave them in generall full content. Now in James Towne they were all in combustion, the strongest preparing once more to run away with the Pinnace; which with the hazzard of his life, with Sakre falcon and musket shot, Smith forced now the third time to stay or sinke. Some no better then they should be, had plotted with the President, the next day to have put him to death by the Leviticall law, for the lives of Robinson and Emry, pretending the fault was his that had led them to their ends: but he quickly tooke such order with such Lawyers, that he layd them by the heeles till he sent some of them prisoners for England. Now ever once in foure or five dayes, Pocahontas with her attendants brought him so much provision, that saved many of their lives, that els for all this had starved with hunger.

The next night being lodged at Kecoughtan; six or seaven dayes the extreame winde, rayne, frost and snow caused us to keepe Christmas among the Salvages, where we were never more merry, nor fed on more plentie of good Oysters, Fish, Flesh, Wild foule, and good bread; nor never had better fires in England, then in the dry smoaky houses of Kecoughtan: but departing thence, when we found no houses we were not curious in any weather to lye three or foure nights together under the trees by a fire, as formerly is sayd. An hundred fortie eight foules the President, Anthony Bagnall, Seirieant Pising did kill at three shoots. At Kiskiack the frost and contrary winds forced us three or foure dayes also (to suppresse the insolency of those proud Salvages) to quarter in their houses, yet guard our Barge, and cause them give us what we wanted; though we were but twelve and himselfe, yet we never wanted shelter where we found any houses. The 12 of January we arrived at Werowocomoco, where the river was frozen neare halfe a myle from the shore; but to neglect no time, the President with his Barge so far had approached by breaking the ice, as the ebbe left him amongst those oasie shoules, yet rather then to lye there frozen to death, by his owne example he taught them to

march neere middle deepe, a flight shot through this muddy frozen oase. When the Barge floated, he appoynted two or three to returne her aboord the Pinnace. — Where for want of water in melting the ice, they made fresh water, for the river there was salt. But in this march Mr. Russell, (whom none could perswade to stay behinde) being somewhat ill, and exceeding heavie, so overtoyled himselfe as the rest had much adoe (ere he got ashore) to regaine life into his dead benummed spirits. Quartering in the next houses we found, we sent to Powhatan for provision, who sent us plentie of bread, Turkies, and Venison; the next day having feasted us after his ordinary manner, he began to aske us when we would be gone: fayning he sent not for us, neither had he any corne; and his people much lesse: yet for fortie swords he would procure us fortie Baskets. The President shewing him the men there present that brought him the message and conditions, asked Powhatan how it chanced he became so forgetfull; thereat the King concluded the matter with a merry laughter, asking for our Commodities, but none he liked without gunnes and swords, valuing a Basket of Corne more precious than a Basket of Copper; saying he could rate his Corne, but not the Copper.

Captain Smith seeing the intent of this subtill Salvage began to deale with him after this manner. "Powhatan, though I had many courses to have made my provision, yet beleeving your promises to supply my wants, I neglected all to satisfie your desire: and to testifie my love I sent you my men for your building, neglecting mine owne. What your people had you have ingrossed, forbidding them our trade: and now you thinke by consuming the time, we shall consume for want, not having to fulfill your strange demands. As for swords and gunns, I told you long agoe I had none to spare, and you must know those I have can keepe me from want: yet steale or wrong you I will not, nor dissolve that friendship we have mutually promised, except you constraine me by our bad usage."

The King having attentively listened to this Discourse, promised that both he and his Country would spare him what he could, the which within two dayes they should receive. "Yet Captaine Smith," sayth the King, "some doubt I have of your comming hither, that makes me not so kindly seeke to relieve you as I would; for many doe informe me, your coming hither is not for trade, but to invade my people, and possesse my Country, who dare not come to bring you Corne, seeing you

thus armed with your men. To free us of this feare, leave aboord your weapons, for here they are needlesse, we being all friends, and forever Powhatans." . . .

Whilst we expected the coming in of the Country, we wrangled out of the King ten quarters of Corne for a copper Kettell, the which the President perceiving him much to affect, valued it at a much greater rate; but in regard of his scarcity he would accept it, provided we should have as much more the next yeare, or els the Country of Monacan. — Wherein each seemed well contented, and Powhatan began to expostulate the difference of Peace and Warre after his manner: —

"Captaine Smith, you may understand that I having seene the death of all my people thrice, and not any one living of those three generations but my selfe, I know the difference of Peace and Warre better then any in my Country. But now I am old and ere long must die, my brethren, namely Opitchapam, Opechancanough, and Kekataugh, my two sisters, and their two daughters, are distinctly each others successors. I wish their experience no lesse then mine, and your love to them no lesse then mine to you. But this bruit from Nandsamund, that you are come to destroy my Country, so much affrighteth all my people as they dare not visit you. What will it availe you to take that by force you may quickly have by love, or to destroy them that provide you food. What can you get by warre, when we can hide our provisions and fly to the woods? whereby you must famish by wronging us your friends. And why are you thus jealous of our loves seeing us unarmed, and both doe, and are willing still to feede you, with that you cannot get but by our labours? Thinke you I am so simple, not to know it is better to eate good meate, lye well, and sleepe quietly with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, have copper, hatchets, or what I want being your friend: then be forced to flie from all, to lie cold in the woods, feede upon Acornes, rootes, and such trash, and be so hunted by you, that I can neither rest, eate, nor sleepe; but my tyred men must watch, and if a twig but breake, every one cryeth there commeth Captaine Smith: then must I fly I know not whether: and thus with miserable feare end my miserable life, leaving my pleasures to such youths as you, which through your rash unaduisednesse may quickly as miserably end, for want of that you never know where to finde. Let this, therefore, assure you of our loves, and every yeare our friendly trade shall

furnish you with Corne; and now also if you would come in friendly manner to see us, and not thus with your guns and swords as to invade your foes." To this subtill discourse, the President thus replyed: —

"Seeing you will not rightly conceive of our words, we strive to make you know our thoughts by our deeds; the vow I made you of my love, both my selfe and my men have kept. As for your promise I find it every day violated by some of your subjects: yet we finding your love and kindnesse, our custome is so far from being ungratefull, that for your sake onely we have curbed our thirsting desire for revenge; els had they knowne as well the crueltie we use to our enemies, as our true love and courtesie to our friends. And I thinke your judgement sufficient to conceive, as well by the adventures we have undertaken, as by the advantage we have (by our Armes) of yours: that had we intended you any hurt, long ere this we could have effected it. Your people comming to James Towne are entertained with their Bowes and Arrowes without any exceptions; we esteeming it with you as it is with us, to wear our armes as our apparell. As for the danger of our enemies, in such warres consist our chiefest pleasure: for your riches we have no use: as for the hiding your provision, or by your flying to the woods, we shall not so unadvisedly starve as you conclude, your friendly care in that behalfe is needlesse, for we have a rule to finde beyond your knowledge."

Many other discourses they had, till at last they began to trade. But the King seeing his will would not be admitted as a law, our guard dispersed, nor our men disarmed, he (sighing) breathed his minde once more in this matter.

"Captaine Smith, I never use any Werowance so kindely as your selfe, yet from you I receive the least kindnesse of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, towels, or what I desired; ever taking what I offered him, and would send away his gunnes when I intreated him: none doth deny to lye at my feet, or refuse to doe what I desire, but onely you; of whom I can have nothing but what you regard not, and yet you will have whatsoever you demand. Captaine Newport you call father, and so you call me; but I see for all us both you will doe what you list, and we must both seeke to content you. But if you intend so friendly as you say, send hence your armes, that I may beleeve you; for you see the love I beare you doth cause me thus nakedly to forget myselfe."

Smith seeing this Salvage but trifle the time to cut his throat, procured the salvages to breake the ice, that his Boate might come to fetch his corne and him; and gave order for more men to come on shore, to surprise the King, with whom also he but trifled the time till his men were landed: and to keepe him from suspicion, entertained the time with this reply.

"Powhatan, you must know, as I have but one God, I honour but one King; and I live not here as your subject, but as your friend to pleasure you with what I can. By the gifts you bestow on me, you gaine more then by trade: yet would you visit mee as I doe you, you should know it is not our custome, to sell our curtesies as a vendible commodity. Bring all your countrey with you for your guard, I will not dislike it as being over jealous. But to content you, to morrow I will leave my armes, and trust to your promise. I call you father indeed, and as a father you shall see I will love you: but the small care you have of such a childe caused my men perswade me to looke to myselfe."

By this time Powhatan having knowledge his men were ready whilst the ice was a breaking, with his luggage, women, and children, fled. Yet to avoyd suspicion, left two or three of the women talking with the Captaine, whilest hee secretly ran away, and his men that secretly beset the house. Which being presently discovered to Captaine Smith, with his pistoll, sword, and target hee made such a passage among these naked Divels, that at his first shoot, they next him tumbled one over another: and the rest quickly fled some one way some another: so that without any hurt, onely accompanied with John Russell, hee obtained the corps du guard. When they perceived him so well escaped, and with his eighteene men (for he had no more with him a shore) to the uttermost of their skill they sought excuses to dissemble the matter: and Powhatan to excuse his flight and the sudden comming of this multitude, sent our Captaine a great bracelet and a chain of pearle, by an ancient Oratour that bespoke us to this purpose, perceiving even then from our Pinnace, a Barge and men departing and comming unto us.

"Captaine Smith, our Werowance is fled, fearing your gunnes, and knowing when the ice was broken there would come more men, sent these numbers but to guard his corne from stealing, that might happen without your knowledge: now though some bee hurt by your misprision, yet Powhatan is your friend and so will for ever continue. Now since the ice is open,

he would have you send away your corne, and if you would have his company, send away also your gunnes, which so affrighteth his people, that they dare not come to you as he promised they should."

Then having provided baskets for our men to carry our corne to the boats, they kindly offered their service to guard our Armes, that none should steale them. A great many they were of goodly well proportioned fellowes, as grim as Divels; yet the very sight of cocking our matches, and being to let fly, a few wordes caused them to leave their bowes and arrowes to our guard, and beare downe our corne on their backes; wee needed not importune them to make dispatch. But our Barges being left on the oase by the ebbe, caused us stay till the next high-water, so that wee returned againe to our old quarter. Powhatan and his Dutch-men bursting with desire to have the head of Captaine Smith, for if they could but kill him, they thought all was theirs, neglected not any opportunity to effect his purpose. The Indians, with all the merry sports they could devise, spent the time till night: then they all returned to Powhatan, who all this time was making ready his forces to surprise the house and him at supper. Notwithstanding the eternal all-seeing God did prevent him, and by a strange meanes. For Pocahontas, his dearest jewell and daughter, in that darke night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captaine great cheare should be sent us by and by: but Powhatan and all the power he could make would after come kill us all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our owne weapons when we were at supper. Therefore if we would live shee wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in he would have given her: but with the teares running downe her cheekes, she said she durst not be seene to have any: for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead, and so shee ranne away by her selfe as shee came.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

Smith, Samuel Francis, an American clergyman and poet, the author of "America;" born at Boston, October 15, 1808; died at Boston, November 16, 1895. He was graduated at Harvard in 1829, Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Freeman Clarke being among his classmates; studied theology at Andover, and in 1834 became pastor of a Baptist church at Waterville, Me., and Professor of Modern Languages in the college there. In 1842 he became pastor of a church at Newton, Mass., and was also for seven years editor of the "Christian Review." He subsequently devoted himself to private teaching and to literary work, making music a specialty.

My Country, 'tis of Thee.

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring!

My Native Country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love!
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break;
The sounds prolong.

Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee I sing.
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King!

The Morning Light.

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing —
A nation in a day.

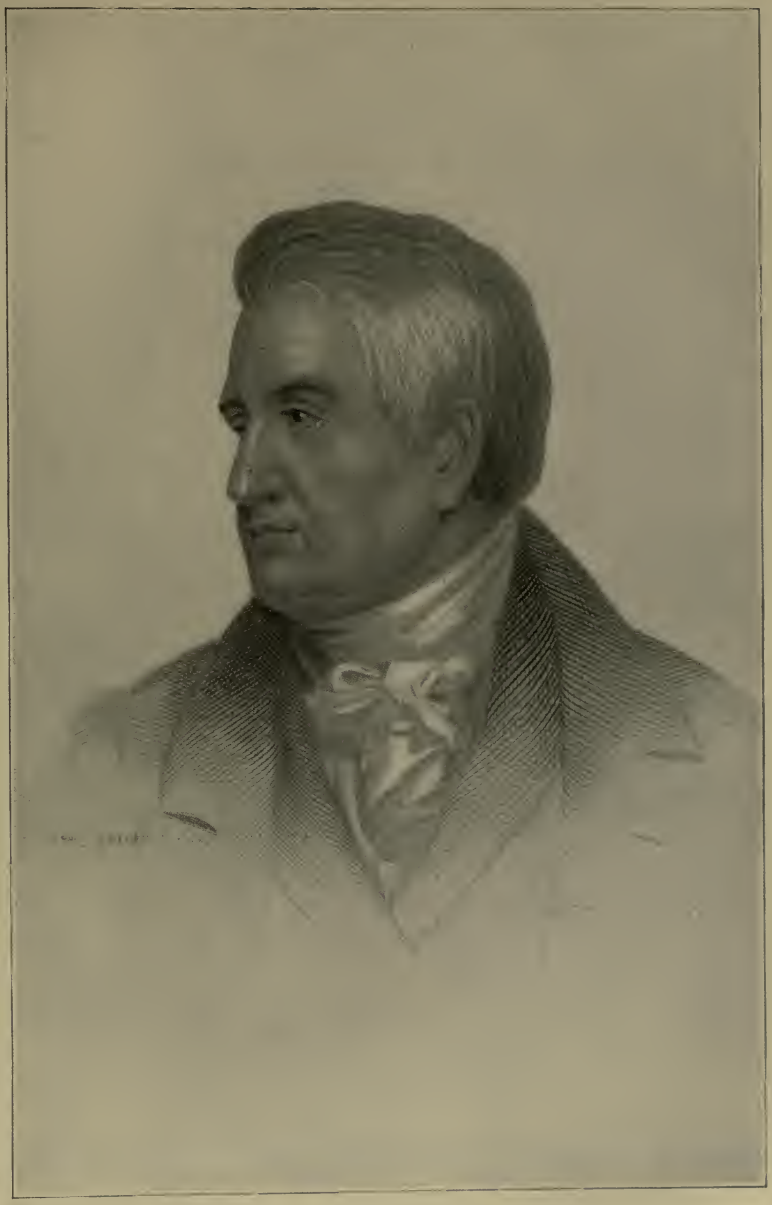
Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim — "The Lord is come!"

SYDNEY SMITH.

Smith, Sydney, an eminent English clergyman, wit, and essayist; born at Woodford, Essex, June 3, 1771; died at London, February 22, 1845. He studied at Oxford, took orders, and in 1794 became a curate. In 1797 he went to Edinburgh, where in 1802 Smith undertook the editorship of the "Edinburgh Review," and contributed largely to it for a quarter of a century. About 1804 he went to London. In 1828 he was made a canon of Bristol, and soon afterward rector of Combe-Florey in Somersetshire. In 1831 he was made Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, London. Besides his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," he commenced in 1807 a series of "Letters on the subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley." A collection of his miscellaneous writings, in four volumes, was published in 1840. After his death were published a volume of "Sermons" preached at St. Paul's, and "Lectures on Moral Philosophy."

Wisdom of Our Ancestors.

"Our Wise Ancestors" — "The Wisdom of Our Ancestors" — "The Wisdom of Ages" — "Venerable Antiquity" — "Wisdom of Old Times." — This mischievous and absurd fallacy springs from the grossest perversion of the meaning of words. Experience is certainly the mother of wisdom, and the old have of course a greater experience than the young; but the question is, Who are the old? and who are the young? Of *individuals* living at the same period, the oldest has of course the greatest experience; but among *generations* of men, the reverse of this is true. Those who come first (our ancestors) are the young people, and have the least experience. We have added to their experience the experience of many centuries; and therefore, as far as experience goes, are wiser and more capable of forming an opinion than they were. The real feeling should be, *not*, Can we be so presumptuous as to put our opinions in opposition to those of our ancestors? but, Can such young, ignorant, inexperienced persons as our ancestors necessarily



REV. SYDNEY SMITH

were, be expected to have understood a subject as well as those who have seen so much more, lived so much longer, and enjoyed the experience of so many centuries? All this cant, then, about our ancestors is merely an abuse of words, by transferring phrases true of contemporary men to succeeding ages. Whereas (as we have before observed) of living men the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the most experience; of generations the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the least experience. Our ancestors, up to the Conquest, were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward the First; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne: and *we* only are the white-bearded, silver-headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply. We are not disputing with our ancestors the palm of talent, in which they may or may not be our superiors; but the palm of experience, in which it is utterly impossible they can be our superiors. And yet, whenever the Chancellor comes forward to protect some abuse, or to oppose some plan which has the increase of human happiness for its object, his first appeal is always to the wisdom of our ancestors; and he himself, and many noble lords who vote with him, are to this hour persuaded that all alterations and amendments on their devices are an unblushing controversy between youthful temerity and mature experience! and so in truth they are; only that much-loved magistrate mistakes the young for the old and the old for the young, and is guilty of that very sin against experience which he attributes to the lovers of innovation.

We cannot, of course, be supposed to maintain that our ancestors wanted wisdom, or that they were necessarily mistaken in their institutions, because their means of information were more limited than ours. But we do confidently maintain, that when we find it expedient to change anything which our ancestors have enacted, we are the experienced persons, and not they. The quantity of talent is always varying in any great nation. To say that we are more or less able than our ancestors, is an assertion that requires to be explained. All the able men of all ages, who have ever lived in England, probably possessed, if taken altogether, more intellect than all the able men now in England can boast of. But if authority must be resorted to rather than reason, the question is, What was the wisdom of that single age which enacted the law, compared with the wisdom of the age which proposes to

alter it? What are the eminent men of one and the other period? If you say that our ancestors were wiser than us, mention your date and year. If the splendor of names is equal, are the circumstances the same? If the circumstances are the same, we have a superiority of experience, of which the difference between the two periods is the measure.

It is necessary to insist upon this; for upon sacks of wool, and on benches forensic, sit grave men, and agricolous persons in the Commons, crying out, "Ancestors, Ancestors! *hodie non!* Saxons, Danes, save us! Fiddlefrig, help us! Howel, Ethelwolf, protect us!" Any cover for nonsense — any veil for trash — any pretext for repelling the innovations of conscience and of duty!

John Bull's Charity Subscriptions.

The English are a calm, reflecting people; they will give time and money when they are convinced; but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances, he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature — puffs, blubbers, and subscribes.

Hand-Shaking.

On meeting a young lady who had just entered the garden, and shaking hands with her, "I must," he said, "give you a lesson in shaking hands, I see. There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. Lister, when he was here, illustrated some of them. Ask Mrs. Sydney to show you his sketches of them when you go in. There is the *high official*, — the body erect, and a rapid, short shake, near the chin. There is the *mortmain*, — the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The *digital*, — one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the *shakus rusticus*, where your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the Metropolis; but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the *retentive shake*,

— one which, beginning with vigor, pauses as it were to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you. There are other varieties, but this is enough for one lesson."

Small Men.

An argument arose, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person; and after naming several among the ancients, he added, "Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with, — his intellect is improperly exposed."

Macaulay.

To take Macaulay out of literature and society, and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence.

"Oh yes! we both talk a great deal; but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice," he exclaimed laughing. "Sometimes when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that."

I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches.

Yes, I agree, he is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful. But what is far better and more important than all this is, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, title, before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests.

Specie and Species.

Sydney Smith, preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion that of all nations, Englishmen were most

distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said that he had evidently made a great mistake, and that his expression should have been that they were distinguished for the love of their specie.

Daniel Webster.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers.

Benevolence.

Benevolence is a natural instinct of the human mind. — When A sees B in grievous distress, his conscience always urges him to entreat C to help him.

Criticism.

I like pictures, without knowing anything about them; but I hate coxcombry in the fine arts, as well as in anything else. I got into dreadful disgrace with Sir George Beaumont once, who, standing before a picture at Bowood, exclaimed, turning to me: —

'Immense breadth of light and shade!"

I innocently said, "Yes, about an inch and a half." He gave me a look that ought to have killed me.

Harrogate.

Harrogate seemed to me to be the most heaven-forgotten country under the sun. When I saw it there were only nine mangy fir-trees there — and even they all leant away from it.

Marriage.

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always pushing anyone who comes between them.

Gout.

Gout is the only enemy which I don't wish to have at my feet.

Feasts and Fasts.

Oh! the observances of the Church concerning feasts and fasts are tolerably well kept, upon the whole, since the rich keep the feasts and the poor the fasts.

Happiness.

There are many people who run about after happiness like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, which all the while is on his head.

To Jeffrey.

Coming suddenly upon the great Jeffrey of "Edinburgh" fame riding upon the children's donkey, Smith hailed him thus: —

Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little Jackass.

A Salutation.

Meeting a friend who had grown much stouter, Smith greeted him with, "Why, I did n't half see you when we met last year."

Hams and Shems.

He once told a visitor to his Yorkshire parsonage that the hams at his table were the only genuine hams — other people's were mere Shems and Japhets.

The Grotesque.

On Mrs. Grote, gorgeous with a rose-colored turban, entering a drawing-room, Smith said suddenly to his companion, "Now I know the meaning of the word grotesque."

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Smollett, Tobias George, a Scottish novelist and historian; born at Dalquhurn, Dumbartonshire, Scotland, in 1721; died at Antignano, near Leghorn, Italy, September 17, 1771. He was of an ancient family, received a good education, and was apprenticed to a surgeon. After acting as surgeon's mate in the navy, he betook himself to London, and authorship. His writings included compositions of almost every kind. He wrote novels, plays, poems, travels, and histories. His principal works are "The Adventures of Roderick Random" (1748); "The Regicide" (1749), a tragedy; "The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle" (1751); "The Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom" (1753); "Don Quixote" (1755), a translation from the Spanish of Cervantes; "Compendium of Voyages and Travels" (1757); "History of England from the Landing of Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle" (1757); "The Adventures of an Atom" (1769), a political satire; and "The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker" (1771).

Roderick Visits a Gaming-House.

(From "Roderick Random.")

At length, however, finding myself reduced to my last guinea, I was compelled to disclose my necessity, though I endeavored to sweeten the discovery by rehearsing to him the daily assurances I received from my patron. But these promises were not of efficacy sufficient to support the spirits of my friend, who no sooner understood the lowness of my finances, than uttering a dreadful groan, he exclaimed, "In the name of God, what shall we do!" In order to comfort him, I said that many of my acquaintance, who were in a worse condition than we, supported notwithstanding the character of gentlemen; and advising him to thank God that we had as yet incurred no debt, proposed he should pawn my sword of steel inlaid with gold, and trust to my discretion for the rest. This expedient was wormwood and gall to poor Strap, who, in spite of his invin-

cible affection for me, still retained notions of economy and expense suitable to the narrowness of his education; nevertheless he complied with my request, and raised seven pieces on the sword in a twinkling. This supply, inconsiderable as it was, made me as happy for the present as if I had kept five hundred pounds in bank: for by this time I was so well skilled in procrastinating every troublesome reflection that the prospect of want seldom affected me much, let it be never so near. And now indeed it was nearer than I imagined: my landlord, having occasion for money, put me in mind of my being indebted to him five guineas for lodging, and telling me he had a sum to make up, begged I would excuse his importunity and discharge the debt. Though I could ill spare so much cash, my pride took the resolution of disbursing it. This I did in a cavalier manner; after he had written a discharge, telling him with an air of scorn and resentment I saw he was resolved that I should not be long in his books: while Strap, who stood by and knew my circumstances, wrung his hands in secret, gnawed his nether-lip, and turned yellow with despair. Whatever appearance of indifference my vanity enabled me to put on, I was thunderstruck with this demand, which I had no sooner satisfied than I hastened into company, with a view of beguiling my cares with conversation, or of drowning them with wine.

After dinner a party was accordingly made in the coffee-house, from whence we adjourned to the tavern; where, instead of sharing the mirth of the company, I was as much chagrined at their good-humor as a damned soul in hell would be at a glimpse of heaven. In vain did I swallow bumper after bumper; the wine had lost its effect upon me, and far from raising my dejected spirits, could not even lay me asleep. Banter, who was the only intimate I had (Strap excepted), perceived my anxiety, and when we broke up reproached me with pusillanimity, for being cast down at any disappointment that such a rascal as Strutwell could be the occasion of. I told him I did not at all see how Strutwell's being a rascal alleviated my misfortune; and gave him to understand that my present grief did not so much proceed from that disappointment as from the low ebb of my fortune, which was sunk to something less than two guineas. At this declaration he cried, "Pshaw! is that all?" and assured me there were a thousand ways of living in town without a fortune, he himself having subsisted

many years entirely by his wit. I expressed an eager desire of becoming acquainted with some of these methods; and he, without further expostulation, bade me follow him.

He conducted me to a house under the piazzas in Covent Garden, which we entered, and having delivered our swords to a grim fellow who demanded them at the foot of the staircase, ascended to the second story, where I saw multitudes of people standing round two gaming-tables, loaded in a manner with gold and silver. My conductor told me this was the house of a worthy Scotch lord, who, using the privilege of his peerage, had set up public gaming-tables, from the profits of which he drew a comfortable livelihood. He then explained the difference between the *sitters* and the *betters;* characterized the first as "old hooks," and the last as "bubbles;" and advised me to try my fortune at the silver table, by betting a crown at a time. Before I would venture anything, I considered the company more particularly; and there appeared such a group of villainous faces that I was struck with horror and astonishment at the sight. I signified my surprise to Banter, who whispered in my ear that the bulk of those present were sharpers, highwaymen, and apprentices who, having embezzled their master's cash, made a desperate push in this place to make up their deficencies. This account did not encourage me to hazard any part of my small pittance; but at length, being teased by the importunities of my friend, who assured me there was no danger of being ill-used, because people were hired by the owner to see justice done to everybody, I began by risking one shilling, and in less than an hour my winning amounted to thirty. Convinced by this time of the fairness of the game, and animated with success, there was no need of further persuasion to continue the play. I lent Banter (who seldom had any money in his pocket) a guinea, which he carried to the gold table, and lost in a moment. He would have borrowed another; but finding me deaf to his arguments, went away in a pet. Meanwhile my gain advanced to six pieces, and my desire for more increased in proportion; so that I moved to the higher table, where I laid half a guinea on every throw: and fortune still favoring me, I became a *sitter*, in which capacity I remained until it was broad day; when I found myself, after many vicissitudes, one hundred and fifty guineas in pocket.

Thinking it now high time to retire with my booty, I asked if anybody would take my place, and made a motion to rise;

upon which an old Gascon who sat opposite to me, and of whom I had won a little money, started up with fury in his looks, crying, "Restez, restez: il faut donner moi mon ravanchio!" At the same time, a Jew who sat near the other insinuated that I was more beholden to art than to fortune for what I had got; that he had observed me wipe the table very often, and that some of the divisions seemed to be greasy. This intimation produced a great deal of clamor against me, especially among the losers; who threatened, with many oaths and imprecations, to take me up by a warrant as a sharper, unless I would compromise the affair by refunding the greatest part of my winning. Though I was far from being easy under this accusation, I relied upon my innocence, threatened in my turn to prosecute the Jew for defamation, and boldly offered to submit my cause to the examination of any justice in Westminster: but they knew themselves too well to put their characters on that issue; and finding I was not to be intimidated into any concession, dropped their plea and made way for me to withdraw. I would not, however, stir from the table until the Israelite had retracted what he had said to my disadvantage, and asked pardon before the whole assembly.

As I marched out with my prize I happened to tread upon the toes of a tall, raw-boned fellow, with a hooked nose, fierce eyes, black, thick eyebrows, a pigtail wig of the same color, and a formidable hat pulled over his forehead, who stood gnawing his fingers in the crowd, and no sooner felt the application of my shoe-heel than he roared out in a tremendous voice, "Blood and wounds! what's that for?" I asked pardon with a great deal of submission, and protested I had no intention of hurting him: but the more I humbled myself the more he stormed, and insisted upon gentlemanly satisfaction, at the same time provoking me with scandalous names that I could not put up with; so that I gave a loose to my passion, returned his billingsgate, and challenged him to follow me down to the piazzas. His indignation cooling as mine warmed, he refused my invitation, saying he would choose his own time, and returned towards the table, muttering threats which I neither dreaded nor distinctly heard; but descending with great deliberation, received my sword from the doorkeeper, whom I gratified with a guinea according to the custom of the place, and went home in a rapture of joy.

Old-Fashioned Love-Making: an Old-Fashioned Wedding.

(From "Peregrine Pickle.")

Peregrine, whose health required the enjoyment of fresh air after his long confinement, sent a message to Emilia that same night announcing his arrival, and giving her notice that he would breakfast with her next morning; when he and our hero, who had dressed himself for the purpose, taking a hackney-coach, repaired to her lodging, and were introduced into a parlor adjoining that in which the tea-table was set. Here they had not waited many minutes when they heard the sound of feet coming downstairs; upon which our hero's heart began to beat the alarm. He concealed himself behind the screen, by the direction of his friend, whose ears being saluted with Sophy's voice from the next room, he flew into it with great ardor, and enjoyed upon her lips the sweet transports of a meeting so unexpected; for he had left her in her father's house at Windsor.

Amidst these emotions, he had almost forgotten the situation of Peregrine; when Emilia, assuming her enchanting air, — "Is not this," said she, "a most provoking scene to a young woman like me, who am doomed to wear the willow, by the strange caprice of my lover? Upon my word, brother, you have done me infinite prejudice in promoting this jaunt with my obstinate correspondent, who, I suppose, is so ravished with this transient glimpse of liberty that he will never be persuaded to incur unnecessary confinement for the future." "My dear sister," replied the captain tauntingly, "your own pride set him the example; so you must e'en stand to the consequence of his imitation." "'T is a hard case, however," answered the fair offender, "that I should suffer all my life by one venial trespass. Heigh ho! who would imagine that a sprightly girl such as I, with ten thousand pounds, should go a-begging? I have a good mind to marry the next person that asks me the question, in order to be revenged upon this unyielding humorist. Did the dear fellow discover no inclination to see me, in all the term of his releasement? Well, if ever I catch the fugitive again, he shall sing in his cage for life."

It is impossible to convey to the reader a just idea of Pere-

grine's transports while he overheard this declaration, — which was no sooner pronounced, than, unable to resist the impetuosity of his passion, he sprung from his lurking-place, exclaiming, "Here I surrender!" and rushing into her presence, was so dazzled with her beauty that his speech failed: he was fixed like a statue to the floor; and all his faculties were absorbed in admiration. Indeed she was now in the full bloom of her charms, and it was nearly impossible to look upon her without emotion. The ladies screamed with surprise at his appearance, and Emilia underwent such agitation as flushed every charm with irresistible energy.

While he was almost fainting with unutterable delight, she seemed to sink under the tumults of tenderness and confusion; when our hero, perceiving her condition, obeyed the impulse of his love and circled the charmer in his arms, without suffering the least frown or symptom of displeasure. Not all the pleasures of his life had amounted to the ineffable joy of this embrace, in which he continued for some minutes totally entranced. He fastened upon her pouting lips with all the eagerness of rapture; and while his brain seemed to whirl round with transport, exclaimed in a delirium of bliss, "Heaven and earth! this is too much to bear."

His imagination was accordingly relieved, and his attention in some measure divided, by the interposition of Sophy, who kindly chid him for his having overlooked his old friends: thus accosted, he quitted his delicious armful, and saluting Mrs. Gauntlet, asked pardon for his neglect; observing that such rudeness was excusable, considering the long and unhappy exile which he had suffered from the jewel of his soul. Then turning to Emilia, — "I am come, madam," said he, "to claim the performance of your promise, which I can produce under your own fair hand: you may therefore lay aside all superfluous ceremony and shyness, and crown my happiness without farther delay; for upon my soul! my thoughts are wound up to the last pitch of expectation, and I shall certainly run distracted if I am doomed to any term of probation."

His mistress, having by this time recollected herself, replied with a most exhilarating smile, "I ought to punish you for your obstinacy with the mortification of a twelvemonths' trial; but it is dangerous to tamper with an admirer of your disposition, and therefore I think I must make sure of you while it is in my power."

"You are willing then to take me for better, for worse, in presence of Heaven and these witnesses?" cried Peregrine kneeling, and applying her hand to his lips.

At this interrogation, her features softened into an amazing expression of condescending love; and while she darted a side glance that thrilled to his marrow, and heaved a sigh more soft than Zephyr's balmy wing, her answer was, "Why — ay — and Heaven grant me patience to bear the humors of such a yoke-fellow."

"And may the same powers," replied the youth, "grant me life and opportunity to manifest the immensity of my love. Meanwhile I have eighty thousand pounds, which shall be laid in your lap."

So saying, he sealed the contract upon her lips, and explained the mystery of his last words, which had begun to operate upon the wonder of the two sisters. Sophy was agreeably surprised with the account of his good fortune: nor was it, in all probability, unacceptable to the lovely Emilia; though from this information she took an opportunity to upbraid her admirer with the inflexibility of his pride, which, she scrupled not to say, would have baffled all the suggestions of passion had it not been gratified by this providential event.

Matters being thus happily matured, the lover begged that immediate recourse might be had to the church, and his happiness ascertained. He fell at her feet in all the agony of impatience; swore that his life and intellects would actually be in jeopardy by her refusal: and when she attempted to argue him out of his demand, began to rave with such extravagance that Sophy was frightened into conviction; and Godfrey enforcing the remonstrances of his friend, the amiable Emilia was teased into compliance. . . .

He accordingly led her into the dining-room, where the ceremony was performed without delay; and after the husband had asserted his prerogative on her lips, the whole company saluted her by the name of Mrs. Pickle. . . .

An express was immediately dispatched to Mrs. Gauntlet with an account of her daughter's marriage; a town-house was hired, and a handsome equipage set up, in which the new-married pair appeared at all public places, to the astonishment of our adventurer's fair-weather friends and the admiration of all the world: for in point of figure such another couple was not to be found in the whole United Kingdom. Envy despaired, and

detraction was struck dumb, when our hero's new accession of fortune was consigned to the celebration of public fame; Emilia attracted the notice of all observers, from the pert Templar to the Sovereign himself, who was pleased to bestow encomiums upon the excellence of her beauty. Many persons of consequence, who had dropped the acquaintance of Peregrine in the beginning of his decline, now made open efforts to cultivate his friendship anew: but he discouraged all these advances with the most mortifying disdain; and one day when the nobleman whom he had formerly obliged came up to him in the drawing-room, with the salutation of "Your servant, Mr. Pickle," he eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt, saying, "I suppose your Lordship is mistaken in your man," and turned his head another way in presence of the whole court.

When he had made a circuit round all the places frequented by the *beau monde*, to the utter confusion of those against whom his resentment was kindled, paid off his debts, and settled his money matters in town, Hatchway was dismissed to the country, in order to prepare for the reception of his fair Emilia. In a few days after his departure, the whole company (Cadwallader himself included) set out for his father's house; and in their way took up Mrs. Gauntlet, the mother, who was sincerely rejoiced to see our hero in the capacity of her son-in-law.

Humphrey Clinker is Presented to the Reader.

(From a letter to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., in "The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.")

Dear Sir, — Without waiting for your answer to my last, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tuesday last, the squire took his place in a hired coach-and-four, accompanied by his sister and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap. I could scarce refrain from laughing when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger. The squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes; and calling to the postilions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face. I, and his servant John Thomas, attended them on horseback.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred, till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough downs. There one of the fore horses fell,

in going down-hill at a round trot; and the postilion behind, endeavoring to stop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but hearing a loud scream, galloped back and dismounted, to give what assistance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing distinctly but the Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and squalling with great vociferation. All of a sudden, my uncle thrust up his bare pate, and bolted through the window as nimble as a grasshopper: the man (who had likewise quitted his horse) dragged this forlorn damsel, more dead than alive, through the same opening. Then Mr. Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light, very much frightened but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our Aunt Tabitha, who had lost her cap in the struggle; and being rather more than half frantic with rage and terror, was no bad representation of one of the sister Furies that guard the gates of hell. She expressed no sort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold without his periwig, and worked with the most astonishing agility in helping to disentangle the horses from the carriage; but she cried in a tone of distraction, — "Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the case. Chowder, after having torn my uncle's leg in the confusion of the fall, had retreated under the seat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck; for which good office he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally surly, was so provoked at this assault that he saluted his ribs with a hearty kick, — a benediction which was by no means lost upon the implacable virago, his mistress. Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peasant's house, near the scene of action, where his head and hers were covered; and poor Jenkins had a fit. Our next care was to apply some sticking-plaster to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impression of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips against the delinquent. Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this scene, — "You say nothing, Matt," cried she; "but I know your mind — I know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!" "You are mistaken, upon my honor!" replied the squire with a sarcastic smile: "I should be incapable of harboring any such cruel design against an object so amiable and inoffensive, even if he had not the happiness to be your favorite."

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or instigated by the desire for revenge, came in and bluntly demanded that the dog should be put to death, on the supposition that if ever he should run mad hereafter, he who had been bit by him would be infected. My uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion; observing that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed if he was not sure that he ran no risk of infection. Nevertheless Thomas continued obstinate; and at length declared that if the dog was not shot immediately, he himself would be his executioner. This declaration opened the flood-gates of Tabby's eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate. The footman retorted in the same style; and the squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horsewhipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occurred. Mrs. Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postilion, who, she affirmed, had overturned the coach from malice aforethought. After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country-fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided; and at that place we arrived about one o'clock, without further impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offence, which indeed she had a particular genius for extracting at will from almost every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we stayed to dine, when she exhibited a formal complaint against the poor fellow who had superseded the postilion. She said he was such a beggarly rascal that he had ne'er a shirt to his back; Mrs. Winifred Jenkins confirmed the assertion.

"This is a heinous offense indeed," cried my uncle; "let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, stooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pinking eyes, flat nose, and long chin; his complexion was of a sickly yellow: his looks denoted famine; and . . . Mrs. Bramble, turning from him, said she had never seen such a filthy tatterdemalion, and bid him begone; observing that he would fill the room with vermin.

Her brother darted a significant glance at her as she retired with Liddy into another apartment; and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough? When he answered that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy, mine host was immediately called, and being interrogated on the subject, said that the young fellow's name was Humphrey Clinker; that he had been a love-begotten babe, brought up in the workhouse, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country blacksmith, who died before the boy's time was out; that he had for some time worked under his hostler as a helper and extra postilion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled him from getting his bread; that having sold or pawned everything he had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard anything to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute," said my uncle, "you turned him out to die in the streets?" "I pay the poor's rate," replied the other, "and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought a discredit upon my house."

"You perceive," said the squire, turning to me, "our landlord is a Christian of bowels: who shall presume to censure the morals of the age when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity? Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender,—you stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want; but as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving a word of advice,—get a shirt with all convenient dispatch."

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stept into the coach, she observed with some marks of satisfaction that the postilion who rode next to her was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous: this was a smart fellow, with a narrow-brimmed hat with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt puffed above the waistband. When we arrived at the castle on Spinhill, where we lay, this new postilion was remarkably assiduous in bringing in loose parcels; and at length displayed the individual countenance of Humphrey Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself in

this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

Howsoever pleased the rest of the company were with such a favorable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digested the affront. She tossed her nose in disdain, saying she supposed her brother had taken him into favor because he had insulted her with his obscenity; that a fool and his money were soon parted: but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a foot farther that way. My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without farther altercation to Salthill, where we proposed to dine. There the first person that came to the side of the coach and began to adjust the footboard was no other than Humphrey Clinker. When I handed out Mrs. Bramble, she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house; my uncle was embarrassed, and asked peevishly what had brought him hither? The fellow said his Honor had been so good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him; that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life without fee or reward.

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or to laugh at this declaration. He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby; and on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the simplicity of his character. "Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service," said he, "what are your qualifications? What are you good for?" "An' please your Honor," answered this original, "I can read and write, and do the business of the stable indifferent well. I can dress a horse, and shoe him, and bleed and rowel him; . . . I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts. Then I can make hog's puddings and hobnails, mend kettles and tin saucepans —" Here uncle burst out a-laughing; and inquired what other accomplishments he was master of. "I know something of single-stick and psalmody," proceeded Clinker: "I can play upon the jew's-harp, sing 'Black-eyed Susan,' 'Arthur O'Bradley,' and divers other songs; I can dance a Welch jig, and 'Nancy Dawson;' wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches when I'm in heart; and (under correction) I can find a hare when your Honor wants a bit of game." "Foregad, thou art a complete fellow!" cried

my uncle, still laughing: "I have a mind to take thee into my family. Prithee, go and try if thou canst make peace with my sister; thou hast given her much offence."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs. Tabitha,—"May it please your Ladyship's Worship," cried he, "to pardon and forgive my offences, and with God's assistance, I shall take care never to offend your Ladyship again. Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner; God bless your noble countenance, I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice. I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady."

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabitha; but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural awkwardness, and the flutter of his spirits, were productive of repeated blunders in the course of his attendance. At length he spilt part of a custard upon her right shoulder; and starting back, trod upon Chowder, who set up a dismal howl. Poor Humphrey was so disconcerted at this double mistake, that he dropt the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces; then falling down upon his knees, remained in that posture, gaping with a most ludicrous aspect of distress. Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and snatching him in her arms, presented him to her brother, saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me;—here it is: kill it at once; and then you'll be satisfied."

Clinker, hearing these words and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in some hurry, and seizing a knife from the sideboard, cried, "Not here, an't please your Ladyship,—it will daub the room: give him to me, and I'll carry him into the ditch by the roadside." To this proposal he received no other answer than a hearty box on the ear, that made him stagger to the other side of the room. "What!" said she to her brother, "am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway! I insist upon your sending this rascallion about his business immediately." "For God's sake, sister, compose yourself," said my uncle; "and consider that the poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offence." "Innocent as the babe unborn," cried Humphrey. "I see it plainly," exclaimed this implacable maiden; "he acts by your direction,

and you are resolved to support him in his impudence. This is a bad return for all the services I have done you, — for nursing you in your sickness, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourself by your own imprudence: but now you shall part with that rascal or me, upon the spot, without farther loss of time; and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling taken from a dunghill."

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to glisten, and his teeth to chatter. "If stated fairly," said he, raising his voice, "the question is whether I have spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice to gratify the rancor of a capricious woman. Hark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble! I will now propose an alternative in my turn: either discard you four-footed favorite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu; for I am determined that he and I shall live no longer under the same roof; and now *to dinner with what appetite you may.*" Thunderstruck at this declaration, she sat down in a corner; and after a pause of some minutes, "Sure I don't understand you, Matt!" said she. "And yet I spoke in plain English," answered the squire with a peremptory look. "Sir," resumed this virago, effectually humbled, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't dispose of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word he shall never trouble you again."

Her brother, entirely disarmed by this mild reply, declared she could ask him nothing in reason that he would refuse; adding, "I hope sister, you have never found me deficient in natural affection!" Mrs. Tabitha immediately rose, and throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him on the cheek; he returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy sobbed; Win Jenkins cackled; Chowder capered; and Clinker skipt about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort; and in the evening arrived in London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman, and (in a day or two) will make his appearance in a new suit of livery; but as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant. J. MELFORD.

SOCRATES.

Socrates, a Greek philosopher; born at Athens in 470 B. C.; died there in 399 B. C. He was the son of a sculptor, to whose profession he was brought up; but gave it up in order to become what we may call a "private lecturer" on ethics, in obedience to what he esteemed a divine monition. It was his wont to frequent workshops and public places, discoursing to anyone who would listen to him. For more than sixty years he seems to have been an Athenian citizen of good repute. But toward the close of his life he incurred the disfavor of the party which had obtained the political ascendency. In his seventieth year he was indicted upon charges that he was "guilty, firstly, of denying the gods recognized by the state; secondly, of corrupting the young." He was found guilty, and sentenced to die by drinking a decoction of the poisonous "hemlock," a species of cicuta. Thirty days intervened between the sentence and its execution. During this period he was kept in prison, securely bound; but his friends were allowed free access to him, and he discoursed to them upon the loftiest themes, as is recorded by Plato, especially in the Phædo.

Socrates and Euthydemus.

(From Xenophon's "Memorabilia.")

Socrates, having made the letters as he proposed, asked, "Does falsehood then exist among mankind?" "It does assuredly," replied he. — "Under which head shall we place it?" "Under injustice, certainly." — "Does deceit also exist?" "Unquestionably." — "Under which head shall we place that?" "Evidently under injustice." — "Does mischievousness exist?" "Undoubtedly." — "And the enslaving of men?" "That too prevails." — "And shall neither of these things be placed by us under justice, Euthydemus?" "It would be strange if they should be," said he. "But," said Socrates, "if a man, being chosen to lead an army, should reduce to slavery an unjust and hostile people, should we say he committed injustice?" "No,

certainly," replied he. — "Should we not rather say that he acted justly?" "Indisputably." — "And if, in the course of the war with them, he should practice deceit?" "That also would be just," said he. — "And if he should steal and carry off their property, would he not do what was just?" "Certainly," said Euthydemus; "but I thought at first that you asked these questions only with reference to our friends." "Then," said Socrates, "all that we have placed under the head of injustice, we must also place under that of justice?" "It seems so," replied Euthydemus. "Do you agree, then," continued Socrates, "that having so placed them, we should make a new distinction, — that it is just to do such things with regard to enemies, but unjust to do them with regard to friends, and that towards his friends our general should be as guileless as possible?" "By all means," replied Euthydemus.

"Well, then," said Socrates, "if a general, seeing his army dispirited, should tell them, inventing a falsehood, that auxiliaries were coming, and should by that invention check the despondency of his troops, under which head should we place such an act of deceit?" "It appears to me," said Euthydemus, "that we must place it under justice." — "And if a father, when his son requires medicine and refuses to take it, should deceive him, and give him the medicine as ordinary food, and by adopting such deception should restore him to health, under which head must we place such an act of deceit?" "It appears to me that we must put it under the same head." — "And if a person, when his friend was in despondency, should, through fear that he might kill himself, steal or take away his sword, or any other weapon, under which head must we place that act?" "That, assuredly, we must place under justice." — "You say, then," said Socrates, "that not even towards our friends must we act on all occasions without deceit?" "We must not indeed," said he, "for I retract what I said before, if I may be permitted to do so." "It is indeed much better that you should be permitted," said Socrates, "than that you should not place actions on the right side. But of those who deceive their friends in order to injure them (that we may not leave even this point unconsidered), which of the two is the more unjust, — he who does so intentionally or he who does so involuntarily?" "Indeed, Socrates," said Euthydemus, "I no longer put confidence in the answers which I give; for all that I said before appears to me now to be quite different from what I then thought: however, let me venture to say that

he who deceives intentionally is more unjust than he who deceives involuntarily."

"Does it appear to you, then, that there is a way of learning and knowing what is just, as there is of learning and knowing how to read and write?" "I think there is." — "And which should you consider the better scholar, him who should purposely write or read incorrectly, or him who should do so unawares?" "Him who should do so purposely; for whenever he pleased he would be able to do both correctly." — "He therefore that purposely writes incorrectly may be a good scholar, but he who does so involuntarily is destitute of scholarship?" "How can it be otherwise?" — "And whether does he who lies and deceives intentionally know what is just, or he who does so unawares?" "Doubtless he who does so intentionally." — "You therefore say that he who knows how to write and read is a better scholar than he who does not know?" "Yes." — "And that he who knows what is just is more just than he who does not know?" "I seem to say so; but I appear to myself to say this I know not how." — "But what would you think of the man who, wishing to tell the truth, should never give the same account of the same thing, but in speaking of the same road, should say at one time that it led towards the east, and at another towards the west, and in stating the result of the same calculation, should sometimes assert it to be greater and sometimes less, — what, I say, would you think of such a man?" "It would be quite clear that he knew nothing of what he thought he knew."

"Do you know any persons called slave-like?" "I do." — "Whether for their knowledge or their ignorance?" "For their ignorance, certainly." — "Is it then for their ignorance of working in brass that they receive this appellation?" "Not at all." — "Is it for their ignorance of the art of building?" "Nor for that." — "Or for their ignorance of shoemaking?" "Not on any one of these accounts; for the contrary is the case, as most of those who know such trades are servile." — "Is this, then, an appellation of those who are ignorant of what is honorable, and good, and just?" "It appears so to me." — "It therefore becomes us to exert ourselves in every way to avoid being like slaves." "But, by the gods, Socrates," rejoined Euthydemus, "I firmly believed that I was pursuing that course of study by which I should, as I expected, be made fully acquainted with all that was proper to be known by a man striving after honor and virtue; but now, how dispirited must you think I feel, when I see

that with all my previous labor, I am not even able to answer a question about what I ought most of all to know, and am acquainted with no other course which I may pursue to become better!"

Duty of Politicians to Qualify Themselves.

(From Xenophon's "Memorabilia.")

"It is plain, Glaucon, that if you wish to be honored, you must benefit the State." "Certainly," replied Glaucon. "Then,". . . said Socrates, . . . "inform us with what proceeding you will begin to benefit the State? . . . As, if you wished to aggrandize the family of a friend, you would endeavor to make it richer, tell me whether you will in like manner also endeavor to make the State richer?" "Assuredly," said he. — "Would it then be richer if its revenue were increased?" "That is at least probable," said Glaucon. "Tell me, then," proceeded Socrates, "from what the revenues of the State arise, and what is their amount; for you have doubtless considered, in order that if any of them fall short, you may make up the deficiency, and that if any of them fail, you may procure fresh supplies." "These matters, by Jupiter," replied Glaucon, "I have not considered." "Well, then," said Socrates, . . . "tell me at least the annual expenditure of the State; for you undoubtedly mean to retrench whatever is superfluous in it." "Indeed," replied Glaucon, "I have not yet had time to turn my attention to that subject." "Then," said Socrates, "we will put off making our State richer for the present; for how is it possible for him who is ignorant of its expenditure and its income to manage those matters? . . . Tell us the strength of the country by land and sea, and next that of our enemies." "But, by Jupiter," exclaimed Glaucon, "I should not be able to tell you on the moment, and at a word." "Well then, if you have it written down," said Socrates, "bring it; for I should be extremely glad to hear what it is." "But to say the truth," replied Glaucon, "I have not yet written it down." "We will therefore put off considering about war for the present," said Socrates. . . . "You propose a vast field for me," observed Glaucon, "if it will be necessary for me to attend to such subjects." "Nevertheless," proceeded Socrates, "a man cannot order his house properly, unless he ascertains all that it requires, and

takes care to supply it with everything necessary; but since the city consists of more than ten thousand houses, and it is difficult to provide for so many at once, how is it that you have not tried to aid one first of all? — say that of your uncle, for it stands in need of help." . . . "But I would improve my uncle's house," said Glaucon, "if he would only be persuaded by me." "Then," resumed Socrates, "when you cannot persuade your uncle, do you expect to make all the Athenians, together with your uncle, yield to your arguments? . . . Do you not see how dangerous it is for a person to speak of, or undertake, what he does not understand? . . . If therefore you desire to gain esteem and reputation in your country, endeavor to succed in gaining a knowledge of what you wish to do."

Before the Trial.

(From Xenophon's "Memorabilia.")

Hermogenes, son of Hipponicus, . . . said that after Meletus had laid the accusation against him, he heard him speaking on any subject rather than that of his trial, and remarked to him that he ought to consider what defence he should make; but that he said at first, "Do I not appear to you to have passed my whole life meditating on that subject?" and then, when he asked him "How so?" he said "he has gone through life doing nothing but considering what was just and what unjust, doing the just and abstaining from the unjust; which he conceived to be the best meditation for his defence." Hermogenes said again, "But do you not see, Socrates, that the judges at Athens have already put to death many innocent persons, on account of being offended at their language, and have allowed many that were guilty to escape?" "But, by Jupiter, Hermogenes," replied he, "when I was proceeding, awhile ago, to study my address to the judges, the dæmon testified disapprobation." "You say what is strange," rejoined Hermogenes. "And do you think it strange," inquired Socrates, "that it should seem better to the divinity that I should now close my life? Do you not know that down to the present time, I would not admit to any man that he has lived either better or with more pleasure than myself? for I consider that those live best who study best to become as good as possible; and that those live with most pleasure who feel the most assurance that they are daily growing better and better.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

From a Painting by David

This assurance I have felt, to the present day, to be the case with respect to myself; and associating with other men, and comparing myself with others, I have always retained this opinion respecting myself: and not only I, but my friends also, maintain a similar feeling with regard to me; not because they love me (for those who love others may be thus affected towards the objects of their love), but because they think that while they associated with me they became greatly advanced in virtue. If I shall live a longer period, perhaps I shall be destined to sustain the evils of old age, to find my sight and hearing weakened, to feel my intellect impaired, to become less apt to learn and more forgetful, and in fine, to grow inferior to others in all those qualities in which I was once superior to them. If I should be insensible to this deterioration, life would not be worth retaining; and if I should feel it, how could I live otherwise than with less profit, and with less comfort? If I am to die unjustly, my death will be a disgrace to those who unjustly kill me; for if injustice is a disgrace, must it not be a disgrace to do anything unjustly? But what disgrace will it be to me, that others could not decide or act justly with regard to me? Of the men who have lived before me, I see that the estimation left among posterity with regard to such as have done wrong, and such as have suffered wrong, is by no means similar; and I know that I also, if I now die, shall obtain from mankind far different consideration from that which they will pay to those who take my life: for I know they will always bear witness to me that I have never wronged any man, or rendered any man less virtuous, but that I have always endeavored to make those better who conversed with me."

SOLON.

Solon, an Athenian statesman and poet; born on the island of Salamis about 638 B. C. He is first heard of as the author and reciter of some stirring verses, which moved the Athenians to recover his native island from the Megarans, who had forcibly taken possession of it. In 594 B. C. he was made archon, and to him was given almost dictatoral power in reforming the laws and administration of Attica. Under him the community flourished. After finishing his rulership he travelled extensively. Returning to Athens, he witnessed the usurpation of the power of Pisistratus, whom he opposed. He died about 559. No draft of Solon's laws has come down to us, and their exact character is to some extent disputed. Of his poetry, only a few fragments are extant.

Solon Speaks His Mind to the Athenians.

Never shall this our city fall by fate
Of Zeus and the blest gods from her estate,
  So noble a warder, Pallas Athena, stands
With hands uplifted at the city's gate.

But her own citizens do strip and slay,
Led by the folly of their hearts astray,
  And the unjust temper of her demagogues, —
Whose pride will tumble to its fall some day.

For they know not to hold in check their greed,
Nor soberly on the spread feast to feed;
  But still by lawless deeds enrich themselves,
And spare not for the gods' or people's need.

They take but a thief's count of thine and mine;
They care no whit for Justice's holy shrine, —
  Who sits in silence, knowing what things are done,
Yet in the end brings punishment condign.

See this incurable sore the State consume!
Oh, rapid are her strides to slavery's doom,
  Who stirs up civil strife and sleeping war
That cuts down many a young man in his bloom.

Such are the evils rife at home; while lo,
To foreign shores in droves the poor-folk go,
  Sold, and perforce bound with disfiguring chains,
And knowing all the shame that bondsmen know.

So from the assembly-place to each fireside
The evil spreads; and though the court-doors bide
  Its bold assault, over the wall it leaps
And finds them that in inmost chambers hide. —

Thus to the Athenians to speak, constrains
My soul: Ill fares the State where License reigns;
  But Law brings order and concordant peace,
And fastens, on the unjust, speedy chains.

She tames, and checks, and chastens; blasts the bud
Of springing folly; cools the intemperate blood;
  Makes straight the crooked; — she draws after her
All right and wisdom like a tide at flood.

Two Fragments.

I gave the people freedom clear —
But neither flattery nor fear;
I told the rich and noble race
To crown their state with modest grace:
And placed a shield in either's hand,
Wherewith in safety both might stand.

The people love their rulers best
When neither cringed to nor opprest.

Remembrance after Death.

Let not a death unwept, unhonored, be
The melancholy fate allotted me!
But those who love me living when I die
Still fondly keep some cherished memory!

SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles, an eminent Greek dramatic poet; born at Colonus, a village near Athens, in 496 B. C.; died in 405 B. C. He was of good family, and received the best education of his time. He was a contemporary of Æschylus and Euripides, being thirty years younger than the former, and fifteen years older than the latter. At twenty-six he came forward as a competitor for the dramatic prize at the great festival of Bacchus, Æschylus being one of his rivals. The first prize was awarded to Sophocles. He continued to exhibit plays for more than forty years, sometimes gaining the first place, and never falling to the third. He produced more than a hundred dramas, of which only the seven following have come down to us: "Œdipus the King;" "Œdipus at Colonus;" "Antigone;" "The Death of Ajax;" "The Maidens of Trachis;" "Philoctetes;" and "Electra."

The Doom of King Œdipus.

(From "Œdipus Tyrannus." Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.)

I, Œdipus, albeit no Theban born,
By Thebes herself enthroned her sovereign King,
Thus to the citizens of Thebes proclaim:
That whosoever of them knows by whom
King Laius, son of Labdacus, was slain,
Forthwith let him disclose it undismayed;
Yea, though the criminal himself he were,
Let not the dread of deadly consequence
Revolt him from confession of the crime;
For he shall suffer nothing worse than this,—
Instant departure from the city, but
Uninjured, uninsulted, unpursued;
For though feloniously a king he slew,
Yet haply as a stranger unaware
That king was Laius; and thus the crime
Half cleared of treason, half absolved by time.
Nor, on the other hand, if any knows
Another guilty, let him not for love,

Or fear, or whatsoever else regard,
Flinch from a revelation that shall win
More from myself than aught he fears to lose —
Nay, as a second savior of the State
Shall after me be called; and who should not
Save a whole people at the cost of one?
But Him — that one — who would not at the cost
Of self-confession save himself and all —
Him — were he nearest to my heart and hearth —
Nearest and dearest — thus do I renounce:
That from the very moment that he stands,
By whatsoever, or by whom, revealed,
No man shall him bespeak, at home, abroad,
Sit with at table, nor by altar stand,
But, as the very Pestilence he were
Incarnate which this people now devours,
Him slay at once, or hoot and hunt him forth
With execration from the city walls.
But if, in spite of promise or of threat,
The man who did, or knows who did, this deed,
Still hold it in his bosom unrevealed —
That man — and he is here among us now —
Man's vengeance may escape when he forswears
Participation in the crime, but
The Gods', himself involving in the Curse
Which, with myself and every man in Thebes,
He shall denounce upon the criminal,
The Gods invoking to withhold from him
That issue of the earth by which he lives,
That issue of the womb by which himself
Lives after him; that in the deadly curse
By which his fellows perish he and his
May perish, or, if worse there be, by worse!

CHORUS. Beside Apollo's altar standing here,
That oath I swear, that neither I myself
Nor did myself, nor know who did this deed;
And in the curse I join on him who did,
Or, knowing him who did, will not reveal.

ŒDIPUS. 'T is well: and, all the city's seven gates closed,
Thus solemnly shall every man in Thebes
Before the altars of his country swear.

CHORUS. Well have you done, O Master, in so far
As human hand and wit may reach; and lo!
The sacred Seer of Thebes, Tiresias,
To whom, next to God himself, we look

For Heaven's assistance, at your summons comes,
In his prophetic raiment, staff in hand,
Approaching, gravely guided as his wont,
But with a step, methinks, unwonted slow.

Enter TIRESIAS.

Tiresias, Minister and Seer of God,
Who, blind to all that others see without,
See that within to which all else are blind;
Sequestered as you are with Deity,
You know, what others only know too well,
The mortal sickness that confounds us all;
But you alone can tell the remedy.
For since the God whose Minister you are
Bids us, if Thebes would be herself again,
Revenge the murder of King Laius
By retribution on the murderer,
Who undetected walks among us now; . . .

TIRESIAS. Alas! how worse than vain to be well armed
When the man's weapon turns upon himself!

ŒDIPUS. I know not upon whom that arrow lights.

TIRESIAS. If not on him that summoned, then on him
Who, summoned, came. There is one remedy;
Let those who hither led me lead me hence.

. . . . . .

ŒDIPUS. Is not your King a Minister of Zeus,
As you of Phœbus, and the King of Thebes
Not more to be insulted or defied
Than any Priest or Augur in his realm?

TIRESIAS. Implore, denounce, and threaten as you may,
What unrevealed I would, I will not say.

ŒDIPUS. You will not! Mark then how, default of your
Interpretation, I interpret you:
Either not knowing what you feign to know,
You lock your tongue in baffled ignorance;
Or, knowing that which you will not reveal,
I do suspect — Suspect! why, stand you not
Self-accused, self-convicted, and by me
Denounced as he, that knowing him who did,
Will not reveal — nay, might yourself have done
The deed that you with some accomplice planned,
Could those blind eyes have aimed the murderous hand?

TIRESIAS. You say so! Now then, listen in your turn
To that one word which, as it leaves my lips,
By your own Curse upon the Criminal

Denounced, should be your last in Thebes to hear.
For by the unerring insight of the God
You question, Zeus his delegate though you be
Who lay this Theban people under curse
Of revelation of the murderer
Whose undiscovered presence eats away
The people's life — I tell you — You are he !

CHORUS. Forbear, old man, forbear! And you, my King,
Heed not the passion of provoked old age.

ŒDIPUS. And thus, in your blind passion of revenge,
You think to 'scape contempt or punishment
By tossing accusation back on me
Under Apollo's mantle.

TIRESIAS. Ay, and more,
Dared you but listen.

CHORUS. Peace, O peace, old man!

ŒDIPUS. Nay, let him shoot his poisoned arrows out;
They fall far short of me.

TIRESIAS. Not mine, but those
Which Fate had filled my Master's quiver with,
And you have drawn upon yourself.

ŒDIPUS. Your Master's?
Your Master's; but assuredly not His
To whom you point, albeit you see him not,
In his meridian dazzling overhead,
Who is the God of Truth as well as Light,
And knows as I within myself must know
If Memory be not false as Augury,
The words you put into his lips a Lie!
Not He, but Self — Self only — in revenge
Of self-convicted ignorance — Self alone,
Or with some self whom Self would profit by —
As were it — Creon, say — smooth, subtle Creon,
Moving by rule and weighing every word
As in the scales of Justice — but of whom
Whispers of late have reached me — Creon, ha!
Methinks I scent another Master here!
Who, wearied of but secondary power
Under an alien King, and would belike
Exalt his Prophet for good service done
Higher than ever by my throne he stood —
And, now I think on 't, bade me send for you
Under the mask of Phœbus —

CHORUS. Oh, forbear —
Forbear, in turn, my lord and master!

TIRESIAS. Nay,
Let him, in turn, his poisoned arrows, not
From Phœbus' quiver, shoot, but to recoil
When, his mad Passion having passed —
ŒDIPUS. O vain
Prerogative of human majesty,
That one poor mortal from his fellows takes,
And, with false pomp and honor dressing up,
Lifts idol-like to what men call a Throne,
For all below to worship and assail!
That even the power which, unsolicited,
By aught but salutary service done,
The men of Thebes committed to my hands,
Some, restless under just authority,
Or jealous of not wielding it themselves,
Even with the altar and the priest collude,
And tamper with, to ruin or to seize!
Prophet and Seer forsooth, and Soothsayer!
Why, when the singing Witch contrived the noose
Which strangled all who tried and none could loose,
Where was the Prophet of Apollo then?
'T was not for one who poring purblind down
Over the reeking entrail of the beast,
Nor gaping to the wandering bird in air,
Nor in the empty silence of his soul
Feigning a voice of God inaudible,
Not he, nor any of his tribe — but I —
I, Œdipus, a stranger in the land,
And uninspired by all but mother wit,
Silenced and slew the monster against whom
Divine and human cunning strove in vain.
And now again when tried, and foiled again,
This Prophet — whether to revenge the past,
And to prevent discomfiture to come,
Or by some traitor aiming at my throne
Suborned to stand a greater at his side
Than peradventure e'er he stood at mine,
Would drag me to destruction! But beware!
Beware lest, blind and aged as you are,
Wrapt in suppositious sanctity,
You, and whoever he that leagues with you,
Meet a worse doom than you for me prepare.
TIRESIAS. Quick to your vengeance, then; for this same day
That under Phœbus' fiery rein flies fast

Over the field of heaven, shall be the last
That you shall play the tyrant in.
ŒDIPUS. O Thebes,
You never called me Tyrant, from the day
Since first I saved you!
TIRESIAS. And shall save again;
As then by coming, by departing now.
Enough: before the day that judges both
Decide between us, let them lead me home.
ŒDIPUS. Ay, lead him hence — home — Hades — anywhere!
Blind in his inward as his outward eye.
TIRESIAS. Poor man! that, in your inward vision blind,
Know not, as I, that ere this day go down,
By your own hand yourself shall be consigned
To deeper night than now you taunt me with;
When, not the King and Prophet that you were,
But a detested outcast of the land,
With other eyes and hands you feel your way
To wander through the world, begging the bread
Of execration from the stranger's hand
Denied you here, and thrust from door to door,
As though yourself the Plague you brought from Thebes;
A wretch, self-branded with the double curse
Of such unheard, unnatural infamy,
As shall confound a son in the embrace
Of her who bore him to the sire he slew!

THE CONFESSION.

(From "Antigone.")

MESSENGER. This is she that have wrought the deed. Her we found employed in the burial — but where is Creon?

CHORUS. Returning from his palace; he is passing out to meet the opportunity.

CREON. What is it? What chance thus coinciding has happened?

MESSENGER. O king, nothing is to be disavowed by mortals, for later opinion gives the lie to the judgment; since I would confidently have maintained, that I would have been slow of ever returning hither, on account of your threats, in whose storm I was formerly endangered. But, for the joy which is without and beyond the hopes resembles in magnitude no other pleasure, I come, though pledged to the contrary by oaths, bringing this virgin, who was detected adorning the tomb.

The lot here was not shaken, but this is my prize, none other's. And now, O king, taking her as you please, yourself question and convict her; but I freed am justly entitled to get rid of these evils.

CREON. In what way do you bring her? whence taking her?

MESSENGER. She was burying the man: you know all.

CREON. Do you both understand and correctly deliver what you tell?

MESSENGER. Having at least seen her in the act of burying the dead body which you interdicted. Do I relate these things clearly and plainly?

CREON. And how was she seen and found taken in the act?

MESSENGER. The circumstances were of this nature: For when we came, threatened with those dreadful torments by you, having swept away all the dust which covered the corpse, and having well stripped the clammy body, we took our seat to the windward of the top of the hill, having avoided the stench from the body least it should reach us, each keenly rousing his fellow with bitter reproaches if any one should be sparing of this toil. These things continued for so long a time, until the brilliant orb of the sun took its place in the middle of the firmament, and the heat was burning, and then suddenly a storm having raised a whirlwind from the ground, a heaven-sent pest, fills the plain, watering all the tresses of the woodlands; and the mighty air was filled; and having closed our eyes we endured the heaven-sent plague. And this having departed in length of time, the maiden is seen in view, and she is wailing forth the bitter note of the plaintive bird, like when it beholds the bed of its empty nest deprived of its young. Thus also she, when she beholds the dead body bare, burst forth into strains of grief, and baneful curses did she imprecate on those who wrought the deed, and straightway she brings the dry dust in her hands, and from the well-fashioned brazen urn high-raised aloft with thrice-poured libations she crowns the dead. And we seeing it rushed and immediately seized her, not in the least appalled; and we accused her both of the former and the present doings, and denial of none of them was attempted. But this to me at least is at the same time pleasing and painful; for to escape from evils myself is most pleasing, but to bring friends into misfortune is painful. But it appertains to me by nature to consider all these things less important than my own safety.

CREON. You, you bending your head to the ground, do you confess or do you deny having done this?

ANTIGONE. I both confess I did it, and I do not deny that I did not.

CREON. You may take yourself off where you please, free from the heavy charge. But do you tell me not at length, but briefly, did you know the proclamation forbidding this?

ANTIGONE. I knew it. And why should I not? for it was plain.

CREON. And have you dared then to transgress these laws?

ANTIGONE. For it was not Jove who heralded these commands, nor Justice, that dwells with the gods below the earth, who established these laws among men; nor did I think your proclamations had so much power so as being a mortal to trangress the unwritten and immovable laws of the gods. For not now, at least, or of yesterday, but eternally they live, and no one knows from what time they had their being. I was not going through fear of the spirit of any man to pay the penalty of their violation to the gods. For I knew I must die (and why not?), even though you had not proclaimed it, and if I die before my day I account it gain; for whosoever lives like me in many sorrows, how does not he by death obtain advantage? Thus to me, at least, to meet with this fate, the sorrow is nothing; but if I had suffered him who was born of my mother to lie in death an unburied corpse, in that case I would have sorrowed: in this I sorrow not. But if I seem to you now to happen to do what is foolish, I merely incur the imputation of folly from a fool.

CHORUS. The spirit of the daughter shows itself stern from a stern father, and she knows not to yield to misfortune.

CREON. But know in truth that too stern spirits bend the most; and you will most frequently see the hardest steel, forged in the fire till brittle, shivered and broken; and I have known high-mettled horses disciplined by a small bit; for it is not right for him to have proud thoughts whosoever is the slave of others. She indeed then first learned to be guilty of insolence, transgressing the ordained laws; and this, when she had done it, is the second insult, to glory in such deeds, and to laugh having done them. In sooth, then, I am no man, but she a man, if this victory shall accrue to her without hurt. But whether she be sprung from my sister, or one more near of blood than all beneath the protection of our household god, she

and her sister shall not escape the most wretched fate; for I charge her equally with having planned the measures respecting this burial. And summon her; for just now I saw her within raving, not possessed of her senses; and the mind of those who unjustly devise anything in the dark is wont to be prematurely detected in its fraud. I indeed at least hate when any one, discovered in guilt, may then wish to gloss it over.

ANTIGONE. Do you wish anything more than taking me to put me to death?

CREON. I indeed wish nothing more. Having this I have all.

ANTIGONE. Why in truth do you delay? since to me none of your words are pleasing, nor may they ever be pleasing; and in like manner also, to you mine are naturally displeasing. And yet whence could I have gained a glory of higher renown than by laying my own brother in the tomb? It would be said that this was approved of by all these, did not fear seal their tongues. But regal power is fortunate in many other things, and in this, that it is allowed to say and to do what it pleases.

CREON. You alone of these Cadmeans view it in this light.

ANTIGONE. These also view it in the same light, but for you they close the lips.

CREON. And are not you ashamed if you have sentiments different from theirs?

ANTIGONE. No, for it is nothing shameful to revere those who sprung from the same womb.

CREON. Was not he also your brother who fell on the opposite side?

ANTIGONE. He was my brother from one mother and the same father.

CREON. How then do you award an honor that is impious to him?

ANTIGONE. The dead below the earth will not testify this.

CREON. He will, if you honor him equally with the impious.

ANTIGONE. For not in aught a slave, but my brother he fell.

CREON. Laying waste at least this land, but the other resisting in its defence.

ANTIGONE. Still the grave at least desires equal laws.

CREON. But not the good to obtain an equal share with the bad.

ANTIGONE. Who knows if these things are held holy below?

CREON. Never at all is the enemy, not even in death, a friend.

ANTIGONE. I have been formed by nature not to join in hatred, but to join in love.

CREON. Going now below, if you must love, love them; but while I live, a woman shall not rule.

CHORUS. And in truth before the gates here comes Ismene, letting fall the tears of a sister's love, and the cloud on her brow, bedewing her beauteous face, mars the glow of her cheek.

CREON. But you, who in my house, like a viper, stealing on without my notice, sucked my blood, and I was not aware that I nursed two fiends and traitors to subvert my throne, come, tell me, do you too confess that you shared in this burial, or do you deny the knowledge of it?

ISMENE. I did the deed, if she also says so, and I participate in and bear the blame.

ANTIGONE. But justice will not permit you to do this, since you neither were willing, nor did I make you my partner.

ISMENE. But in your evils I am not ashamed to make myself a fellow-voyager of your sufferings.

ANTIGONE. Whose deed it is, Hades and those below the earth are conscious; but I do not love a friend that loves with words.

ISMENE. Do not, sister, deprive me of the honor of dying with you, and of paying the rites to the dead.

ANTIGONE. Do not you die along with me, nor make yours what you did not touch. I will suffice to die.

ISMENE. And what life is dear to me bereft of you?

ANTIGONE. Ask Creon; for you court him.

ISMENE. Why do you pain me with this, being yourself nothing benefited by it?

ANTIGONE. Yet I am grieved, in truth, though I deride you.

ISMENE. In what else could I now benefit you?

ANTIGONE. Preserve youself: I do not grudge your escape.

ISMENE. Woe is me unhappy! And do I fail to share your fate?

ANTIGONE. For you indeed choose to live, but I to die.

ISMENE. But not at least without my warning being addressed.

ANTIGONE. You seemed wise indeed to some, but I to others.

ISMENE. And, in truth, the guilt is equal to us.

ANTIGONE. Be confident; you indeed live, but my soul has long since died, so as to aid the dead.

CREON. I say, as to these two virgins, that the one has just appeared mad, and the other from the time she was first born.

ISMENE. For never, O king, does the mind which may have originally sprung remain the same to those in misfortune, but is changed.

CREON. To you, at any rate, it did, when you chose to work evil with the evil.

ISMENE. For how is life to be endured by me alone without her?

CREON. But do not say *her*, for she is no longer.

ISMENE. But will you kill the bride of your own son?

CREON. For the furrows of other women may be plowed.

ISMENE. Not so, at least, as troth was plighted 'twixt him and her.

CREON. I hate bad wives for my sons.

ISMENE. O dearest Hæmon, how your father disallows thee!

CREON. You at least give me too much trouble, both you and the marriage you talk of.

ISMENE. What! will you deprive your own son of her?

CREON. The grave was destined to put a stop to this marriage.

ISMENE. 'T is destined, as it seems, that she shall die.

CREON. E'en as thou thinkest, so I. Make no more delay, but conduct her, ye slaves, within; and from this time it is fitting that these women should not be left at liberty, for even the bold fly, when they already see the close of life near.

CHORUS. Blessed are they to whom there is a life that tastes not of misfortune; for to whomsoever their house shall have been shaken by heaven, nought of mischief is wanting, lurking through the fulness of their race; like as when beneath the sea-traversing malignant Thracian blasts a billow runs over the marine darkness, it stirs up from the deep the black and storm-tossed shingle, and the wave-lashed shores moan with the roar. I see the ancient sufferings of the house of Labdacus following on the sufferings of the dead; nor does one generation quit the race, but some one of the gods keeps felling it, nor has it a moment's release. For now what light was spread above the last root in the house of Œdipus, again the deathful dust of the infernal powers sweeps it away, and phrensy of words, and the mad fury of the mind. O Jove! what daring

pride of mortals can control thy power, which neither the sleep which leads the universe to old age ever seizes, nor the unwearied months of the gods? Through unwasting time, enthroned in might, thou dwellest in the glittering blaze of heaven! For the future, and the instant, and the past, this law will suffice: nothing comes to the life of mortals far removed at least from calamity. For much-deceitful hope is a gratification to many, and to many the beguilements of light-minded love; but ruin advances on man, all-ignorant, before that he touch his foot with the warm fire. In wisdom hath an illustrious saying been by some one set forth: That evil on a time appears good to him whose mind the god hurries on to judgment, and that he lives for a brief space apart from its visitation.

. . . . . .

Chorus. O Love! unconquerable in the fight. Love! who lightest on wealth, who makest thy couch in the soft cheeks of the youthful damsel, and roamest beyond the seas, and mid the rural cots, thee shall neither any of the immortals escape, nor of men the creatures of a day; but he that feels thee is that instant maddened. Thou for their ruin seducest the minds of the just to injustice; thou hast stirred up this strife of kindred men, and desire revealed from the eyes of the beauteous bride wins the victory, desire that holds its seat beside the mighty laws in rule; for the goddess Venus wantons unconquerable among all. But now already I too am borne without the pale of laws, beholding this spectcale; and I am no longer able to restrain the fountains of tears, when I here see Antigone passing on her way to the chamber where all repose.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Southey, Robert, an eminent English poet; born at Bristol, August 12, 1774; died at Keswick, March 21, 1843. In 1793 he was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. He was destined for the Church; but he had embraced Unitarian views in religion and left Oxford after a year's residence. In 1795, Southey wrote "Joan of Arc," an epic poem, for which Cottle, a Bristol publisher, paid him fifty guineas.

In 1797, Southey accompanied his uncle, the Reverend Mr. Hill, to the "factory" at Lisbon, Portugal; here he laid the foundation for that intimate acquaintance with the Portuguese and Spanish languages which afterwards served him in good stead. Returning to England, he went to London with the design of studying law; but he devoted himself mainly to literary labor. In 1803, he took up his residence at Greta Hall, near Keswick, in the Lake region. Coleridge was then domiciled there, and Wordsworth lived a few miles distant. These three poets, so dissimilar in genius, came to be popularly designated as "The Lake Poets." From this time the life of Southey lay mainly in his numerous works in prose and verse. In 1813, he succeeded James Pye as Poet Laureate, and was himself succeeded by Wordsworth, and he by Tennyson. In 1835, he was offered a baronetcy, which he declined, for the reason that his means were not adequate to maintain the dignity.

There is scarcely a department in literature in which Southey was not more or less eminent. Besides translations from the Portuguese and Spanish, and frequent contributions to the "Quarterly Review," his principal prose works are "History of Brazil" (1810–19); "Life of Nelson" (1813); "Life of John Wesley" (1820); "History of the Peninsular War" (1823–32); "Book of the Church" (1824); "Sir Thomas More, or Colloquies on Society" (1829); "Essays, Moral and Political" (1831); "Life of John Bunyan" (1830); "The Doctor," a curious *mélange* (1834–37). His principal poems are "Joan of Arc" (1796); "Thalaba, the Destroyer" (1801); "Madoc" (1805); "Metrical Tales, and Other Poems" (1805); "The Curse of Kehama" (1810); "Roderick, the Last of the Goths" (1814); "A Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo" (1816); "The Vision of Judgment," eulogizing George III. (1821); "The Pilgrim of Compostella" (1829).

The Battle of Trafalgar.

(From "The Life of Nelson.")

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the "Dreadnought," with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the "Royal Sovereign," led the lee line of thirteen ships; the "Victory" led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer: —

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it! and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen." . . .

Blackwood went on board the "Victory" about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen: he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman; worthy of serving a better master, and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well con-

ceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line; every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him, if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure; — Nelson's last signal: — "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his Admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars: but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honor I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honor I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned, — but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him;

but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the "Leviathan" and the "Téméraire," which were sailing abreast of the "Victory," be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the "Victory" continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. . . .

The French Admiral, from the "Bucentaure," beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing — Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the "Victory," and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the "Sirius," to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again!"

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the "Royal Sovereign," as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the "Santa Ana," three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side; "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his Commander and old friend, turned to

his Captain, and exclaimed: "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here?" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment, thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the "Victory" to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his Captain was; and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; — "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, — "Look; yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the "Victory," till they saw that a shot had passed through her main topgallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the "Santissima Trinidad," Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the "Victory" to be steered. Meantime, an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the "Victory." The Admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavored to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked: "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed: "Poor fellow!" Presently, a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other: each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said: "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The "Victory" had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of

her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main topmast with all her studding-sails and their booms shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve, she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The Master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the "Victory" ran on board the "Redoutable," just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice: not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement. . . .

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the "Redoutable," supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he. — "I hope not," cried Hardy. — "Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through!" Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: — then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he

took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipman's birth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." — All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the "Victory" hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance, of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" — An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson; "how goes the day with us?" — "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down on the 'Victory.' I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." — "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast: — it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty would hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied: "it is impossible; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then,

once more, shook hands with him; and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

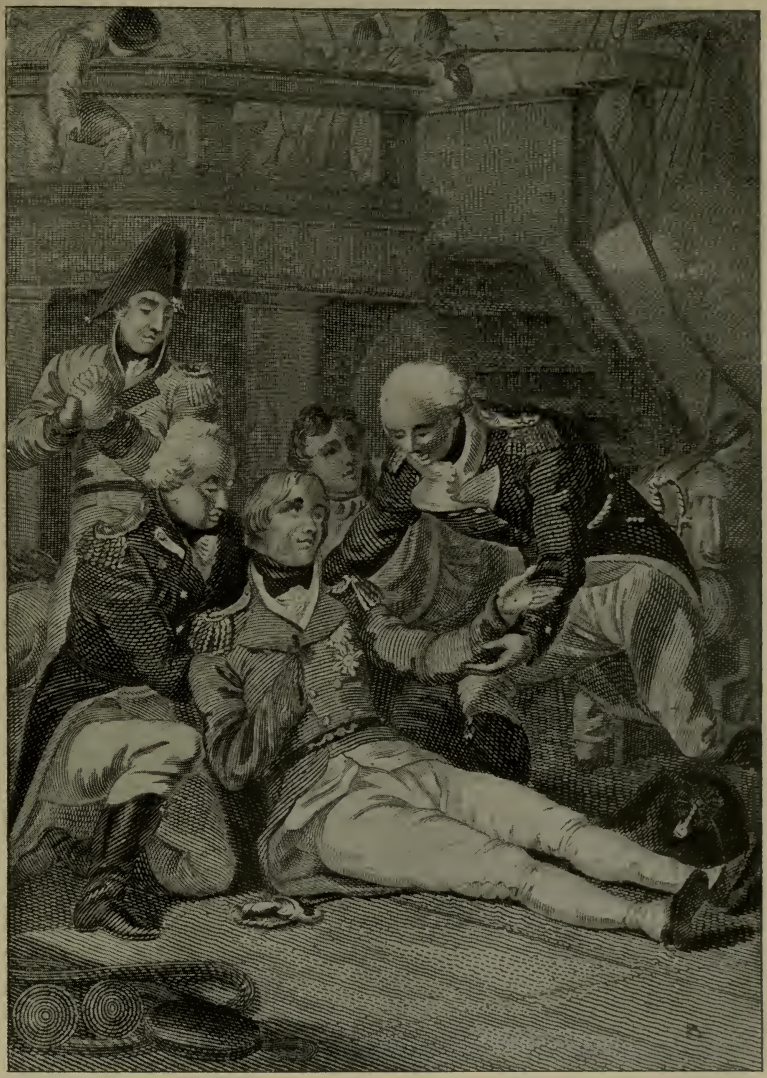
By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast" — putting his hand on his left side — "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "so great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added — "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That 's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. — Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied: "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him — for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner:" and after a short pause, "remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation

now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, — three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound. . . .

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero — the greatest of our own and of all former times — was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the King, the Legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British Navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon



ADMIRAL LORD NELSON MORTALLY WOUNDED ON THE QUARTER DECK OF THE VICTORY, IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: — a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

The Inchcape Rock.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that Bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning Bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green:
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float:
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around:
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the Sun on high:
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear, —
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh, —
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there 's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out:
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries; —
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes; —
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out:

But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by:
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he:
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory."

The Cataract of Lodore.

"How does the Water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the Water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing,
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the Tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills, —
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For awhile till it sleeps
In its own little Lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.
The Cataract strong

Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dipping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,

And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar;
And this way the Water comes down at Lodore.

ÉMILE SOUVESTRE.

SOUVESTRE, ÉMILE, a French dramatist and essayist; born at Morlaix, Brittany, April 15, 1806; died at Paris, July 5, 1854. He studied law, but was unsuccessful in practice. He went to Paris, where he wrote a drama, "The Siege of Missolonghi." In 1836 he brought out his study of the character and customs of the people of his native province ("Les Derniers Bretons"), which was successful. Returning to Paris, he soon achieved success as a contributor to the leading Parisian publications. His best works were: "The Confessions of a Workman," "The Red Mansion," "Travels in Finisterre," "The Greased Pole," and "Un Philosophe sous les Toits," translated into English under the title "An Attic Philosopher."

WHAT WE MAY LEARN BY LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW.

(From "An Attic Philosopher.")

March 3d.

A POET has said that life is the dream of a shadow; he would better have compared it to a night of fever! What alternate fits of restlessness and sleep! what discomfort! what sudden starts! what ever-returning thirst! what a chaos of mournful or confused fancies! Always between sleep and wakefulness; one seeks in vain for repose, and stops short on the brink of action. Two-thirds of human existence are wasted in hesitation, and the last third in repenting.

When I say *human existence*, I mean my own! We are so made that each of us regards himself as the mirror of the community: what passes in our minds infallibly seems to us the history of the universe. Every man is like the drunkard, who reports an earthquake because he feels himself staggering.

And why am I uncertain and restless — I, a poor day laborer in the world — who fill an obscure station in a corner of it, and whose work it avails itself of without heeding the workman? I wish to tell you, my unseen friend, for whom these lines are written; my unknown brother, on whom the solitary

call in sorrow; my imaginary confidant, to whom all monologues are addressed, and who is but the shadow of our own conscience.

A great event has happened in my life! In the midst of the monotonous way along which I was travelling quietly and without thinking of it a cross-road has suddenly opened. Two roads present themselves, and I must choose between them. One is only the continuation of that I have followed till now; the other is wider, and exhibits wondrous perspectives. On the first there is nothing to fear, but also little to hope; on the other, great dangers and great fortune. In a word, the question is, to know if I shall give up the humble office in which I thought to die, for one of those bold speculations in which chance alone is banker! Ever since yesterday I have consulted with myself; I have compared, and I remain undecided.

Where shall I find any light — who will advise me?

Sunday 4th. — See the sun coming out from the thick fogs of winter; spring announces its approach; a soft breeze blows over the roofs, and my wallflower begins to blossom again.

We are near that sweet season of *fresh green*, of which the poets of the sixteenth century sang with so much feeling: —

'T is now the gladsome month of May,
And all things are in new array.
My heart is yours, dear lady, pray
Renew it by thy love.

The chirping of the sparrows calls me: they claim the crumbs I scatter to them every morning. I open my window, and the prospect of roofs opens out to me in all its splendor.

He who has only lived on a first floor has no idea of the picturesque variety of such a view. He has never contemplated the interlacing of these tile-colored summits; he has not followed with his eyes these gutter-valleys, where the fresh attic gardens wave, the deep shadows which evening spreads over the slated slopes, and the sparkling of windows which the setting sun has kindled. He has not studied the flora of these civilized Alps, carpeted with lichens and mosses; he does not know the thousand inhabitants which people them, from the microscopic insect to the domestic cat — that Reynard of the roofs who is always on the prowl, or in ambush; he has not witnessed the thousand aspects of a clear or a cloudy sky, nor the thousand effects of light, which make these high regions a theatre with

ever-changing scenes! How many times have my days of leisure passed away in contemplating this wondrous sight; in discovering its darker or brighter episodes; in seeking, in short, in this unknown world for the *impressions of travel* that wealthy tourists seek for lower down!

Nine o'clock. — But why, then, have not my winged neighbors picked up the crumbs I have scattered for them before my window? I see them fly away, come back, perch upon the ledges of the windows, and chirp at the sight of the feast they are usually so ready to devour! It is not my presence that frightens them; I have accustomed them to eat out of my hand. Then, why is this fearful suspense? I look around carefully: the roof is clear, the windows near are closed. I crumble the bread that remains from my breakfast to attack them by a larger feast. Their chirpings redouble, they bend down their heads, the boldest fly near, but without daring to alight.

Let us go, my sparrows are the victims of one of the foolish panics which make the funds fall at the Bourse! It is plain that birds are not more reasonable than men!

With this reflection I was about to shut my window, when all of a sudden I perceived, in a spot of sunshine on my right, the shadow of two pricked-up ears; then a paw advanced, then the head of a tomcat showed itself at the corner of the gutter. The cunning fellow was lying there in wait, hoping the crumbs would bring him some game.

And I had accused my guests of cowardice! I was so sure that no danger could menace them! I thought I had looked well everywhere! I had only forgotten the corner behind me!

In life, as on the roofs, how many misfortunes come from having forgotten a single corner!

Ten o'clock. — I cannot leave my window; the rain and the cold have kept it shut so long, that I must reconnoitre all the environs to be able to take possession of them again. My eyes search in succession all the points of that confused horizon, passing on or stopping according to what is seen there.

Ah! see the windows upon which they formerly loved to rest; they are those of two unknown neighbors, whose different habits they have long remarked.

One is a poor workwoman, who rises before daylight, and whose profile is shadowed upon her little muslin window curtain far into the night; the other is a young lady singer, whose

vocal flourishes from time to time reach my attic. When their windows are open, that of the workwoman discovers a humble but decent abode; the other, an elegant interior. But to-day a crowd of tradespeople throng the latter: they take down the silk hangings and carry off the furniture, and I now remember that the young singer passed under my window this morning with her veil down, and walking with the hasty step of one who suffers some inward trouble. Ah! I divine it all. Her means are exhausted in elegant fancies, or have been taken away by some unexpected misfortune, and now she has fallen from luxury to indigence. While the little room of the workwoman is kept in order, and is modestly furnished by her steady toil, that of the singer is become the property of brokers. The one sparkled a moment borne on the wave of prosperity; the other coasts along slowly but surely in a laborious mediocrity.

Alas! is there not here a lesson for us all? Is it really in hazardous experiments, at the end of which we meet with wealth or ruin, that the wise man should employ his years of strength and freedom? Ought he to consider life as a regular employment which brings its daily wages, or as a game which decides his future in a few throws? Why seek the risk of extreme chances? For what end hasten to riches by dangerous roads? Is it really certain that happiness is the prize of brilliant successes, rather than of a wisely accepted poverty? Ah! if men but knew in what a small dwelling joy can lodge and how little it costs to furnish it!

Twelve o'clock. — I have been walking up and down my attic for a long time, with my arms folded and my eyes on the ground! My doubt increases like a shadow which darkens more and more some bright space; my fears multiply, and the uncertainty becomes every instant more painful to me! It is necessary for me to decide to-day, and before the evening! I hold the dice of my future in my hand, and I dare not cast them.

Three o'clock. — The sky has become cloudy, and a cold wind begins to blow from the west; all the windows which were opened to the sunshine of a beautiful day are shut again. Only on the opposite side of the street, the lodger on the topmost floor has not yet left his balcony.

One recognizes the soldier by his martial step, his gray moustaches, and the ribbon which decorates his buttonhole. Indeed, one could divine as much from his attentive care of

the little garden which ornaments his aerial balcony; for there are two things especially loved by all old soldiers — flowers and children. They have been so long obliged to look upon the earth as a field of battle, and so long cut off from the peaceful pleasures of a quiet lot, that they seem to begin life at an age when others end it. The tastes of their early years, which were arrested by the stern duties of war, suddenly break out again with their white hairs, and are like the savings of youth which they spend again in old age. Besides, condemned to be destroyers for so long, they perhaps find a secret joy in creating and seeing life spring up again. Agents of unbending force, they permit themselves to be more easily charmed by a pleasing weakness; and the watching over the frail germs of life has all the charms of novelty for these old workmen of death.

Therefore the cold wind has not driven my neighbor from his balcony. He is digging up the earth in his green boxes, and carefully sowing the seeds of the scarlet nasturtium, convolvulus, and sweet pea. Henceforth he will come every day to watch for their first sprouting, to protect the young shoots from noxious weed or insect, to arrange the strings for the tendrils to climb by, and carefully to regulate their supply of water and heat!

How much labor to bring in the harvest! For that, how many times shall I see him brave cold or heat, wind or sun, as he does to-day! But then, in the hot summer days, when the blinding dust whirls through our streets, when the eye, dazzled by the glare of white plaster, knows not where to rest, and the glowing roofs reflect their burning heat upon us, the old soldier will sit in his arbor and perceive nothing but green leaves and flowers around him, and will breathe the air freshened by a perfumed shade. His assiduous care will be rewarded at last.

To enjoy the flower, it is necessary to sow the seed and tend the growth.

Four o'clock. — The cloud which has been gathering in the horizon for a long time has taken a darker hue; it thunders loudly, and the rain pours down! Those who are walking and are caught in it fly in every direction, with laughter and with cries.

I always find particular amusement in these "save himself who can" caused by a sudden storm. It seems as if each one,

when thus taken by surprise, loses the factitious character the world or habit has given him, and appears in his true nature.

See, for example, that big man with deliberate step, who suddenly forgets his indifference made to order, and runs like a school-boy! He is a thrifty city gentleman, who, with all his fashionable airs, is afraid to spoil his hat.

That pretty lady yonder, on the contrary, whose looks are so modest, and whose dress is so elaborate, slackens her pace with the increasing storm. She seems to find pleasure in braving it, and does not think of her velvet cloak spotted by the hail! She is evidently a lioness in sheep's clothing.

Here, a young man who was passing stops to catch some of the hailstones in his hand, and examines them. By his quick and business-like walk just now, you would have taken him for a tax-gatherer on his rounds, but he is a young savant, studying the effects of electricity. And those boys who leave their ranks to run after the sudden gusts of a March whirlwind; those girls, just now so demure, and who now fly with bursts of laughter; those national guards, who quit the martial attitude of their days of duty, to take refuge under a porch! The storm has caused all these transformations.

See, it increases! The hardiest are obliged to seek shelter. I see every one rushing towards the shop in front of my window, which a bill announces is to let. It is for the fourth time within a few months. A year ago all the skill of the joiner and the art of the painter were employed in beautifying it, but the carelessness of successive tenants has already destroyed their work; the cornices of the front are disfigured by mud; the arabesques on the doorway are spoiled by bills posted upon them to announce the sale of the effects. The splendid shop has lost some of its beauty with each change of the tenant. See it now empty, and left open to the passers-by. How much does its fate resemble that of so many who, like it, only change their master to hasten the faster to ruin!

I am struck by this last reflection: since the morning everything seems to speak to me, to give me the same warning. Everything says: "Take care! be content with your happy poverty; happiness can only be retained by constancy; do not forsake your old patrons for the protection of those who are unknown!"

Are they the outward objects which speak thus, or does the warning come from within? Is it not I myself who give this

language to all that surrounds me? The world is but an instrument, to which we give sound at will. But what does it signify if it teaches us wisdom? The low voice which speaks in our breasts is always a friendly voice, for it tells us what we are — that is to say, what is our capability. Bad conduct results, for the most part, from mistaking our calling. There are so many fools and knaves, because there are so few men who know themselves. The question is not to discover what will suit us, but for what we are suited!

What should I do in the midst of these experienced financial adventurers? I am a poor sparrow, born among the housetops, and should always fear the enemy hidden in the dark corner; I am a prudent workman, and should think on the luxury of the singer who so suddenly disappeared; I am a timid observer, and should call to mind the flowers so slowly raised by the old soldier, or the shop brought to ruin by constant change of masters. Away from me, ye banquets, over which hangs the sword of Damocles! I am a country mouse. I wish to eat my nuts and cheese seasoned with security.

And why this insatiable craving for riches? Does a man drink more when he drinks from a large glass? From whence comes that universal dread of mediocrity, the fruitful mother of peace and liberty? Ah! there is the evil which, above every other, it should be the aim of both public and private education to anticipate! If that were got rid of, what treasons would be shunned, how much less deceit, what a chain of disorders and crimes would be forever broken! We award the prize to charity, and to self-sacrifice; but, above all, let us award it to moderation, for it is the great social virtue. Even when it does not create the others, it stands instead of them.

Six o'clock. — I have written a letter of thanks to the promoters of the new enterprise and have declined their offer! This decision has restored my peace of mind. I stopped singing, like the cobbler, as long as I entertained the hope of riches: it is gone, and happiness is come back.

O beloved and gentle Poverty! pardon me for having for a moment wished to fly from thee, as I would from want. Stay here forever with thy charming sisters, Pity, Patience, Sobriety, and Solitude; be ye my queens and my instructors; teach me the stern duties of life; remove far from my abode the weakness of heart, and giddiness of head, which follow prosperity. Holy Poverty! teach me to endure without complaining, to im-

part without grudging, to seek the end of life higher than in pleasure, farther off than in power. Thou givest the body strength, thou makest the soul firm; and, thanks to thee, this life, to which the rich attach themselves as to a rock, becomes a bark of which death may cut the cable without awakening despair. Continue to sustain me, O thou whom Christ hath called *Blessed!*

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

Spalding, Susan (Marr), an American poet; born at Bath, Maine. Her childhood was mainly passed in New York City, and she was married early to Mr. Spalding. Soon after this they removed to Philadelphia, where, since her husband's death, which occurred not long after their marriage, Mrs. Spalding has since lived. She has published "The Wings of Icarus, and Other Poems."

A Mirror.

Thou art a mountain stately and serene,
  Rising majestic o'er each earthly thing,
  And I a lake that round thy feet do cling,
Kissing thy garment's hem, unknown, unseen.
I tremble when the tempests darkly screen
  Thy face from mine. I smile when sunbeams fling
Their bright arms round thee. When the blue heavens lean
  Upon thy breast, I thrill with bliss, O King!
Thou canst not stoop, — we are too far apart;
I may not climb to reach thy mighty heart:
  Low at thy feet I am content to be.
But wouldst thou know how great indeed thou art,
  Bend thy proud head, my mountain love, and see
  How all thy glories shine again in me!

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.
And these o'er unknown seas, to unknown lands,
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end, —
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied. — And this is Fate.

The Second Place.

Unto my loved ones have I given all:
The tireless service of my willing hands,
The strength of swift feet running to their call,
Each pulse of this fond heart whose love commands
The busy brain unto their use; each grace,
Each gift, the flower and fruit of life. To me
They give, with gracious hearts and tenderly,
The second place.

Such joy as my glad service may dispense,
They spend to make some brighter life more blest;
The grief that comes despite my frail defence,
They seek to soothe upon a dearer breast.
Love veils his deepest glories from my face;
I dimly dream how fair the light may be
Beyond the shade where I hold, longingly,
The second place.

And yet 't is sweet to know that though I make
No soul's supremest bliss, no life shall lie
Ruined and desolated for my sake,
Nor any heart be broken when I die.
And sweet it is to see my little space
Grow wider hour by hour; and gratefully
I thank the tender fate that granteth me
The second place.

JAMES SPEDDING.

Spedding, James, an English biographer; born at Mirehouse, near Bassenthwaite, Cumberland, June 26, 1808; died in St. George's Hospital, London, March 9, 1881. For a number of years he held positions in the service of the English Government, and in 1843 he visited the United States as Lord Ashburton's private secretary. In 1857–59 he put forth, in conjunction with R. L. Ellis and D. D. Heath, an edition of the "Works of Francis Bacon." As a supplement to this, Mr. Spedding published the "Letters and Life of Francis Bacon," in seven volumes (1861–74), and "Life and Times of Francis Bacon" (1878), in two volumes. Upon the preparation of these works was lavished the labor of nearly a score of years. Other works of his are, "Publishers and Authors" (1867); "Reviews and Discussions" (1879); "Evenings with a Reviewer" (1881); Studies in "English History" (with J. Gairdner) (1881).

Lord Bacon.

When Lord Macaulay, as the result of an elaborate historical and biographical inquiry, described Bacon as a man, who, being intrusted with the highest gifts of Heaven, habitually abused them for the poorest purposes of earth — hired them out for guineas, places, and titles in the service of injustice, covetousness, and oppression, — adding that he (Lord Macaulay) had nevertheless no doubt that his name would be named with reverence to the latest ages and to the remotest ends of the civilized world, we must accept the responsibility of the opinion if we allow it to pass without a protest. If the later ages believe his description of the man to be correct, I hope for my own part that they will not name the name of that man with reverence; it would be a gross abuse either of the word or of the thing. But it is still possible that they will adopt a different interpretation of the character.

The other actions on which Lord Macaulay's interpretation is founded have been fully and I believe correctly related; and

(the evidence being now within anybody's reach) they must be left to produce their impression.

To me, so far from seeming to justify his theory of the character, they do not seem to be reconcilable with it; if Bacon had been such a man as he takes him for, he would have acted differently at almost every crisis which offered him a choice. Nor do I believe that they would have suggested such a theory to anybody, were it not for the discredit which the transactions revealed by his impeachment threw back upon all passages of his life. It must nevertheless be admitted that those transactions alone — if Lord Macaulay's interpretation of them be accepted in its full extent — would deprive his name of all title to anything that could be called "reverence," — his services in the field of philosophy and literature notwithstanding. And as all turns upon the question whether his offence implied the perversion of justice for the sake of reward, it is necessary to discuss the grounds of that interpretation more particularly.

. . . . . .

The records of Parliament tell distinctly and almost decisively in Bacon's favor. They show that the circumstances of his conviction did encourage suitors to attempt to get his decrees set aside; that several such attempts were made, but that they all failed; — thereby strongly confirming the popular tradition reported by Aubrey, — "His favorites took bribes; but his Lordship always gave judgment *secundum æquum et bonum*. His decrees in Chancery stand firm. There are fewer of his decrees reversed than any other Chancellor."

If on the other hand they were reversed by a commission appointed for the purpose, we must surely have had some news of it. Yet I cannot suppose that either Hale himself or his editor, who prefaces the tract with an elaborate investigation of the whole subject, had heard of any such proceeding. They could not but have mentioned it if they had.

Upon the whole, therefore, I think I may conclude either that the decrees mentioned by Lord Hale were considered as *ipso facto* set aside by the admission of corruption (which could hardly be, and even, if it were, could not be taken to prove more than is admitted in the confession); or that he used the words loosely, meaning only that they were easily allowed to be called in question (which might be true, and yet upon question they might all be found just); or, lastly, that he was speaking without book. And either way I may still ask, where is the evidence of

justice perverted ? Till some evidence is produced to that effect I may still believe Bacon's own judgment upon his own case to be true. He expressed it on two occasions; privately, indeed, but clearly and unequivocally. The first was in his letter to Buckingham, written from the Tower on the thirty-first of May, 1621; in which, after entreating him to procure his discharge and not let him die in that disgraceful place, he proceeds: —

"And when I am dead, he is gone that was always in one tenor, a true and perfect servant to his master, and one that was never author of any immoderate, no, nor unsafe, no (I will say it), nor unfortunate counsel; and one that no temptation could ever make other than a trust and honest and thrice-loving friend to your Lordship; and howsoever I acknowledge the sentence just, and for reformation's sake fit, the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time."

This was written in the season of his deepest distress. The other occasion I cannot date. But I take the words to express his deliberate judgment imparted to the confidential friend of his latter days; — imparted privately, and (it would almost seem) under some injunction to keep it private; for Dr. Rawley, whose affectionate reverence preserved the record, took the precaution to write it in a cipher, and never published or alluded to it in print. It is found in a commonplace book, begun apparently soon after Bacon's death, and containing memoranda of various kinds, most of them, especially in the earlier part, relating to him and his works. The first few pages are filled almost entirely with apothegms; two or three of which were written in a simple cipher, the Greek character being used for the consonants, and the first five numerals for the vowels; the rest in Rawley's usual hand. Opposite to many of them is written "stet," with a number affixed; which means no doubt that they were to be included in the collection of Bacon's apothegms which were afterwards printed in the second edition of the "Resuscitatio." At the top of the first page stands this sentence, written in the cipher and not marked or numbered, a sentence which I suppose Rawley had been forbidden to publish, but could not allow to perish: —

"I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years."

Now if instead of Lord Macaulay's view of the case the later ages should accept Bacon's own (and although he was a party

so deeply interested, I really believe it to be much the more impartial of the two, — self-love in a mind which finds its highest pleasure in knowing and believing the truth being far less fatal to fairness of judgment than the love of rhetorical effect in a mind rhetorically disposed) — they will escape the other difficulties, and without refusing to believe anything to his disadvantage of which there is any pretence of proof, they may nevertheless "name his name with reverence," as that of a man to be respected for his moral, as well as respected for his intellectual, qualities. For if his acts of corruption did not involve injustice or oppression to either party, whether in the form of extortion or deception or false judgment, they were acts compatible, — not indeed with the highest moral condition, for a more sensitive morality joined with so clear a judgment would have started at and shrunk from them, — but certainly with a high condition of all the other moral virtues. A man may be guilty of them and yet be just and brave and temperate and truthful and patient and diligent and generous and liberal and unselfish; he might have "bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering;" he might be forbearing and forgiving, without "bitterness or wrath or anger or clamor or evil speaking or malice;" he might be a man who "fulfilled the law" by loving his neighbor as himself. I could feel respect for the moral condition of such a man though I thought in some things he had been negligent, thoughtless, or faulty, just as I can feel respect for the intellect of a man who is wise in most things though he may have made mistakes in some.

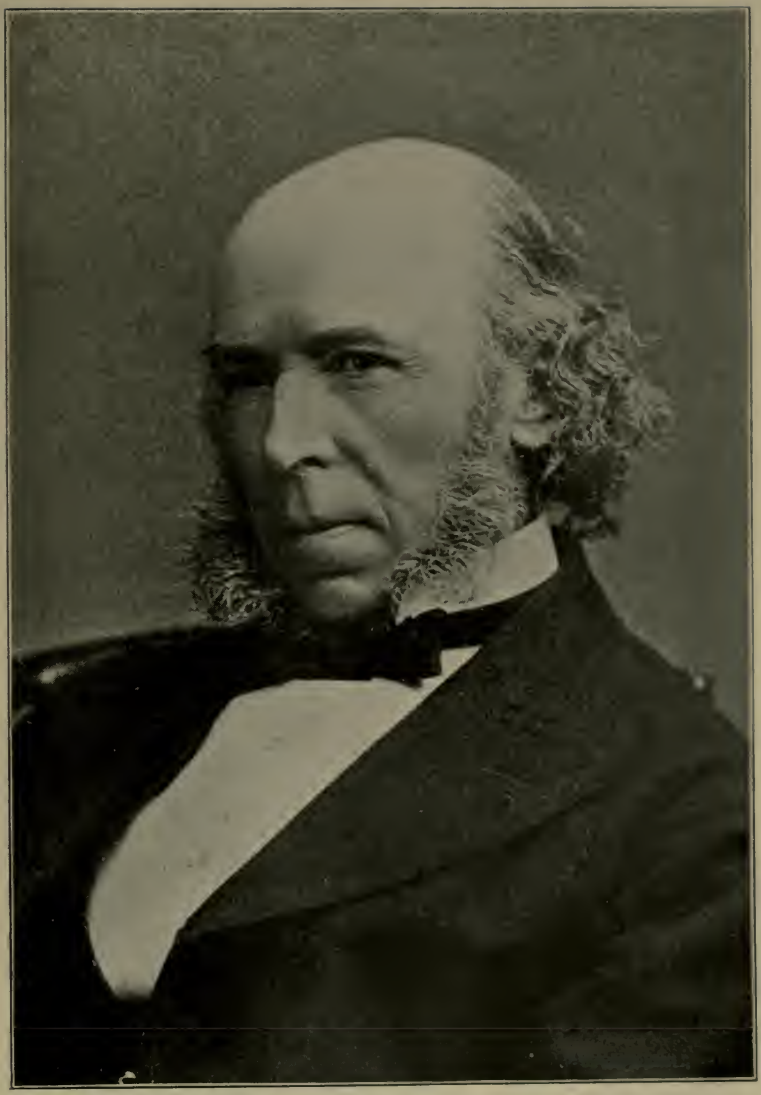
HERBERT SPENCER.

Spencer, Herbert, an eminent English philosopher ; born at Derby, April 27, 1820. At the age of seventeen he became a civil engineer; but abandoned that profession, and devoted himself to studying the problems of social life, contributing largely to periodicals. His principal works are: "The Proper Sphere of Government" (1843); "Over-Legislation" (1854); "Principles of Psychology" (1855); "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical" (1861); "Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative" (1858–63); "Principles of Biology" (1864–67); "The Study of Sociology" (1873); "Classification of the Sciences" (1874); "Sins of Trade and Commerce" (1875); "The Principles of Sociology," Vol. I. (1876); "The Data of Ethics" (1879); "Ceremonial Institutions" (1879); "Political Institutions" (1882); "Man Versus the State" (1884); "Ecclesiastical Institutions" (1885); "The Factors of Organic Evolution" (1887); "An Epitome of Synthetic Philosophy" (1889); "Justice" (1891); "Induction of Ethics" (1892); "Ethics of Individual Life" (1892); "Negative Beneficence" (1893); "Positive Beneficence" (1893). His works have passed through numerous editions, and many of them have been translated into other languages, that on "Education" being rendered into all of the European languages, including Greek, and into Japanese and Chinese.

Moral Education.

(From "Education.")

We are not among those who believe in Lord Palmerston's dogma, that "all children are born good." On the whole, the opposite dogma, untenable as it is, seems to us less wide of the truth. Nor do we agree with those who think that, by skilful discipline, children may be made altogether what they should be. Contrariwise, we are satisfied that though imperfections of nature may be diminished by wise management, they cannot be removed by it. The notion that an ideal humanity might be forthwith produced by a perfect system of education, is near



HERBERT SPENCER

akin to that shadowed forth in the poems of Shelley, that would mankind give up their old institutions, prejudices, and errors, all the evils in the world would at once disappear: neither notion being acceptable to such as have dispassionately studied human affairs.

Not that we are without sympathy with those who entertain these too sanguine hopes. Enthusiasm, pushed even to fanaticism, is a useful motive-power — perhaps an indispensable one. It is clear that the ardent politician would never undergo the labors and make the sacrifices he does, did he not believe that the reform he fights for is the one thing needful. But for his conviction that drunkenness is the root of almost all social evils, the teetotaller would agitate far less energetically. In philanthropy as in other things great advantage results from division of labor; and that there may be division of labor, each class of philanthropists must be more or less subordinated to its function — must have an exaggerated faith in its work. Hence, of those who regard education, intellectual or moral, as the panacea, we may say that their undue expectations are not without use; and that perhaps it is part of the beneficent order of things that their confidence cannot be shaken.

Even were it true, however, that by some possible system of moral government children could be moulded into the desired form; and even could every parent be duly indoctrinated with this system; we should still be far from achieving the object in view. It is forgotten that the carrying out of any such system presupposes, on the part of adults, a degree of intelligence, of goodness, of self-control, possessed by no one. The great error made by those who discuss questions of juvenile discipline, is in ascribing all the faults and difficulties to the children, and none to the parents. The current assumption respecting family government, as respecting national government, is, that the virtues are with the rulers and the vices with the ruled. Judging by educational theories, men and women are entirely transfigured in the domestic relation. The citizens we do business with, the people we meet in the world, we all know to be very imperfect creatures. In the daily scandals, in the quarrels of friends, in bankruptcy disclosures, in lawsuits, in police reports, we have constantly thrust before us the pervading selfishness, dishonesty, brutality. Yet when we criticise nursery management, and canvass the misbehavior of juveniles, we habitually take for granted that these culpable men and women are free from moral delin-

quency in the treatment of their offspring! So far is this from the truth, that we do not hesitate to say that to parental misconduct is traceable a great part of the domestic disorder commonly ascribed to the perversity of children. We do not assert this of the more sympathetic and relf-restrained, among whom we hope most of our readers may be classed, but we assert it of the mass. What kind of moral discipline is to be expected from a mother who, time after time, angrily shakes her infant because it will not suckle her, which we once saw a mother do? How much love of justice and generosity is likely to be instilled by a father who, on having his attention drawn by his child's scream to the fact that its finger is jammed between the window-sash and the sill, forthwith begins to beat the child instead of releasing it? Yet that there are such fathers is testified to us by an eye-witness. Or, to take a still stronger case, also vouched for by direct testimony — what are the educational prospects of the boy who, on being taken home with a dislocated thigh, is saluted with a castigation? It is true that these are extreme instances — instances exhibiting in human beings that blind instinct which impels brutes to destroy the weakly and injured of their own race. But extreme though they are, they typify feelings and conduct daily observable in many families. Who has not repeatedly seen a child slapped by nurse or parent for a fretfulness probably resulting from bodily derangement? Who when watching a mother snatch up a fallen little one, has not often traced, both in the rough manner and in the sharply-uttered exclamation — "You stupid little thing!" — an irascibility foretelling endless future squabbles? Is there not in the harsh tones in which a father bids his children be quiet, evidence of a deficient fellow-feeling with them? Are not the constant, and often quite needless, thwartings that the young experience — the injunctions to sit still, which an active child cannot obey without suffering great nervous irritation, the commands not to look out of the window when travelling by railway, which on a child of any intelligence entails serious deprivation — are not these thwartings, we ask, signs of a terrible lack of sympathy? The truth is, that the difficulties of moral education are necessarily of dual origin — necessarily result from the combined faults of parents and children. If hereditary transmission is a law of nature, as every naturalist knows it to be, and as our daily remarks and current proverbs admit it to be; then on the average of cases, the defects of

children mirror the defects of their parents; — on the average of cases, we say, because, complicated as the results are by the transmitted traits of remoter ancestors, the correspondence is not special but only general. And if, on the average of cases, this inheritance of defects exists, then the evil passions which parents have to check in their children imply like evil passions in themselves: hidden, it may be, from the public eye; or perhaps obscured by other feelings; but still there. Evidently, therefore, the general practice of any ideal system of discipline is hopeless: parents are not good enough.

Moreover, even were there methods by which the desired end could be at once effected, and even had fathers and mothers sufficient insight, sympathy, and self-command to employ these methods consistently, it might still be contended that it would be of no use to reform family discipline faster than other things are reformed. What is it that we aim to do? Is it not that education of whatever kind has for its proximate end to prepare a child for the business of life — to produce a citizen who, at the same time that he is well conducted, is also able to make his way in the world? And does not making his way in the world (by which we mean, not the acquirement of wealth, but of the means requisite for properly bringing up a family) — does not this imply a certain fitness for the world as it now is? And if by any system of culture an ideal human being could be produced, is it not doubtful whether he would be fit for the world as it now is? May we not, on the contrary, suspect that his too keen sense of rectitude, and too elevated standard of conduct, would make life alike intolerable and impossible? And however admirable the results might be, considered individually, would it not be self-defeating in so far as society and posterity are concerned? It may, we think, be argued with much reason, that as in a nation so in a family, the kind of government is, on the whole, about as good as the general state of human nature permits it to be. It may be said that in the one case, as in the other, the average character of the people determines the quality of the control exercised. It may be inferred that in both cases amelioration of the average character leads to an amelioration of system; and further, that were it possible to ameliorate the system without the average character being first ameliorated, evil, rather than good, would follow. It may be urged that such degree of harshness as children now experience from their parents and teachers, is but a preparation

for that greater harshness which they will meet with on entering the world; and that were it possible for parents and teachers to behave towards them with perfect equity and entire sympathy, it would but intensify the sufferings which the selfishness of men must, in after life, inflict on them.

"But does not this prove too much?" some one will ask. "If no system of moral culture can forthwith make children altogether what they should be; if, even were there a system that would do this, existing parents are too imperfect to carry it out; and if even could such a system be successfully carried out, its results would be disastrously incongruous with the present state of society; does it not follow that a reform in the system now in use is neither practicable nor desirable?" No. It merely follows that reform in domestic government must go on, *pari passu*, with other reforms. It merely follows that methods of discipline neither can be nor should be ameliorated, except by instalments. It merely follows that the dictates of abstract rectitude will, in practice, inevitably be subordinated by the present state of human nature — by the imperfections alike of children, of parents, and of society; and can only be better fulfilled as the general character becomes better.

"At any rate, then," may rejoin our critic, "it is clearly useless to set up any ideal standard of family discipline. There can be no advantage in elaborating and recommending methods that are in advance of the time." Again we must contend for the contrary. Just as in the case of political government, though pure rectitude may be at present impracticable, it is requisite to know where the right lies, so that the changes we make may be *towards* the right instead of *away* from it; so in the case of domestic government, an ideal must be upheld, that there may be gradual approximations to it. We need fear no evil consequences from the maintenance of such an ideal. On the average the constitutional conservatism of mankind is always strong enough to prevent a too rapid change. So admirable are the arrangements of things that until men have grown up to the level of a higher belief, they cannot receive it: nominally, they may hold it, but not virtually. And even when the truth gets recognized, the obstacles to conformity with it are so persistent as to outlive the patience of philanthropists and even philosophers. We may be quite sure, therefore, that the many difficulties standing in the way of a normal government of children, will always put an adequate check upon the efforts to realize it.

Manners and Fashion.

(From "Illustrations of Universal Progress.")

That the association between political independence and independence of personal conduct is not a phenomenon of to-day only, we may see alike in the appearance of Franklin at the French court in plain clothes, and in the white hats worn by the last generations of radicals. Originality of nature is sure to show itself in more ways than one. The mention of George Fox's suit of leather, or Pestalozzi's school name, "Harry Oddity," will at once suggest the remembrance that men who have in great things diverged from the beaten track, have frequently done so in small things likewise. Minor illustrations of this truth may be gathered in almost every circle. We believe that whoever will number up his reforming and rationalist acquaintances, will find among them more than the usual proportion of those who in dress or behavior exhibit some degree of what the world calls eccentricity.

If it be a fact that men of revolutionary aims in politics or religion are commonly revolutionists in custom also, it is not less a fact that those whose office it is to uphold established arrangements in State and Church are also those who most adhere to the social forms and observances bequeathed to us by past generations. Practices elsewhere extinct still linger about the headquarters of government. The monarch still gives assent to Acts of Parliament in the old French of the Normans; and Norman French terms are still used in law. Wigs such as those we see depicted in old portraits, may yet be found on the heads of judges and barristers. The Beefeaters at the Tower wear the costume of Henry the Seventh's body-guard. The university dress of the present year varies but little from that worn soon after the Reformation. The claret-colored coat, knee-breeches, lace shirt-frills, ruffles, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes, which once formed the usual attire of a gentleman, still survive as the court dress. And it need scarcely be said that at levées and drawing-rooms, the ceremonies are prescribed with an exactness, and enforced with a rigor, not elsewhere to be found.

Can we consider these two series of coincidences as accidental and unmeaning? Must we not rather conclude that some necessary relationship obtains between them? Are there not such things as a constitutional conservatism, and a constitutional

tendency to change? Is there not a class which clings to the old in all things; and another class so in love with progress as often to mistake novelty for improvement? Do we not find some men ready to bow to established authority of whatever kind; while others demand of every such authority its reason, and reject it if it fails to justify itself? And must not the minds thus contrasted tend to become respectively conformist and non-conformist, not only in politics and religion, but in other things? Submission, whether to a government, to the dogmas of ecclesiastics, or to that code of behavior which society at large has set up, is essentially of the same nature; and the sentiment which induces resistance to the despotism of rulers, civil or spiritual, likewise induces resistance to the despotism of the world's opinion. Look at them fundamentally, and all enactments, alike of the legislature, the consistory, and the saloon, — all regulations formal or virtual, — have a common character: they are all limitations of man's freedom. "Do this — Refrain from that," are the blank formulas into which they may all be written: and in each case the understanding is that obedience will bring approbation here and paradise hereafter; while disobedience will entail imprisonment, or sending to Coventry, or eternal torments, as the case may be. And if restraints, however named, and through whatever apparatus of means exercised, are one in their action upon men, it must happen that those who are patient under one kind of restraint are likely to be patient under another; and conversely, that those impatient of restraint in general, will on the average tend to show their impatience in all directions.

That Law, Religion, and Manners are thus related — that their respective kinds of operation come under one generalization — that they have in certain contrasted characteristics of men a common support and a common danger — will, however, be most clearly seen on discovering that they have a common origin. Little as from present appearances we should suppose it, we shall yet find that at first the control of religion, the control of laws, and the control of manners, were all one control. However incredible it may now seem, we believe it to be demonstrable that the rules of etiquette, the provisions of the statute-book, and the commands of the Decalogue, have grown from the same root. If we go far enough back into the ages of primeval Fetishism, it becomes manifest that originally Deity, Chief, and Master of the Ceremonies were identical. To make

good these positions, and to show their bearing on what is to follow, it will be necessary here to traverse ground that is in part somewhat beaten, and at first sight irrelevant to our topic. We will pass over it as quickly as consists with the exigencies of the argument.

That the earliest social aggregations were ruled solely by the will of the strong man, few dispute. That from the strong man proceeded not only monarchy, but the conception of a God, few admit; much as Carlyle and others have said in evidence of it. If, however, those who are unable to believe this will lay aside the ideas of God and man in which they have been educated, and study the aboriginal ideas of them, they will at least see some probability in the hypothesis. Let them remember that before experience had yet taught men to distinguish between the possible and the impossible, and while they were ready on the slightest suggestion to ascribe unknown powers to any object and make a fetish of it, their conceptions of humanity and its capacities were necessarily vague, and without specific limits. The man who, by unusual strength or cunning, achieved something that others had failed to achieve, or something which they did not understand, was considered by them as differing from themselves; and as we see in the belief of some Polynesians that only their chiefs have souls, or in that of the ancient Peruvians, that their nobles were divine by birth, the ascribed difference was apt to be not one of degree only, but one of kind.

Let them remember next, how gross were the notions of God, or rather of gods, prevalent during the same era and afterwards: how concretely gods were conceived as men of specific aspects dressed in specific ways; how their names were literally "the strong," "the destroyer," "the powerful one;" how, according to the Scandinavian mythology, the "sacred duty of blood revenge" was acted on by the gods themselves; and how they were not only human in their vindictiveness, their cruelty, and their quarrels with each other, but were supposed to have amours on earth, and to consume the viands placed on their altars. Add to which, that in various mythologies — Greek, Scandinavian, and others — the oldest beings are giants; that according to a traditional genealogy, the gods, demigods, and in some cases men, are descended from these after the human fashion; and that while in the East we hear of sons of God who saw the daughters of men that they were fair, the Teutonic myths tell of unions between the sons of men and the daughters of the gods.

Let them remember, too, that at first the idea of death differed widely from that which we have; that there are still tribes who on the decease of one of their number attempt to make the corpse stand, and put food into his mouth; that the Peruvians had feasts at which the mummies of their dead incas presided, when, as Prescott says, they paid attention "to these insensible remains as if they were instinct with life;" that among the Fejees it is believed that every enemy has to be killed twice; that the Eastern Pagans give extension and figure to the soul, and attribute to it all the same substances, both solid and liquid, of which our bodies are composed; and that it is the custom among most barbarous races to bury food, weapons, and trinkets along with the dead body, under the manifest belief that it will presently need them.

Lastly, let them remember that the other world, as originally conceived, is simply some distant part of this world; some Elysian fields, some happy hunting-ground, — accessible even to the living, and to which, after death, men travel in anticipation of a life analogous in general character to that which they led before. Then, co-ordinating these general facts, — the ascription of unknown powers to chiefs and medicine-men; the belief in deities having human forms, passions, and behavior; the imperfect comprehension of death as distinguished from life; and the proximity of the future abode to the present, both in position and character, — let them reflect whether they do not almost unavoidably suggest the conclusion that the aboriginal god is the dead chief; the chief not dead in our sense, but gone away, carrying with him food and weapons to some rumored region of plenty, some promised land whither he had long intended to lead his followers, and whence he will presently return to fetch them.

This hypothesis, once entertained, is seen to harmonize with all primitive ideas and practices. The sons of the deified chief reigning after him, it necessarily happens that all early kings are held descendants of the gods; and the fact that alike in Assyria, Egypt, among the Jews, Phœnicians, and ancient Britons, kings' names were formed out of the names of the gods, is fully explained.

From this point onwards these two kinds of authority, at first complicated together as those of principal and agent, become slowly more and more distinct. As experience accumulates, and ideas of causation grow more precise, kings lose their supernatural attributes; and instead of God-king, become God-descended

king, God-appointed king, the Lord's anointed, the vicegerent of Heaven, ruler reigning by divine right. The old theory, however, long clings to men in feeling after it has disappeared in name; and "such divinity doth hedge a king" that even now, many on first seeing one feel a secret surprise at finding him an ordinary sample of humanity. The sacredness attaching to royalty attaches afterwards to its appended institutions, — to legislatures, to laws. Legal and illegal are synonymous with right and wrong; the authority of Parliament is held unlimited; and a lingering faith in governmental power continually generates unfounded hopes from its enactments. Political scepticism, however, having destroyed the divine prestige of royalty, goes on ever increasing, and promises ultimately to reduce the State to a purely secular institution, whose regulations are limited in their sphere, and have no other authority than the general will. Meanwhile, the religious control has been little by little separating itself from the civil, both in its essence and in its forms.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Spenser, Edmund, a famous English poet; born at London about 1553; died there, January 13, 1599. In 1569 he was entered at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he took his first degree in 1572. In 1580 he was appointed Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the Queen's deputy in Ireland. In 1586 he received a grant of land in the county of Cork. In 1590 he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, who took him to England, and presented him to Queen Elizabeth. In 1594 he married, and his "Epithalamion" was written to welcome his bride to their Irish home. In 1598 he was made Sheriff of Cork. His office rendered him obnoxious to the disaffected Irish, who attacked and burned his residence of Kilcolman Castle, his wife and infant son perishing in the flames. He returned to London, where he soon died, and at his own request was buried in Westminster Abbey, close by the tomb of Chaucer. The principal poems of Spenser are: "The Shepherd's Calendar" (1579); the "Epithalamion" (1594); "The Faerie Queene," the first three books of which appeared in 1590, and three others in 1595. There were to have been six more books, of which only one canto, and a fragment of another, exist. In 1590 appeared a collection of his lesser poems, entitled "Complaints;" and in 1596, four "Hymns," celebrating the Platonic doctrine of Beauty. He also wrote, in prose, a "View of Ireland," published posthumously (1633).

The Bower of Bliss.

(From "The Faerie Queene.")

There the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowres; the trees upshooting hye;
The dales for shade; the hilles for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the christall running by;
And, that which all fair workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemed with lively iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adowne did creepe,
That, themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemed for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemed to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with iaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

. . . . . .

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:

Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To reed what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.

Una and the Red Crosse Knight.

(From "The Faerie Queene.")

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his breast a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had,
Right faithfull, true, he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,

Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowely asse more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent as that same lambe
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subiection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and then expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lassie seemed, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred ar.

Una and the Lion.

(From "The Faerie Queene.")

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside; her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse;
But to the prey, when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak doth yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate.
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? Why hath he me abhorred?

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayèd champion, if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.
Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward;
And when she waked he waited diligent
With humble service to her will prepared.
From her fair eyes he took commandèment,
And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

Prince Arthur.

(From "The Faerie Queene.")

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly Knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his Squyre, arrayed meet:
His glitter and armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appearèd bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shine, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious rare:

And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

Belphœbe.

(From "The Faerie Queene.")

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemèd not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' Hevenly Makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereavd the rash beholders sight;
In them the blinded god his lustful fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

Her yvoire forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed;
All good and honour might therein be red;
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed;
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemed to make.

The Ministry of Angels.

(From "The Faerie Queene.")

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move? —
There is: — else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace
Of mighty God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessèd angels he sends to and fro,
To serve the wicked man — to serve his wicked foe!
How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
For us they fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward.
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

The Cave of Sleep.

(From "The Faerie Queene.")

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

And, more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enimyes.

Heavenly and Earthly Beauty.

(From "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty.")

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravished thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high-conceited sprites,
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Sprite,
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of Thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beams to mortal eyes below
Of that Immortal Beauty there with Thee
Which in my weak, distraughted mind I see;

That with the glory of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of these fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love, with zealous, humble duty,
The eternal fountain of that Heavenly Beauty.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense
Or idle thought of earthly things remain;
But all that erst seemed sweet seems now offence,
And all that pleasèd erst now seems to pain.
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain
Is fixed all on that which now they see;
All other sights but feignèd shadows be.

And that fair lamp which useth to inflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seems foul, and full of sinful blame;
And all that pomp to which proud minds aspire
By name of honor, and so much desire,
Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,
And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
  And senses fraught with such satiety,
That in naught else on earth they can delight
  But in th' aspect of that felicity,
  Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed, and in their fastened mind
All happy joy and full contentment find.

And then, my hungry soul, which long hast fed
  On idle fancies of my foolish thought,
And, with false Beauty's flattering bait misled,
  Hast after vain, deceitful shadows sought,
  Which all are fled, and now have left thee naught
But late repentance through thy folly's prief,
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief;

And look at last up to that sovereign light
  From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly sprite —
  Even the Love of God, which loathing brings
  Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possessed,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth forever rest.

Wedlock a Free Bondage.

The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,
  That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
  And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
  Sweet be the bonds the which true love doth tye,
Without constraint or dread of any ill.
  The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage; but sings and feeds her fill;
  There Pride dare not approach, nor Discord spill
The league 'twixt them that loyal love hath bound;
  But simple truth, and mutual good-will,
Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each other's wound;
  There faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
  And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

Beauty.

(From "Hymn in Honor of Beauty.")

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure

To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore wherever that thou dost behold
A comely corpse, with beauty fair endued,
Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seed of virtue strewed;
For all that fair is, is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformèd tabernacle drowned,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborne ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is performed with some foul imperfection.

And oft it falls (aye me, the more to rue!)
That goodly beauty, albeit heavenly born,
Is foul abused, and that celestial hue,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,
Whilst every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathèmore is that faire beauty's blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will:
Natheless the soule is fair and beauteous still,
However fleshe's fault it filthy make;
For things immortal no corruption take.

The Bride.

(From "The Epithalamion.")

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres at weene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some mayden queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are,
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud —
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beautyes grace and vertues store?
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries, charming men to byte,
Her brest lyke to a bowl of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

At the Altar.

(From "The Epithalamion.")

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillows deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view;

Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers with joyous anthems sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluja sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

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